

T H E

D R A M A T I C K W O R K S

O F

B E A U M O N T a n d F L E T C H E R .

V O L . I V .



80d5
THE
DRAMATICK WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FOURTH;

CONTAINING,

LAWS OF CANDY;

FALSE ONE;

LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER;

TRAGEDY OF VALENTINIAN;

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

L O N D O N,

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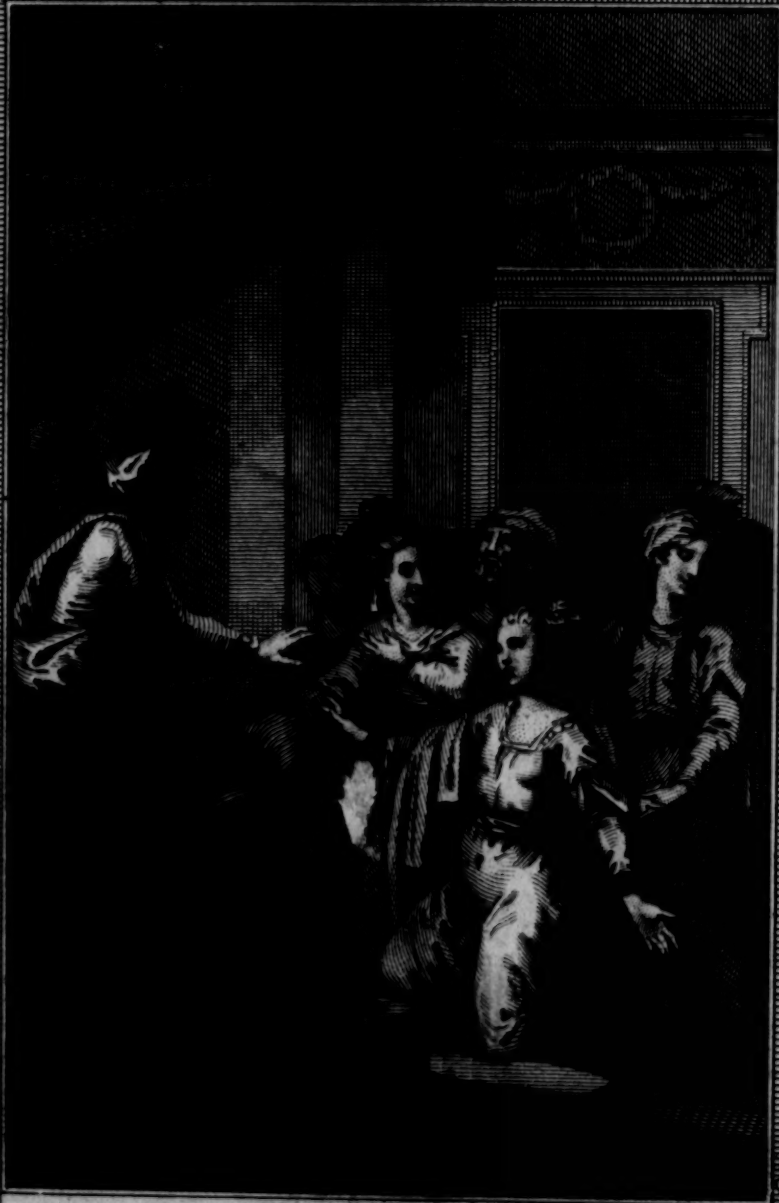
MDCCLXXVIII.







THE LAWS OF CANDY.



Lords, on my knees, I beg for justice too!

Act V.



T H E
L A W S O F C A N D Y.

A T R A G I - C O M E D Y.

*This Play is supposed to have been the joint production of our Poets ;
and is one of the few which are not totally ascribed to Fletcher by
the panegyrists. Its first publication was in the folio of 1647. It
has lain long dormant ; and, we believe, never received any
alteration.*

VOL. IV.

A

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Cassilane, *general of Candy.*
Antinous, *son to Cassilane, and his competitor.*
Fernando, *a Venetian captain, servant to Annophel.*
Philander, *prince of Cyprus, passionately in love with Erotia.*
Gonzalo, *an ambitious politick lord of Venice.*
Gaspero, *secretary of state.*
Melitus, *a gentleman of Candy.*
Arcanes, *a noble soldier, friend to Cassilane.*
Decius, *friend to Antinous.*
Porphyccio, } *senators.*
Possennie, }
Paolo Michael, *a Venetian ambassador.*
Mochingo, *an ignorant servant to Erotia.*
Gentlemen.
Soldiers.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Erotia, *a princess, imperious, and of an overweaning beauty.*
Annophel, *daughter to Cassilane.*
Hyparcha, *attendant on the princess Erotia.*

SCENE, C A N D Y.

T H E

T H E

L A W S O F C A N D Y.

A C T I.

Enter Gaspero and Melitus.

Melitus. **S**IR, you're the very friend I wish'd to
meet with;
I have a large discourse invites your ear
To be an auditor:

Gasp. And what concerns it?

Mel. The sadly-thriving progress of the loves
Between my lord the prince, and that great lady,
Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd pride,
Can by no character be well express'd,
But in her only name, the proud Erotas¹.

Gasp. Alas, Melitus, I should guess the best
Success your prince could find from her, to be
As harsh as the event doth prove: But now
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs²;

¹ *Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd pride,
Can by no character be well express'd,*

But in her only name, the proud Erotas.] It is difficult, by any
etymology, to reconcile this name and character to each other. From
Ερως can only be derived the attributes of love; and from Ηρως those
of greatness, on which insolence and pride are indeed not uncommon,
though not constant, attendants.

² *Passionate griefs.*] i. e. Griefs proceeding from love.

4 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

When a whole kingdom in a manner lies
Upon its death-bed bleeding.

Mel. Who can tell
Whether or no these many plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy land for her sake,
That is a monster in it?

Gasp. Here's the misery
Of having a child our prince; else I presume
The bold Venetians had not dar'd to attempt
So bloody an invasion.

Mel. Yet I wonder
Why, master secretary, still the senate
So almost-superstitiously adores
Gonzalo, the Venetian lord, considering
The outrage of his countrymen.

Gasp. The senate
Is wise, and therein just; for this Gonzalo,
Upon a massacre perform'd at sea
By th' admiral of Venice, on a merchant
Of Candy, when the cause was to be heard
Before the senate there, in open court
Professed, that the cruelty the admiral
Had shew'd, deserv'd not only fine, but death:
(For Candy then and Venice were at peace.)
Since when, upon a motion in the senate,
For conquest of our land, 'tis known for certain,
That only this Gonzalo dar'd to oppose it;
His reason was, because it too much favour'd
Of lawless and unjust ambition.
The wars were scarce begun, but he, in fear
Of quarrels 'gainst his life, fled from his country,
And hither came, where to confirm his truth,
I know, Melitus, he, out of his own store,
Hath monied Cassilane, the general.

Mel. What, without other pledge than Cassilane's
Bare promise of repayment?

Gasp. No, it may be
He has some petty lordship to retire to;
But thus he hath done. Now, 'tis fit, Melitus,

The

The senate should be thankful, otherwise
 They should annihilate one of those laws
 For which this kingdom is, throughout the world,
 Unfollow'd and admir'd³.

Mel. What laws are those, Sir?
 Let me so much importune you.

Gasp. You shall;
 And they be worth your knowledge. Briefly thus:
 Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently
 Another of ingratitude, for any
 Received benefit, the plaintiff may
 Require th' offender's life; unless he please
 Freely and willingly to grant remission.

Mel. By which strict law, the senate is in danger,
 Should they neglect Gonzalo?

Gasp. Right; the law
 Permits a like equality to aliens,
 As to a home-born patriot.

Mel. Pray, Sir, the other?

Gasp. Know, Melitus,
 The elder Cretans flourish'd many years,
 In war, in peace unparallel'd; and they
 (To spur heroic spirits on to virtue)
 Enacted, that what man foe'er he were,
 Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
 So by the general voice approv'd, and known,
 Might, at his home-return, make his demand
 For satisfaction and reward.

Mel. They are
 Both famous laws indeed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Master secretary,

³ Unfollow'd and admir'd.] Mr. Theobald chuses to read *unfel-*
low'd, which is certainly an improvement, though not a necessary one.
Seward.

Theobald's reading is probably genuine, unless the Poets alluded
 to the well-known lines of Ovid;

Video meliora, proboque,

Deteriora sequor;

yet *unfollowed* is a harsh expression.

6 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

The senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.

Gasp. What, so suddenly?

Mess. These letters
Will shew the causes why.

Gasp. Heav'n, thou art great,
And worthy to be thank'd!

Mel. Your countenance, Sir,
Doth promise some good tidings.

Gasp. Oh, the best
And happiest for this land that e'er was told!
All the Venetian forces are defeated.

Mel. How, Sir?

Gasp. And what doth add some delight more,
there is
Amongst the soldiers a contention
Who shall be the triumpher; and it stands
Doubtful between a father and his son,
Old Cassilane, and young Antinous.

Mel. Why may not both demand it?

Gasp. The law denies it;
But, where the soldiers do not all consent,
The parties in contention are referr'd
To plead before the senate; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judg'd
The chief, and then to make demands.

Mel. You ravish me with wonder and delight.

Gasp. Come; as we walk, I shall more fully inform
you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cassilane, Arcanes, Antinous, and Decius.

Cass. Admit no soldier near us, till the senate
Have took their places.

Arc. You're obey'd, my lord.

Ant. Decius, fall off.

Dec. I shall.

Cass. Give leave, Arcanes. [*Exe. Arc. and Dec.*]
Young man, come nearer to me! Who am I?

Ant.

Ant. It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget
The debt I owe my father on my knee.
Your pleasure?

Cass. What! so low? canst thou find joints,
Yet be an elephant? Antinous, arise;
Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate
Th' ambition of thy gallantry, that they
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little god of war kneel to his father,
Tho' in my hand I did grasp thunder.

Ant. Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the author
Of giving me my birth, I have discharg'd
A part of my obedience. But if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From *successary*⁴, but purchas'd with my blood,
Then I must stand first champion for myself
Against all interposers.

Cass. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly! I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have rais'd thy giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy father's merit? Speak.

Ant. Sir, hear me: Were there not a chronicle
Well penn'd by all their tongues, who can report
What they have seen you do; or had you not
Best in your own performance writ yourself,

⁴ ——— *not deriv'd*

From *successary*.] Mr. Theobald would read, either *from successors*, or *from ancestry*; Mr. Seward prints, *Not deriv'd* NOR *successary*. But as it is not impossible but the Authors, with their usual licence of phraseology, meant by the words, *not deriv'd from successary*, to signify, '*not derived from succession*,' we have followed the old authority.

8 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

And been your own text, I would undertake
 Alone, without the help of art or character^s,
 But only to recount your deeds in arms,
 And you should ever then be fam'd a precedent
 Of living victory: But, as you are
 Great, and well worthy to be stiled great,
 It would betray a poverty of spirit
 In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,
 If I should coward-like surrender up
 Th' int'rest, which th' inheritance of your virtue,
 And mine own thrifty fate, can claim in honour.
 My lord, of all the mas of fame, which any
 That wears a sword, and hath but seen me fight,
 Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,
 One tittle!

Cass. Not to me?

Ant. You are my father,
 Yet not to you.

Cass. Ambitious boy, how dar'st thou
 To tell me, that thou wilt contend?

Ant. Had I
 Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all
 The straits of death, you might have justly then
 Reputed me a bastard: 'Tis a cruelty,
 More than to murder innocents, to take
 The life of my yet-infant honour from me.

Cass. Antinous, look upon this badge of age,
 Thy father's grey-hair'd beard: Full fifty years,
 (And more than half of this, ere thou wert born)
 I have been known a soldier; in which time

^s *Without the help of art, or character.*] If this be genuine, the word *character* must signify the same with rhetorick or oratory, but as the change of the particle will turn it to a verb and render it applicable to the context in its usual acceptation, I have ventured to make the change.

Seward.

Mr. Seward chuses to read, *without the help of art, to character.* The old text requires no alteration, and the word *character* need not 'signify the same with rhetorick or oratory,' but *types, or letters,* in which sense it is used to this day. 'You know the *character* (meaning the handwriting) to be your brother's,' says Gloucester in King Lear.

I found

I found no difference 'twixt war and peace,
 For war was peace to me, and peace was war.
 Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd
 These fifty years a man whom Crete preferr'd
 Before thy father; let me boldly boast,
 Thy father, both for discipline and action,
 Hath so long been the first of all his nation:
 Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
 Nay humane, being so young, my son, my child,
 Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father,
 For one day's service, and that one thy first⁶,
 To rob me of a glory which I fought for
 A half of hundred years?

Ant. My case observes
 Both equity and precedents; for, Sir,
 That very day whereon you got your fame,
 You took it from some other, who was then
 Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been
 Perhaps as many years deserving that
 Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.

Cass. But he was not my father then, Antinous;
 Thou leav'st out that.

Ant. Sir, had he been your father,
 He had been then immortal; for a father
 Heightens his reputation where his son
 Inherits it; as, when you give us life,
 Your life is not diminish'd, but renew'd
 In us when you are dead, and we are still
 Your living images.

Cass. So be thou curs'd
 In thy posterity, as I in thee,
 Dishonourable boy! Oh, shall that sun,
 Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted
 Upon a fiery steed, waving my sword,
 And teaching this young man to manage arms,
 That was a raw, fresh novice in the feats
 Of chivalry, shall that same sun be witness

⁶ For one day's service, and that on thy first.] Corrected in 1750.

10 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Against this brat, of his ingratitude?
 Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
 Can no way hope to get a noble name,
 But by the treading on his father's greatness!
 Thou wilt not yield?

Enter Arcanes and Decius.

Ant. My life, but not the prize
 My sword hath purchas'd.

Arc. The senate, my lord,
 Are here at hand, and all the foldiers
 Begin to throng about them.

Cass. Now, Arcanes,
 The——

Arc. What, Sir?

Cass. Trifles will affront us; that
 Fine fighting stripling!

Arc. Let him have the shame on't.
 'Please you withdraw on this side.

Cass. My great heart
 Was never quail'd before.

Dec. My lord, be confident;
 Let not your father daunt you.

Ant. Decius, whither
 Must I withdraw?

Dec. On this side. See, the foldiers
 Attend your pleasure. Courage, Sir; the senate.

Cass. Way for the senate!

Enter Porphyccio, Possenne, three Senators, Gonzalo, Gaspero, and Soldiers.

Gon. My good lords, I know not
 What tax of arrogance I may incur,
 Should I presume, tho' courted by your favours,
 To take a place amongst you. I had rather
 Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
 By this⁷, tho' mean, yet more becoming place,

⁷ Give proof of my unfeign'd humility

By force, tho' mean, yet more becoming place.] To give proof of
 an

THE LAWS OF CANDY. 11

Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.

Poss. My lord, your wisdom is both known and tried;
We cannot rank you in a nobler friendship
Than your great service to the state deserves.

Porpb. Will't please you sit?

Enter Fernando, with Soldiers.

Gon. What, here, my lord Porphycio?
It must not be.

Porpb. My lord, you are too modest.

Gon. It is no season to be troublesome,
Else——But I've done. Your lordships are observ'd.

Gasp. Is the demandant ready?

Arc. He is ready.

Gasp. Produce him then.

Arc. Before this sacred presence,
I, by a general consent, am made
The soldier's voice, and to your gracious wisdoms
Present, as chief in arms, his country's champion,
Cassilane.

Dec. Most reverend lords, you hear the lesser number
Of those who have been guardians to this country,
Approve this champion; I, in all their names
Who fought for Candy, here present before you
The mightiest man in arms, Antinous.

an unfeign'd humility by *force*, is an expression evidently absurd, and I have ventur'd to substitute the word which the context requires instead of *force*. But it may be objected, that words so totally different in all their letters as *this* and *force* could not easily be mistook for each other, either by transcriber or printer. This, I allow, has very rarely happened, though sometimes it has, as in the first scene of the Faithful Shepherdess, *feel* was wrote instead of *goe*. But in such great changes, without the authority of an old edition, conjecture ought not to dictate any emendation, unless it can give a probable reason for the corruption; and in this case I think there is one. Every man conversant in criticism knows how often *marginal comments* have crept into the text. I imagine therefore that some person who saw the pride of Cassilane, and that his unfeign'd humility here was really a *forc'd* one, wrote *by force* in the margin, which the printer thinking a correction inserted in the text. *Seward.*

We have adopted Mr. Seward's emendation, though we can by no means allow that he has given 'a probable reason for the corruption.'
Speak,

12 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Speak, fellow-soldiers !

Sold. Antinous, Antinous !

Gasp. Stand by, all, save the two competitors.

Poss. My lords, how much your country owes you both,

The due reward of your desertful glories,
Must to posterity remain : But yet
Since, by our law, one only can make claim
To the proposed honours which you both
(It seems) have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights ; we shall attend ye,

Porph. Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord Cassilane, to you ; for that your rare
And long experience in the course of war,
As well doth challenge it, as the best privilege
Of order and civility, for that
You are your brave opponent's worthy father.
Say, countrymen, are you content ?

Sold. Ay, ay.

Cass. Right grave, right gracious fathers ! how unfit
It is for me, that all my life-time have
Been practis'd in the school of blood and slaughter,
To bandy words now in my life's last farewell,
Your wisdoms will consider : Were there pitch'd
Another, and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days since, this arm hath scatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man
That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he should not) thro' the lanes
Of danger and amazement, might in that,
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my rival :
For 'tis not, lords, unknown to those about me,
(My fellow-soldiers) first, with what a confidence
I led them on to fight, went on still, and,
As if I could have been a second nature,
As well in heartening them by my example,
As by my exhortation, I gave life
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,

To

To heighten resolution ; in a word,
 To out-do action. It boots not to discover,
 How that young man, who was not fledg'd nor skill'd
 In martial play, was ev'n as ignorant
 As childish ; but I list not to disparage
 His non-ability : The signal given
 Of battle, when our enemies came on,
 (Directed more by fury, than by warrant
 Of policy and stratagem) I met them,
 I, in the fore-front of the armies, met them ;
 And, as if this old weather-beaten body
 Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood
 The vollies of their shot. I, I myself,
 Was he that first dis-rank'd their woods of pikes :
 But when we came to handy strokes, as often
 As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
 And every wound a death. I may be bold
 To justify a truth ; this very sword
 Of mine flew more than any twain besides !
 And, which is not the least of all my glory,
 When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
 Was by the general of the Venetians,
 And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,
 I stepp'd between, and rescu'd him myself,
 Or horses' hoofs had trampled him to dirt ;
 And whilst he was remounting, I maintain'd
 The combat with the gallant general,
 'Till, having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
 Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow,
 Stole both that honour from me, and his life
 From him, whom I before, myself alone,
 Had more than full three quarters kill'd : A man
 Well worthy only by this hand to have died,
 Not by a boy's weak push. I talk too much ;
 But 'tis a fault of age ! If to bring home
 Long peace, long victory, ev'n to your capitol ;
 If to secure your kingdom, wives, and children,
 Your lives and liberties ; if to renown
 Your honours thro' the world, to fix your names,
Like

14 THE LAWS OF CANDY:

Like blazing stars admir'd, and fear'd by all
That have but heard of Candy, or a Cretan;
Be to deserve th' approvment of my manhood,
Then thus much have I done: What more, examine
The annals of my life; and then consider
What I have been, and am. Lords, I have said.

Gon. With rev'rence to the senate, is it lawful,
Without your custom's breach, to say a word?

Poss. Say on, my lord Gonzalo.

Gon. I have heard,
And with no little wonder, such high deeds
Of chivalry discours'd, that I confess,
I do not think the worthies, while they liv'd,
All nine, deserv'd as much applause, or memory,
As this one: But who can do aught to gain
The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat
More than a man. You tread a dang'rous path,
Yet I shall hear you gladly; for, believe me,
Thus much let me profess, in honour's cause,
I would not to my father, nor my king,
(My country's father) yield: If you transcend
What we have heard, I can but only say,
That miracles are yet in use. I fear
I have offended.

Porph. You have spoken nobly.
Antinous, use your privilege.

Ant. Princely fathers,
Ere I begin, one suit I have to make;
'Tis just, and honourable.

Porph. & Poss. Speak, and have it.

Ant. That you would please the soldiers might all
stand
Together by their general.

Poss. 'Tis granted.
All fall to yonder side! Go on, Antinous.

Ant. I shall be brief and plain. All what my father
(This country's patron) hath discours'd, is true.
Fellows in arms, speak you; is't true?

Sold. True, true.

Ant.

Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my performance
Took light from what I saw him do : And thus
A city, tho' the flame be much more dreadful,
May from a little spark be set on fire.
Of all what I have done, I shall give instance
Only in three main proofs of my desert :
First, I fought out (but thro' how many dangers,
My lords, judge you) the chief, the great commander,
The head of that huge body, whose proud weight
Our land shrunk under ; him I found and fought with,
Fought with, and slew. Fellows in arms, speak you ;
Is't true, or not ?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. When he was fall'n,
The hearts of all our adversaries
Began to quail, till young Fernando, son
To the last duke of Venice, gather'd head,
And soon renew'd the field ; by whose example,
The bold Venetians doubling strength and courage,
Had got the better of the day : Our men,
Supposing that their adversaries grew
Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly ;
I follow'd them ; and what I said, they know :
The sum on't is ; I call'd them back, new rank'd them ;
Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not till the end.
Fellows in arms, is't true, or no ?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
The only great exploit ; which was, to take
Fernando prisoner, and that hand to hand
In single fight I did, myself, without
The help of any arm, save th' arm of Heav'n.
Speak, soldiers ; is it true, or no ?

Sold. Antinous, Antinous !

Ant. Behold my prisoner, fathers.

Fern. This one man

Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified
Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.

Poss. We need not use long circumstance of words :
Antinous,

16 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Antinous, thou art conqueror; the Senate,
The soldiers, and thy valour, have pronounc'd it.

All. Antinous, Antinous!

Porpb. Make thy demand.

Cass. Please ye, my lords, give leave
That I may part.

Poss. No, Cassilane, the court
Should therein be dishonour'd; don't imagine
We prize your presence at so slight a rate.
Demand, Antinous.

Ant. Thus, my lords; to witness
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
I am more valiant, tho' more favour'd,
Than my most matchless father, my demand is,
That, for a lasting memory of his name,
His deeds, his real, nay, his royal worth,
You set up in your capitol in brass
My father's statue, there to stand for ever,
A monument and trophy of his victories,
With this inscription, to succeeding ages:
'Great Cassilane, patron of Candy's peace,
'Perpetual triumpher.'

Porpb. & Poss. It is granted.
What more?

Ant. No more.

Cass. How, boy?

Gon. Thou art immortal,
Both for thy son-like piety, and beauties
Of an unconquer'd mind!

Ant. My prisoner, lords,
To your more sacred wisdoms I surrender;
Fit you his ransom; half whereof I give
For largess to the soldiers, th' other half
To the erection of this monument.

Cass. Ambitious villain!

Gon. Thou art all unimitable.—

My lords, to work a certain peace for Candy
With Venice, use Fernando like a prince;
His ransom I'll disburse, whate'er it be:

Yet

Yet you may stay him with you, 'till conditions
Of amity shall be concluded on :
Are ye content ?

Porph. We are, and ever rest
Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.

Gon. Soldiers, attend me in the market-place ;
I'll thither send your largesse.

Sold. Antinous, Antinous !

[*Exeunt.*

Cass. I have a suit too, lords.

Porph. & *Poss.* Propose it ;
'Tis yours, if fit and just.

Cass. Let not my services,
My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse,
To you and to the state, be branded now
With ignominy ne'er to be forgotten :
Rear me no monument, unless you mean
To have me fam'd a coward, and be stamp'd so.

Poss. We understand you not.

Cass. Proud boy, thou dost,
And tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame.

Ant. Sir, Heav'n can tell, and my integrity,
What I did was but only to enforce
The senate's gratitude. I now acknowledge it.

Cass. Observe it, fathers, how this haughty boy
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours :
He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewise must be told,
How I by him was master'd ; and for surety
That all succeeding times may so report it,
He would have my dishonour, and his triumphs,
Engrav'd in brass : Hence, hence proceeds the falshood
Of his insinuating piety.

Thou art no child of mine ; thee and thy blood,
Here in the capitol, before the senate,
I utterly renounce ! So, thrift and fate
Confirm me ! Henceforth, never see my face ;
Be as thou art, a villain to thy father !
Lords, I must crave your leaves. Come, come, Arcanes.

[*Exeunt Cass. and his party.*

B

Gon.

18 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Gon. Here's a strange high-born spirit.

Poss. 'Tis but heat
Of sudden present rage: I dare assure
Antinous of his favour.

Ant. I not doubt it;
He's both a good man, and a good father.
I shall attend your lordships.

Poss. Do, Antinous.

Gon. Yes; feast thy triumphs with applause and
pleasures.

Porph. & Poss. Lead on. [Exeunt. Flor. Cornets.

Manent Antinous and Decius.

Ant. ' I utterly renounce'——'Twas so;
Was't not, my Decius?

Dec. Pish! you know, my lord,
Old men are choleric.

Ant. And lastly parted
With, ' Never henceforth see my face!' Oh me,
How have I lost a father! such a father!
Such a one, Decius! I am miserable,
Beyond expression!

Dec. Fy, how unbecoming
This shews upon your day of fame!

Ant. Oh, mischief!
I must no more come near him; that I know,
And am assur'd on't.

Dec. Say you do not?

Ant. True;
Put case I do not: What is Candy then
To lost Antinous? Malta, I resolve
To end my days in thee.

Dec. How's that?

Ant. I'll try
All humble means of being reconcil'd;
Which if denied, then I may justly say,
This day has prov'd my worst, Decius, my worst!
[Exeunt.

A C T

A C T II.

Enter Gonzalo and Gaspero.

Gasps. **N**OW to what you have heard; as no man
can

Better than I, give you her character;
For I have been both nurs'd, and train'd up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them;
Her brother, my late master, did no less.
Strong apprehensions of her beauty have
Made her believe that she is more than woman:
And as there did not want those flatterers
'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him think,
And did persuade him, that he was a god;
So there be those base flies, that will not stick
To buz into her ears, she is an angel,
And that the food she feeds on is ambrosia.

Gon. She should not touch it then; 'tis poets' fare.

Gasps. I may take leave to say, she may as well
Determine of herself to be a goddess,
With lesser flattery, than he a god;
For she does conquer more, altho' not further:
Every one looks on her, dies in despair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cause he had to perish so.
Her beauty is superlative; she knows it,
And knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,
But ought to perish, and to die for her.
Many great princes for her love have languish'd,
And given themselves a willing sacrifice,
Proud to have ended so; and now there is
A prince so madd'd in his own passions,
That he forgets the royalty he was born to,
And deems it happiness to be her slave.

Gon. You talk as if you meant to wind me in,

20 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

And make me of the number.

Gasp. Sir,
Mistake me not; the service that I owe you
Shall plead for me: I tell you what she is,
What she expects, and what she will effect,
Unless you be the miracle of men,
That come with a purpose to behold,
And go away yourself.

Gon. I thank you; I will do it.
But, pray resolve me, how's she stor'd with wit?

Gasp. As with beauty, infinite, and more
To be admir'd at, than meddled with.

Gon. And walks
Her tongue the same gait with her feet?

Gasp. Much beyond:
Whatever her heart thinks, she utters, and so boldly,
So readily, as you would judge it penn'd
And studied.

*Enter Erotia, Philander, Annophel, Hyparcha, Mochingo,
and Attendants.*

Gon. She comes.

Gasp. I must leave you then;
But my best wishes shall remain with you. [Exit.]

Gon. Still I must thank you.
This is the most passionate, most pitiful prince,
Who, in the caldron of affections,
Looks as he had been parboil'd.

Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me.

Erotia. You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me, with hope
That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first!
I will live free and single, 'till I find
Something above a man to equal me.

Put

Put all your bravest heroes into one⁸,
Your kings and emperors, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him;
Must, and will scorn him!
The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,
His bow and torch extinguish'd, and the poets
That made him first a god, have lost their fire,
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.
This I dare speak; and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth dare deny,
Nay, not believe it.

Moch. He is mad that does not.

Erota. Have not all nations of the earth heard of me?
Most come to see me, and, seeing me, return'd
Full of my praises, teaching their chroniclers
To make their stories perfect? For where the name,
Merely the word, of fair Erota stands,
It is a lasting history to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my own sex envy; which glory's lost,
When I shall stick my beauty in a cloud,
And scarcely shine thro' it⁹.

Gon. This woman's in the altitudes, and he must be
A good astrologer shall know her zodiack.

Phil. For any man to think
Himself an able purchaser of you¹⁰,
But in the bargain there must be declar'd
Infinite bounty; otherwise, I vow
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,
I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield myself up love's, or your own martyr.

⁸ Put all your brave heroes into one.] Corrected in 1750.

⁹ And clearly shine thro' it.] Clearly being an evident corruption, dimly, barely, and merely, were severally proposed in 1750. We prefer scarcely to either of them, and, as it is not very different from the old books in the trace of letters, have inserted it in the text.

¹⁰ Phil. For any man to think

Himself an able purchaser of you, &c.] Some words appear to have been lost here; the chasm Mr. Seward would supply by reading, 'Twere arrogance for any man to think, &c.

22 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Erota. So you shall please us.

Phil. Oh, you cannot be
So heav'nly and so absolute in all things,
And yet retain such cruel tyranny.

Erota. I can, I do, I will.

Gon. She is in her
Moods, and her tenfes: I will grammar with you,
And make a trial how I can decline you.
By your leave, great lady!

Erota. What are you?

Gon. A man,
A good man, that's a wealthy, a proper man,
And a proud man too; one that understands
Himself, and knows, unless it be yourself,
No woman in the universe deserves him.
Nay, lady, I must tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint
With better judgment next day than on this;
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull fucus.

Erota. Knows any one here what this fellow is?

Atten. He is of Venice, madam; a great magnifico,
And gracious with the senate.

Erota. Let him keep then among them; what makes
he here?

Here's state enough where I am. Here's ado!—
You, tell him, if he have aught with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in petition.

Moch. Mighty magnifico, my mistress bid me tell
you,

If you have aught with her, you must look lower,
And yield it in petition.

Gon. Here's for thee a ducat.

Moch. You say well, Sir; take your own course.

Gon. I'll not grace you,
Lady, so much as take you by the hand;
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,
It shall be thro' your court a holiday
Proclaim'd for so high favour.

Erota. This is some

Great

Great man's jester : Sirrah, begone ! here is
No place to fool in.

Gon. Where are the fools you talk of ?
I do keep two.

Erota. No question of it ;
For in yourself you do maintain an hundred.

Gon. And, besides them, I keep a noble train,
Statists, and men of action ; my purse is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry ;
Fortune did vie with nature, to bestow,
When I was born, her bounty equally.
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me ;
For, should you stand and gaze me in the face,
You perish would, like Semele by Jove :
In Venice, at this instant, there do lie
No less than threescore ladies in their graves,
And in their beds five hundred, for my love.

Moch. You lie more than they ! Yet it becomes
him bravely :
'Would I could walk and talk so ! I'll endeavour it.

Erota. Sir, do you know me ?

Gon. Yes ; you were sister to the late prince of Candy,
Aunt to this young one : And I in Venice,
Am born a lord ! equal to you in fortunes ;
In shape—I'll say no more ; but view !

Moch. There needs no more be said ; were I a
woman—
Oh, he does rarely : ' In shape—I'll say no more,
' But view ! ' Who could say more, who better ?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unless they have a pride like one of these.
How poor the prince of Cyprus shews to him !
How poor another lady unto her !
Carriage and state make us seem demi-gods ;
Humility, like beasts, worms of the earth !

Enter Antinous and Decius.

Ant. Royal lady, I kiss your hand.

Erota. Sir, I know you not.

24 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Anno. Oh, my noble brother! welcome from the wars!

Ant. Dear sister!

Anno. Where's my father, that you come without him?

We've news of your success. H' has his health, I hope?

Ant. Yes, sister, h' has his health, but is not well,

Anno. How? not well? what riddles do you utter?

Ant. I'll tell you more in private,

Gon. Noble Sir,

I cannot be unmindful of your merit,

Since I last heard it: You're a hopeful youth,

And indeed the soul of Candy. I must speak my thoughts.

Anno. The prince of Cyprus, brother. Good Decius!

Ant. I'm his servant.

Phil. You are the patron of your country, Sir;
So your unimitable deeds proclaim you;
It is no language of my own, but all mens'.

Gon. Your enemies must needs acknowledge it:
Then do not think it flattery in your friends,
For if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue,

Erota. Is this your brother, Annophel?

Anno. Yes, madam.

Erota. Your name's Antinous?

Ant. I am, lady, that most unfortunate man.

Erota. How unfortunate? Are you not the soldier,
The captain of those captains, that did bring
Conquest and vict'ry home along with you?

Ant. I had some share in it; but was the least
Of the least worthy.

Gon. Oh, Sir, in your modesty
You'd make a double conquest. I was an ear-witness
When this young man spoke lesser than he acted,
And had the soldier's voice to help him out.
But that the law compell'd him, and his honour
Enforc'd him make a claim for his reward¹¹,

I well

¹¹ But that the law compell'd him for his honour,

To enforce him make a claim for his reward.] The law compell'd
him

I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.

Erota. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate :
You shall attend on me.

Ant. Madam, your pardon !

Erota. Deny it not, Sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i' th' field : For, know, you shall,
Upon Erota's asking, serve Erota.

Ant. I may want answers, lady,
But never want a will to do you service,
I came here to my sister to take leave,
Having enjoin'd myself to banishment,
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,
And wish with me I had not the occasion.

Anno. There shall be no occasion to divide us :
Dear madam, for my sake use your power,
Even for the service that he ought to owe,
Must, and does owe, to you, his friends, and country !

Erota. Upon your loyalty to th' state and me,
I do command you, Sir, not depart Candy !
Am I not your princess ?

Ant. You are a great lady.

Erota. Then shew yourself a servant and a subject.

Ant. I am your vassal.

Moch. You are a coward : I, that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vassal to any prince in Europe.
Great is my heart with pride, which I'll encrease,
When they are gone, with practice on my vassals.

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The noble Cassilane is come to see you,
madam.

Dec. There's comfort in those words, Antinous ;
For here's the place and persons that have power

him to inforce him seemed somewhat absurd ; but I was at first a little doubtful whether I should treat it as an evident corruption, till observing that the for in the second line stood directly under that in the first, and that every one knows how frequently the printers make such mistakes ; I was determin'd to treat it as a mistake.

Seward.

To

26 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

To reconcile you to his love again.

Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.

Enter Cassilane and Arcanes.

Cass. Greatness still wait you, lady!

Erota. Good Cassilane,

We do maintain our greatness thro' your valour.

Cass. My pray'rs pull daily blessings on thy head,
My unoffending child, my Annophel!—
Good prince!—Worthy Gonzalo!—Ha! art thou here
Before me? in ev'ry action art thou ambitious?
My duty, lady, first offered here,
And love to thee, my child, tho' he out-strip me.
Thus in the wars he got the start on me,
By being forward, but performing less!
All the endeavours of my life are lost,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Curst begetting, whom I shame to father!
Oh, that the heat thou robb'dst me of, had burnt
Within my entrails, and begot a fever,
Or some worse sickness; for thou art a disease
Sharper than any physick gives a name to!

Anno. Why do you say so?

Cass. Oh, Annophel, there is good cause, my girl!
H' has plaid the thief with me, and filch'd away
The richest jewel of my life, my honour;
Wearing it publicly with that applause,
As if he justly did inherit it.

Ant. 'Would I had in my infancy been laid
Within my grave, cover'd with your blessings, rather
Than grown up to a man, to meet your curses!

Cass. Oh, that thou hadst!
Then I had been the father of a child ¹²,

¹² *Then I had been the father of a child,
Dearer than thou wert even unto me,
When hope perswaded me I had begot*

Another self in thee.] This sentence seems a little obscure. It should mean, that he had then only had one child, viz. Annophel, who is dearer to him than Antinous was ev'n at the time of his birth, when hope perswaded him that he had begot another self. *Seward.*

Dearer

Dearer than thou wert even unto me
 When hope perswaded me I had begot
 Another self in thee. Out of mine eyes,
 As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
 That I may live and die forgetting thee !

Erota. How has he deserv'd this untam'd anger,
 That, when he might have ask'd for his reward,
 Some honour for himself, or mass of pelf,
 He only did request to have erected
 Your statue in the capitol, with titles
 Engrav'd upon't, ' The patron of his country ?'

Cass. That, that's the poison in the gilded cup,
 The serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour,
 And leaves me dead in fame ! Gods, do a justice,
 And rip his bosom up, that men may see,
 Seeing believe, the subtle practices
 Written within his heart ! But I am heated,
 And do forget this presence, and myself.
 Your pardon, lady !

Erota. You should not ask, 'less you knew how to
 give.

For my sake, Cassilane, cast out o' your thoughts
 All ill conceptions of your worthy son,
 That, questionless, has ignorantly offended,
 Declared in his penitence.

Cass. Bid me die, lady, for your sake I'll do it ;
 But that you'll say is nothing, for a man
 That has out-liv'd his honour ; but command me
 In any thing save that, and Cassilane
 Shall ever be your servant. Come, Annophel,
 My joy in this world ! thou shalt live with me,
 Retir'd in some solitary nook,
 The comfort of my age ! My days are short,
 And ought to be well spent ; and I desire
 No other witness of them but thyself,
 And good Arcanes.

Anno. I shall obey you, Sir.

Gon. Noble Sir,
 If you taste any want of worldly means,

Let

28 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Let not that discontent you : Know me your friend,
That hath and can supply you.

Cass. Sir, I am too much bound to you already ;
And 'tis not of my cares the least, to give you
Fair satisfaction.

Gon. You may imagine I do speak to that end ;
But, trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.

Cass. Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you ;
Mean time, my service !

Anno. Brother, be comforted : So long as I continue
Within my father's love, you cannot long
Stand out an exile. I must go live with him,
And I will prove so good an orator
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,
Or I will stir in him another anger,
And be lost with you.

Ant. Better I were neglected ; for he's hasty,
And, thro' the choler that abounds in him,
Which for the time divides from him his judgment,
He may cast you off, and with you his life :
For grief will straight surprize him, and that way
Must be his death ; the sword has tried too often,
And all the deadly instruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could touch it :
Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.

Cass. Madam, my duty !

Erota. Will you be gone ?

Cass. I must, lady ; but I shall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your service.
Excellent prince ! To all my hearty love,
And a good farewell !

Moch. Thanks, honest Cassilane !

Cass. Come, Annophel.

Gon. Shall I not wait upon you, Sir ?

Cass. From hence
You shall not stir a foot. Loving Gonzalo,
It must be all my study to requite you.

Gon. If I may be so fortunate to deserve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.

Cass.

THE LAWS OF CANDY. 29

Cass. You are so, and you've made yourself so.

Gon. I will then

Preserve it.

[*Exeunt Cass. and Arc.*]

Erota. Antinous, you are my servant,
Are you not?

Ant. 'T hath pleas'd you so to grace me.

Erota. Why are you then dejected? You will say,
You've lost a father; but you've found a mistress
Doubles that loss: Be master of your spirit;
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.

Gon. And mine.

Erota. Will no man ease me of this fool?

Gon. Your fellow.

Erota. Antinous, wait upon us.

Ant. I shall, madam.

Gon. Nay but, lady, lady!

Erota. Sir, you're rude:

And if you be the master of such means
As you do talk of, you should learn good manners.

Gon. Oh, lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in yourself! You must, shall hear
me:

I love you for your pride; 'tis the best virtue in you.

Erota. I could hang this fellow now! By whom
Are you supported, that you dare do this?
Have you not example here in a prince,
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself
As doth become a man had seen my beauty?
Back to your country, and your courtezans,
Where you may be admir'd for your wealth;
Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain you
Th' opinion of some wit. Here's nothing to be got
But scorn, and loss of time.

Gon. Which are things I delight in.

Erota. Antinous, follow me. [*Exit, with train.*]

Gon. She is vex'd to the soul.

Moch. Let her be vex'd; 'tis fit she should be so.
Give me thy hand, Gonzalo; thou art in our favour,
For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,

Such

30 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Such as percusse the earth, and bound
With an erected countenance to th' clouds.

Gon. 'Sfoot, what thing is this?

Moch. I do love fireworks,
Because they mount; an exhalation I
Profess t' adore beyond a fixed star,
'Tis more illustrious, as every thing
Rais'd out of smoak is so; their virtue is
In action: What d'ye think of me?

Gon. Troth, Sir,
You are beyond my guess; I know you not.

Moch. D'you know yourself?

Gon. Yes, Sir.

Moch. Why, you and I
Are one: I am proud, and very proud too;
That I must tell you; I saw it did become you;
Cousin Gonzalo! prithee, let it be so.

Gon. Let it be so, good cousin.

Moch. I'm no great one's fool.

Gon. I hope so, for alliance sake.

Moch. Yet I do serve
The mighty, monstrous, and magnanimous,
Invincible Erola.

Gon. Oh, good cousin,
Now I have you: I'll meet you in your coat.

Moch. Coat? I've my horseman's coat, I must
confess,
Lin'd thro' with velvet, and a scarlet outside:
If you will meet me in't, I'll send for it;
And, cousin, you shall see me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one, and a right one;
It did not come collateral.

Gon. Adieu, good cousin!
At this present, I've some business.

Moch. Farewell, excellent cousin!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T III.

Enter Gonzalo and Fernando.

Gon. CANDY, I say, is lost already.

Fern. Yes,
If to be conqueror be to be lost.

Gon. You have it ; one day's conquest hath undone
them,

And sold them to their vassalage. For what
Have I else toil'd my brains, profusely emptied
My monies, but to make them slaves to Venice ;
That so, in case the sword did lose his edge,
Then art might sharpen her's ?

Fern. Gonzalo, how ?

Gon. Fernando, thus : You see how thro' this land,
Both of the best and basest I am honour'd :
I only gave the state of Venice notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found
A better entertainment ; I was he
Encourag'd young Antinous to affront
The devil his father ; for the devil, I think,
Dares not do more in battle.

Fern. But why did you ?
I find no such great policy in that.

Gon. Indeed, Fernando, thou canst fight, nor plot :
Had they continu'd one, they two alone
Were of sufficient courage and performance
To beat an army.

Fern. Now, by all my hopes,
I rather shall admire, than envy virtue.

Gon. Why then, by all your hopes you'll rather have
Your brains knock'd out, than learn how to be wise.
You statesman ! Well, Sir, I did more than this ;
When Cassilane crav'd from the common treasure

Pay

32 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Pay for his soldiers, I struck home, and lent him
An hundred thousand ducats.

Fern. Marry, Sir,
The policy was little, the love less,
And honesty least of all.

Gon. How say you by that?
Go fight, I say, go fight! I'll talk no more with you;
You are insensible.

Fern. Well, I shall observe you.

Gon. Why, look you, Sir, by this means have I got
The greatest part of Cassilane's estate
Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem,
But must of force sink: D'you conceive me now?

Fern. So!

But why have you importuned the senate,
For me to sojourn with him¹³?

Gon. There's the quintessence,
The soul, and grand elixir of my wit:
For he, according to his noble nature,
Will not be known to want, tho' he do want,
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.

Fern. Here is a perfect plotted stratagem!

Gon. Why could you
Imagine, that I did not hate in heart
My country's enemies? Yes, yes, Fernando,
And I will be the man that shall undo them.

Fern. You're in a ready way.

Gon. I was ne'er out on't.

Enter Gaspero.

Gon. Peace;
Here comes a wise coxcomb, a tame coward!
Now, worthy Gaspero, what,
You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's
Conductor to old Cassilane?

¹³ *For me to sojourn with them?*] It was Cassilane to whom he was
to become a guest, *them* therefore seems a mistake, as the antecedent
would be the Senate, not Cassilane or his family.

Seward.

Gasp.

Gasp. To wait upon him.

Gon. And my lords the senators sent you?

Gasp. My noble lord, they did.

Gon. My lord Fernando;

This gentleman, as humble as you see him,
Is ev'n this kingdom's treasure: In a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser
Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd
In truth and faith.

Gasp. My lord!

Gon. You may be bold
To trust him with your bosom; he'll not deceive,
If you rely upon him once.

Fern. Your name is Gaspero?

Gasp. Your servant.

Gon. Go, commend me,
Right honest Gaspero, commend me heartily,
To noble Cassilane; tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.

Gasp. I shall.

Gon. I know you will.

My lord; I cannot long be absent from you.

Fern. Sir, you are now my guide. [*Exit with Gasp.*]

Gon. Thus my designs
Run uncontroul'd. Yet, Venice, tho' I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain are
Other large projects: For, if proud Erola
Bend to my lure, I will be Candy's king,
And duke of Venice too. Ha! Venice too? Oh,
'Twas prettily shov'd in! Why not? Erola
May in her love seal all sure; if she swallow
The bait, I'm lord of both; if not, yet Candy,
Despite of all her power, shall be ruin'd. [*Exit.*]

Enter Cassilane, Arcanes, and Annophel.

Cass. Urge me no further.—Annophel!

Anno. My lord!

Cass. Thy father's poverty has made thee happy;
For tho' 'tis true, this solitary life

34 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Suits not with youth and beauty, oh, my child,
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect
Chaste names from court-aspersions: There a lady,
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That dotes upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
Is shipwreck'd on the shore; for 'tis much safer
To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,
Then follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxury and sloth.

Anno. My wishes, Sir,
Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find occasion wherein I might witness
My duty and obedience.

Cass. 'Tis well said.
Canst thou forbear to laugh, Arcanes?

Arc. Why, Sir?

Cass. To look upon my beggary, to look
Upon my patience in my beggary.
Tell me, does it shew handsome? bravely handsome?
Thou'lt flatter me, and swear that I'm not miserable¹⁴.

Arc.

¹⁴ *Thou wilt flatter me*

And swear that I am miserable.] There is a difficulty in the last of these lines, which Mr. Sympson would amend, by supposing a negative dropt, and would read,

And swear that I'm not miserable.

But this does not satisfy, and I therefore prefer the old reading with the following interpretation. 'You, Arcanes, will flatter me by talking of my former greatness and glory, and swear that this retirement is misery to a man of my abilities for the command of whole armies.'—This gives me an opportunity of remarking the excellency of Cassilane's Character; the faults of whose temper, tho' the finest strokes of the poet's pencil, are apt to disgust some readers. The same has happened with regard to Arbaces in King and No King; the faults of the heroes are objected to the poets, and they scarce think it possible that persons of such noble and magnanimous tempers should be distracted with such violent and frantick passions. But the poets, from a deeper insight into human nature, knew, that persons of *bright parts* and *extensive capacities* are more subject to *violent passions* than geniuses of a *lower class*: Because *quick perceptions* are the source from whence chiefly spring both the *understanding* and the *passions*. The characters therefore of Achilles by Homer, of Turnus and Mezentius by Virgil, of Cassius, Hotspur and Coriolanus by Shakespeare, of Arbaces

THE LAWS OF CANDY. 35

Arc. Nothing more glorifies the noble, and the
valiant,

Than to despise contempt : If you continue
But to enjoy yourself, you in yourself
Enjoy all store besides.

Cass. An excellent change !

I that some seven apprenticeships commanded
A hundred ministers, that waited on
My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand soldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.

Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reason for.

Cass. The Roman captains,
I mean the best, such as with their bloods
Purchas'd their country's peace, the empire's glory,
Were glad at last to get them to some farms,
Off from the clamours of th' ingrateful great ones,
And the unsteady multitude, to live
As I do now ; and 'twas their blessing too ;
Let it be ours, Arcanes.

Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your scorn of injuries.

Cass. Of injuries ?
Arcanes ! Annophel ! lend both your hands.
So ! what say ye now ?

Arc. Why now, my lord ?

Cass. I swear
By all my past prosperities, thus standing
Between you two, I think myself as great,

Arbaces and Cassilane, by our Authors, required more art, and a
deeper insight into nature to draw them, than either Hector, Æneas,
Brutus or Antinous by the same authors, altho' the latter are certainly
much more amiable characters than the former. *Seward.*

It has long been determin'd, that perfect characters are not the
most proper for the *Epopœia*, or the Drama. As to the passage in
question, the whole tenor of the dialogue proves that we ought to adopt
Mr. Sympson's emendation, and read,

Thou'lt flutter me, and swear that I'm not miserable ;

The very answer of Arcanes confirms it.

36 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

As mighty, as if in the capitol
I stood amidst the senators, with all
The Cretan subjects prostrate at my feet.

Anno. Sir, you are here more safe.

Cass. And more belov'd.

Why, look ye, Sirs, I can forget the weakness
Of the traduced soldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-spoken senate, the impiety
Of him, the villain, whom, to my dishonour,
The world miscalls my son. But by the——

Arc. Sir,

Remember that you promis'd no occasion
Should move your patience.

Cass. Thou dost chide me friendly:
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon

Enter a Servant.

Amongst us. Now? the news?

Serv. The secretary,
With the Venetian prisoner, desire
Admittance to your lordship.

Cass. How! to me?
What mystery is this? Arcanes, can they,
Think'st thou, mean any good?

Arc. My lord, they dare not
Intend aught else but good.

Cass. 'Tis true, they dare not.
Arcanes, welcome them. Come hither, Annophel;
[*Exit Arc.*

Stand close to me; we'll change our affability
Into a form of state, and they shall know
Our heart is still our own.

Enter Arcanes, Fernando, and Gaspero.

Arc. My lord——

Cass. Arcanes,
I know them both. Fernando, as you are
A man of greatness, I should undervalue
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe

Low-

Low-fawning compliments; but as you are
A captive and a stranger, I can love you,
And must be kind. You're welcome.

Fern. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.

Gasp. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroic virtues,
The senate, on his importunity,
Commend him to your lordship's guard.

Cass. For what?

Gasp. During the time of his abode in Candy,
To be your household guest.

Fern. Wherein, my lord,
You shall more make me debtor to your nobleness,
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.

Cass. Are you in earnest, Sir?

Fern. My suit to th' senate
Shall best resolve you that.

Cass. Come hither, secretary!
Look that this be no trick now put upon me!
For if it be——Sirrah——

Gasp. As I have troth,
My lord, it only is a favour granted
Upon Fernando's motion, from himself.
Your lordship must conceive, I'd not partake
Aught, but what should concern your honour: Who
Has been the prop, our country's shield, and safety,
But the renowned Cassilane?

Cass. Applause
Is, Gaspero—puff—nothing. Why, young lord,
Would you so much be sequester'd from those
That are the blazing comets of the time,
To live a solitary life with me,
A man forsaken? All my hospitality
Is now contracted to a few; these two,
This tempest-wearied soldier, and this virgin.
We cannot feast your eyes with masques and revels,
Or courtly anticks; the sad sports we riot in,
Are tales of foughten fields, of martial scars,

38 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

And things done long ago, when men of courage
Were held the best ; not those well-spoken youths,
Who only carry conquest in their tongues.
Now, stories of this nature are unseasonable
To entertain a great duke's son with.

Fern. Herein

Shall my captivity be made my happiness,
Since what I lose in freedom, I regain,
With int'rest, by conversing with a soldier,
So matchless for experience as great Cassilane.
'Pray, Sir, admit me.

Cass. If you come to mock me,
I shall be angry.

Fern. By the love I bear
To goodness, my intents are honourable !

Cass. Then, in a word, my lord, your visitations
Shall find all due respect. But I am now
Grown old, and have forgot to be an host :
Come when you please, you're welcome.

Fern. Sir, I thank you.

Anno. Good Sir, be not too urgent ; for my father
Will soon be mov'd ; yet, in a noble way
Of courtesy he is as easily conquer'd.

Fern. Lady, your words are like your beauty,
powerful ;

I shall not strive more how to do him service,
Than how to be your servant.

Cass. She's my daughter,
And does command this house.

Fern. I so conceive her.

Cass. D'you hear ?

Gasp. My honour'd lord.

Cass. Commend me to them :
Tell 'em, I thank them.

Gasp. Whom, my lord ?

Cass. The senate.

Why, how come you so dull ? Oh, they are gracious,
And infinitely grateful !—Thou art eloquent ;
Speak modestly in mentioning my services ;

And

And if aught fall out in the by, that must
Of mere necessity touch any act
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on't:
'Twill make them blush to hear on't.

Gasp. Why, my lord?

Cass. Nay, nay, you are too wise now; good, observe me!

I do not rail against the hopeful springall¹⁵,
That builds up monuments in brass, rears trophies
With mottoes and inscriptions, quaint devices
Of poetry and fiction!—Let's be quiet.

Arc. You must not cross him.

Gasp. Not for Candy's wealth.

Fern. You shall for ever make me yours.

Anno. 'Twere pity
To double your captivity.

Arc. Who's here?

Decius!

Enter Decius.

Cass. Ha! Decius! who nam'd Decius?

Dec. My duty to your lordship! I am bold,
Presuming on your noble and known goodness,
To——

Cass. What?

Dec. Present you with this——

Cass. Letter?

Dec. Yes, my honour'd lord.

Cass. From whom?

Dec. 'Please you peruse
The inside; you shall find a name subscrib'd,
In such humility, in such obedience,
That you yourself will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.

Cass. Hey-day!
Good words, my masters! This is court-infection,
And none but cowards ply them. Tell me, Decius,
Without more circumstance, who is the sender?

¹⁵ *Springall.*] i. e. *Youth*. The word occurs in Spenser. R.

40 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Dec. Your much-griev'd son, Antinous.

Cass. On my life,
A challenge! Speak, as thou art worthy, speak!
I'll answer't.

Dec. Honour'd Sir——

Cass. No honour'd Sirs!
Fool your young idol with such pompous attributes.
Say briefly, what contains it?

Dec. 'Tis a lowly
Petition for your favour.

Cass. Rash young man,
But that thou'rt under my own roof, and know'st
I dare not any way infringe the laws
Of hospitality, thou shouldst repent
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not
Again to shew thy letter, for thy life;
Decius, not for thy life!

Arc. Nay then, my lord,
I can with-hold no longer; you're too rough,
And wrestle against nature, with a violence
More than becomes a father. Wherein would you
Come nearer to the likeness of a God,
Than in your being entreated? Let not thirst
Of honour make you quite forget you are
A man, and what makes perfect manhood's comforts,
A father¹⁶.

Anno. If a memory remain
Of my departed mother, if the purity
Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your love to my uncomforted brother!

Fern. I am a stranger, but so much I tender
Your son's desertful virtues, that I vow
His sword ne'er conquer'd me so absolutely,

¹⁶ ——— quite forget you are

A man. and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts

A father.] The pointing of this passage being regulated, the
sense will be clear: 'Don't forget you are a man, and what is the
'greatest blessing in the state of manhood, a father.' *Seward.*

As shall your courtesy, if you vouchsafe,
At all our instances, to new-receive him
Into your wonted favour.

Gasp. Sir, you cannot
Require more low submission.

Anno. Am I not
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then, by the name
Of father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now-remaining branch
With me, of that most ancient root, whose body
You are, dear Sir!

Cass. 'Tis well! An host of furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,
More rudely, or more unnaturally!
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him!
For this time, go thou hence; and know from me,
Thou art beholden to me, that I have not
Kill'd thee already: Look to it next, look to't!
Arcanes, fy! fy, Annophel! [Exit.

Arc. He's gone,
Chaf'd beyond sufferance: We must follow him.

Dec. Lady, this letter is to you.

Anno. Come with me,
For we must speak in private. 'Please you, Sir,
To see what entertainment our sad house can yield?

Fern. I shall attend you, lady. [Exit Anno.

Gasp. How d'you like
To sojourn here, my lord?

Fern. More than to feast
With all the princes of the earth besides.
Gonzalo told me, that thou wert honest.

Gasp. Yes, Sir,
And you shall find it.

Fern. Shall I?

Gasp. All my follies
Be else recorded to my shame!

Fern. Enough.

My heart is here for ever lodg'd.

Gasp. The lady——

Fern.

42 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Fern. The place admits no time to utter all ;
But, Gaspero, if thou wilt prove my friend,
I'll say thou art——

Gaspr. Your servant. I conceive you.
We'll chuse some fitter leisure.

Fern. Never man
Was in a moment, or more blest'd, or wretched !

[*Exeunt.*

Hyparcha, placing two chairs, Antinous and Erotia.

Erotia. Leave us !

Hyp. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Erotia. Antinous, sit down !

Ant. Madam !

Erotia. I say, sit down : I do command you sit !
For look, what honour thou dost gain by me,
I cannot lose it. Happy Antinous !
The graces and the higher deities
Smil'd at thy birth, and still continue it :
Then think that I, who scorn lesser examples,
Must do the like. Such as do taste my power,
And talk of it with fear and reverence,
Shall do the same unto the man I favour.
I tell thee, youth, thou hast a conquest won,
Since thou cam'st home, greater than that last
Which dignified thy fame ; greater than if
Thou shouldst go out again, and conquer further ;
For I am not ashamed to acknowledge
Myself subdu'd by thee.

Ant. Great lady——

Erotia. Sit still ; I will not hear thee else. Now
speak ;
And speak like my Antinous, like my foldier,
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath sent to battle.

Ant. I must, I see, be silent.

Erotia. So thou mayst ;
There's greater action in it than in clamour.
A look, if it be gracious, will begin the war,
A word conclude it ; then prove no coward,

Since

Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer.

Ant. You do amaze me, madam !
I have no skill, no practice, in this war ;
And whether you be serious, or please
To make your sport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly guess ; but, be't as 'twill,
It is alike unhappiness to me :
My discontents bear those conditions in them,
And lay me out so wretched, no designs,
However truly promising a good,
Can make me relish aught, but a sweet-bitter
Voluntary exile.

Erota. Why an exile ? [Musick.
What comfort can there be in those companions
Which sad thoughts bring along ? Hyparcha ¹⁷ !

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. Madam.

Erota. Whence comes this well-tun'd sound ?

Hyp. I know not, madam.

Erota. Listen, wench. [Song.
Whatever friendly hands they are that send it,
Let 'em play on ; they're masters of their faculty.
Doth't please you, Sir ?

Ant. According to the time.

Erota. Go to 'em, wench,
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em ; for they've kept
As good time to our disposition, as to their instruments.
Unless Antinous shall say he loves,
There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.

Enter Philander.

Phil. Let then the heart that did employ those hands

¹⁷ Which sad thoughts bring along with ?

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. Madam.] I think it pretty plain that *Erota* called her attendant ; and this, with leaving out an unnecessary monosyllable, completes the measure.

Seward.

Receive

44 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Receive some small share of your thanks with them,
'Tis happiness enough that you did like it ;
A fortune unto me, that I should send it
In such a lucky minute ; but to obtain
So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes !

Erota. Good prince, I thank you for't.

Phil. Oh, madam, pour not, too fast, joys on me,
But sprinkle 'em so gently, I may stand 'em.
It is enough at first, you've laid aside
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,
With which, as with your lovely, you did strike
All your beholders in an ecstacy.

Erota. Philander, you have long profess'd to love me.

Phil. Have I but profess'd it, madam ?

Erota. Nay, but hear me.

Phil. More attentively than to an oracle.

Erota. And I will speak more truly, if more can be ;
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in riddles,
But plain as truth itself. I love this gentleman,
Whose grief has made him so incapable
Of love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.
I that have look'd with scornful eyes on thee,
And other princes, mighty in their states,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almost,
This man, this well-deserving man, (that I must say)
To look upon this beauty ; yet you see
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground
Than he will turn 'em this way.

Philander, you look pale ; I'll talk no more.

Phil. Pray go forward ; I would be your martyr :
To die thus, were immortally to live.

Erota. Will you go to him then, and speak for me ?
You have lov'd longer, but not ferventer,
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An orator, ev'n for yourself ; then how will you for me,
Whom you profess to love above yourself.

Phil. The curses of dissemblers follow me
Unto my grave, an if I do not so !

Erota.

Erota. You may, as all men do, speak boldlier,
Better, in their friend's cause still, than in your own;
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign;
I will stand by, and blush, to witness it.
Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost
The happiness of this life, food and rest¹⁸,
A quiet bosom, and the state I went with;
Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota.
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying these.
Tell him——Philander! prince! I talk in vain
To you; you do not mark me.

Phil. Indeed I do.

Erota. But thou dost look so pale,
As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.

Phil. Not, if I can but live to tell it.

Erota. It may be, you have not the heart.

Phil. I have a will, I'm sure, howe'er my heart
May play the coward. But, if you please, I'll try.

Erota. If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give you leave

¹⁸ ——— food, and rest;

A quiet bosom, and the state I went with.

Tell him how he has humbled the proud,

And made the living but a dead Erota.

Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd

With thinking on him, than enjoying these.] The relative *these* can have no reference to any thing contain'd in the two preceding lines, but plainly refers to food, rest, a quiet bosom and her state, which it cannot do, without much force, as the lines at present stand; I have therefore replac'd them in their natural order. It is highly probable that the two intermediate lines were added by the Author after the former, and so being wrote in the margin, the transcriber or printer might easily mistake the place where they were to be inserted.

Seward.

Mr. Seward places the fifth and sixth lines before the third and fourth; but in so doing he has reversed, and not replaced, 'the natural order' of the lines. Till she has, as in the old books, spoken of herself in the third person, it is absurd and inelegant to say,

Tell him withal that SHE is better pleas'd;

nor is the relative too distant to refer to,

The happiness of this life, food and rest.

46 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

To challenge it; nay, I will give it you.

Phil. Oh, that a man should taste such heavenly blifs,
And be enjoin'd to beg it for another!

Erota. Alas, it is a misery I grieve
To put you to, and I will suffer rather
In his tyranny, than thou in mine.

Phil. Nay, madam, since I cannot have your love,
I will endeavour to deserve your pity;
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love, than you should want it upon earth.
But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue,
To instruct him in the rudiments of love,
When your most powerful beauty cannot work it?

Erota. Do what thou wilt, Philander; the request
Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.
I desire now no more but the true patience
And fortitude of lovers, with those helps
Of sighs and tears, which, I think, is all the physick—

Phil. Oh, if he did but hear you, 'twere enough;
And I will wake him from his apoplexy.
Antinous!

Ant. My lord!

Phil. Nay, 'pray,
No courtesy to me; you are my lord,
Indeed you are, for you command her heart
That commands mine; nor can you want to know it:
For look you, she that told it you in words,
Explains it now more passionately, in tears:
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,
If those drops cannot melt it! Prithee look up,
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
And love the grief she goes with (if not her)
Of which thou art the parent; and ne'er yet
Was there, by nature, that thing made so stony,
But it would love whatever it begot.

Ant. He that begot me, did beget these cares,
Which are good issues, tho' happily by him
Esteemed monsters: Nay, th' ill-judging world
Is likely enough to give them those characters.

Phil.

THE LAWS OF CANDY. 47

Phil. What's this to love, and to the lady? He's old,
Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger;
Which are his faults, but let them not be thine:
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on;
He doubts your virtues, she doth double them.
Oh, either use thine own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart! then thou wilt love her,
Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praise thee equally for it;
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man
Unworthy such a fortune. Oh, Antinous,
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this:
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,
'Philander, you must die, or this is nothing,'
It shall be done together with a breath,
With the same willingness I live to serve her.

Erota. No more, Philander.

Phil. All I have done, is little yet to purpose;
But, ere I leave him, I'll perceive him blush;
And make him feel the passions that I do.
Every true lover will assist me in't,
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,
For Cupid wants a dart to wound this bosom.

Erota. No more, no more, Philander! I can en-
dure no more:
Pray, let him go. Go, good Antinous; make peace
With your own mind, no matter tho' I perish!
[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

Enter Hyparcha and Mochingo.

Hyp. I CANNOT help it.

Moch. Nor do I require it;
The malady needs no physician. Help
Hospital people.

Phil.

Hyp.

48 THE LAWS OF CANDY:

Hyp. I am glad to hear
You are so valiant?

Mock. Valiant?

Can any man be proud that is not valiant?
Foolish woman! what wouldst thou say? thou——
I know not what to call thee.

Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you coxcomb, ass, and puppy!

Mock. You do do't, I thank you.

Hyp. That you'll lose a fortune,
Which a cobbler better deserves than thou dost!

Mock. Do not provoke my magnanimity;
For when I am incens'd I am insensible.
Go, tell thy lady, that hath sent me word
She will discard me, that I discard her;
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,
But that she does me wrong.

Enter Erota and Antinous.

Erota. Do you not glory in your conquest more,
To take some great man prisoner, than to kill him?
And shall a lady find less mercy from you,
That yields herself your captive, and for her ransom,
Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,
Which she hath lock'd from all men but thyself?
For shame, Antinous; throw this dullness off!
Art thou a man no where but in the field?

Hyp. He must hear drums and trumpets, or he
sleeps¹⁹:

And at this instant dreams he's in his armour.
These iron-hearted soldiers are so cold,
'Till they be beaten to a woman's arms!

¹⁹ *He must hear drums, and trumpets e'er he sleeps.*] It was dullness, which Hyparcha calls sleepiness, that is complain'd of, and I doubt not but the sense of this line is the very reverse of what it was originally, by the accidental change of a particle. *E'er* should be either *or* or *else*. I prefer the former, as Shakespeare uses it in the same sense.

'He's for a jig or tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.'

Hamlet.
Seward.
And

And then they love 'em better than their own ;
No fort can hold them out.

Ant. What pity is it, madam, that yourself,
Who are all excellence, should become so wretched,
To think on such a wretch as grief hath made me !
Seldom despairing men look up to Heav'n,
Altho' it still speak to 'em in its glories ;
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us, living, to the dust we came from.
Did you but see the miseries you pursue,
As I the happiness that I avoid,
That doubles my afflictions, you would fly
Unto some wilderness, or to your grave,
And there find better comforts than in me ;
For love and cares can never dwell together !

Erota. They should,
If thou hadst but my love and I thy cares.

Ant. What wild beast in the desert but would be
Taught by this tongue to leave his cruelty,
Tho' all the beauties of the face were veil'd !
But I am savager than any beast,
And shall be so till Decius do arrive ;
Whom with so much submission I have sent
Under my hand, that, if he do not bring
His benediction back, he must to me
Be much more cruel than I am to you.

Erota. Is't but your father's pardon you desire ?

Ant. With his love ; and then nothing next that, like
yours.

Enter Decius.

Erota. Decius is come.

Ant. Oh, welcome, friend ! If I not apprehend
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.

Erota. There is indeed ; I prithee, Decius, speak it.

Dec. How ! prithee, Decius ? this woman's strangely
alter'd.

Ant. Why dost not speak, good friend, and tell me how

²⁰ *Be much more crueller than I to you.*] First folio and Seward.
The intermediate copies preserve grammar, and neglect measure.

50 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

The reverend blessing of my life receiv'd
My humble lines? Wept he for joy?

Dec. No; there's a letter will inform you more.
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you:
The old man is in want, and angry still,
And poverty's the bellows to the coal,
More than distaste from you, as I imagine.

Ant. What's here? how's this? It cannot be! Now
sure
My griefs delude my senses.

Erota. In his looks
I read a world of changes. Decius, mark,
With what a sad amazement he surveys
The news! Canst thou guess what it is?

Dec. None good, I fear.

Erota. I fear so too; and then——

Ant. It is her hand!

Erota. Are you not well?

Ant. Too well. If I were aught
But rock, this letter would conclude my miseries.
Peruse it, lady, and resolve me then,
In what a case I stand.

Dec. Sir, the worst is
Your father's lowness and distaste?

Ant. No, Decius;
My sister writes, Fernando has made suit
For love to her; and, to express sincerely
His constant truth, hath, like a noble gentleman,
Discover'd plots of treachery, contriv'd
By false Gonzalo, not intending more
The utter ruin of our house, than generally
Candy's confusion.

Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young Fernando.

Ant. 'Tis, and I could wish
All thrift to his affections, Decius.
You find the sum on't, madam?

Erota. Yes, I do.

Ant. And can you now yet think a heart oppress'd
With

With such a throng of cares, can entertain
An amorous thought? Love frees all toils but one;
Calamity and it can ill agree.

Erota. Will't please you speak my doom?

Ant. Alas, great lady,
Why will you flatter thus a desperate man,
That is quite cast away? Oh, had you not
Procur'd the senate's warrant to enforce
My stay, I had not heard of these sad news.
What would you have me do?

Erota. Love me, or kill me!
One word shall sentence either: For, as truth
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute
Not to out-live my thralldom.

Ant. Gentle lady!

Erota. Say, must I live, or die?

Dec. My lord, how can you
Be so inexorable? Here's occasion
Of succouring your father in his wants
Securely proffer'd: Pray, Sir, entertain it.

Erota. What is my sentence?

Ant. What you please to have it.

Erota. As thou art gentle, speak those words again!

Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd; yet, give me leave,
Without offence, ere I resign the interest
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secrecy.

Erota. Antinous, 'tis the greatest argument
Of thy affections to me.

Ant. Madam, thus then;
My father stands for certain sums engag'd
To treacherous Gonzalo, and has mortgag'd
The greatest part of his estate to him:
If you receive this mortgage, and procure
Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father,
I am what you would have me be.

Erota. You'll love me then?

Ant. Provided, madam, that my father know not
I am an agent for him.

Erota. If I fail

52 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.

Ant. Then, with your favour, thus I seal my truth.
To-day²⁰, and Decius, witness how unchangingly
I shall still love Erotia!

Erotia. Thou hast quicken'd
A dying heart, Antinous.

Dec. This is well.
Much happiness to both!

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. The lord Gonzalo
Attends you, madam.

Erotia. 'Comes as we could wish.
Withdraw, Antinous; here's a closet, where
You may partake his errand. Let him enter.

Ant. Madam, you must be wary. [Exit.

Erotia. Fear it not;
I will be ready for him, to entertain him

Enter Gonzalo.

With smiling welcome.—Noble Sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
A more prepared state.

Gon. D'you mock me, madam?

Erotia. Trust me, you wrong your judgment, to
repute
My gratitude a fault: I have examin'd
Your portly carriage, and will now confess
It hath not slightly won me.

Gon. The wind's turn'd;
I thought'twould come to this.—It pleas'd us, madam,
At our last interview, to mention love:
Have you consider'd on't?

²⁰ ——— thus I seal my truth,

[To day, and Decius witness how unchangingly.] Mr. Seward expunges the words *to day*, 'as unnecessary to the sense, and hurtful to the measure;' but this is too arbitrary; and the old reading, properly stopped, is good sense, not unpoetical, nor more redundant than the measure often is. The *day* is no uncommon adjuration, and in that sense we here understand it.

Erotia.

Erota. With more than common
Content: But, Sir, if what you spake you meant,
As I have cause to doubt, then——

Gon. What, sweet lady?

Erota. Methinks we should lay by this form of
stateliness;

Love's courtship is familiar; and, for instance,
See what a change it hath begot in me:
I could talk humbly now, as lovers use.

Gon. And I, and I; we meet in one self-centre
Of blest'd consent.

Erota. I hope my weakness, Sir,
Shall not deserve neglect; but if it prove so,
I am not the first lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will smart for't one day.

Gon. Angel-like lady, let me be held a villain,
If I love not sincerely!

Erota. 'Would I knew it.

Gon. Make proof by any fit command.

Erota. What do you mean?

To marry me?

Gon. How! mean? Nay more, I mean
To make you empreis of my earthly fortunes,
Regent of my desires; for did you covet
To be a real queen, I could advance you.

Erota. Now I perceive you slight me, and would
make me
More simple than my sex's frailty warrants.

Gon. But say your mind, and you shall be a queen.

Erota. On those conditions call me yours.

Gon. Enough.

But are we safe?

Erota. Affuredly.

Gon. In short——

Yet, lady, first be plain: Would you not chuse
Much rather to prefer your own sun-rising,
Than any's else, tho' ne'er so near entitled
By blood, or right of birth?

Erota. It is a question

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Needs not a resolution.

Gon. Good; what if
I set the crown of Candy on your head?

Erota. I were a queen indeed then.

Gon. Madam, know
There's but a boy 'twixt you and it; suppose him
Transhap'd into an angel.

Erota. Wife Gonzalo!
I cannot but admire thee!

Gon. 'Tis worth thinking on;
Besides, your husband shall be duke of Venice.

Erota. Gonzalo duke of Venice!

Gon. You are mine, you say?

Erota. Pish! you but dally with me; and would
lull me

In a rich golden dream.

Gon. You are too much distrustful of my truth.

Erota. Then you must give me leave to apprehend
The means and manner how.

Gon. Why, thus——

Erota. You shall not;
We may be over-heard; affairs and counsels
Of such high nature are not to be trusted,
Not to the air itself: You shall in writing
Draw out the full design; which if effected,
I am as I profess.

Gon. Oh, I applaud
Your ready care, and secrecy.

Erota. Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be remov'd.

Gon. What is't?

Erota. Old Cassilane.

Gon. Ha? fear not him: I build upon his ruins
Already.

Erota. I would find a smother course
To shift him off.

Gon. As how?

Erota. We'll talk in private;

I have

I have a ready plot.

Gon. I shall adore you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fernando and Annophel.

Fern. Madam, altho' I hate unnoble practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more than what
I ought for honour's sake²¹; yet, Annophel,
Thy love hath been the spur, to urge me forward
For speedier diligence.

Anno. Sir, your own fame
And memory will best reward themselves.

Fern. All gain is loss, sweet beauty, if I miss
My comforts here: The brother and the sister
Have double conquer'd me, but thou may'st triumph.

Anno. Good Sir, I have a father.

Fern. Yes, a brave one:
Couldst thou obscure thy beauty, yet the happiness
Of being but his daughter, were a dower
Fit for a prince. What say you?

Anno. You've deserv'd
As much as I should grant.

Fern. By this fair hand
I take possession.

Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my silence.

Fern. Thou'rt all virtue.

Enter Cassilane and Arcanes.

Cass. I'll tell thee how: Baldwin the emperor,
Pretending title, more thro' tyranny
Than right of conquest, or descent, usurp'd
The stile of lord o'er all the Grecian islands,
And under colour of an amity
With Crete, preferr'd the marquis Mountferato

²¹ *I ought for honour's safety.*] I have not rejected *safety* as thinking it nonsense, but because the more natural word better suits the measure. I allow that where a pause happens in the middle of a verse, a redundant syllable is often slung in by Shakespeare as well as our Authors. But one should not suppose them to vary a natural phrase on purpose to do it.

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To be our governor : The Cretans, vex'd
By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid
From th' emperor, receiv'd for general
This Mountferato ; he, the wars appeas'd,
Plots with the state of Venice, and takes money
Of them for Candy ; they paid well, he steals
Away in secret ; since which time, that right
The state of Venice claims o'er Candy, is
By purchase, not inheritance or conquest :
And hence grows all our quarrel.

Arc. So an usurer
Or Lombard Jew, might with some bags of trash
Buy half the western world.

Cass. Money, Arcanes,
Is now a god on earth : It cracks virginities,
And turns a Christian, Turk ;
Bribes Justice, cut-throats Honour, does what not ?

Arc. Not captives Candy.

Cass. Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a coward.—Now, Sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.

Fern. Sir, I find it.

Arc. And like it, do you not ?

Fern. My repair speaks for me.

Cass. Fernando, we were speaking of—how's this ?

Enter Gonzalo, and Gaspero with a casket.

Gon. Your friend, and servant.

Cass. Creditors, my lord,
Are masters, and no servants : As the world goes,
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom
They've been beholden to ; in which respect,
I should fear you, Gonzalo.

Gon. Me, my lord ?
You owe me nothing.

Cass. What, nor love, nor money ?

Gon. Yes, love, I hope ; not money.

Cass. All this bravery
Will scarcely make that good.

Gon.

Gon. 'Tis done already :

See, Sir, your mortgage ;— which I only took,
In case you and your son had in the wars
Miscarried : I yield it up again ; 'tis yours.

Cass. Are you so conscionable ?

Gon. 'Tis your own.

Cass. Pish, pish ! I'll not receive what is not mine ;
That were a dangerous business.

Gon. Sir, I'm paid for't ;

The sums you borrow'd are return'd, the bonds
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formally seal'd :
Look here, Sir ; Gaspero is witness to it.

Gasp. My honour'd lord, I am.

Gon. My lord Fernando,
Arcanes, and the rest, you all shall testify,
That I acquit lord Cassilane for ever,
Of any debts to me.

Gasp. 'Tis plain and ample ²².

Anno. Fortune will once again smile on us fairly !

Cass. But, hark ye, hark ye ! If you be in earnest,
Whence comes this bounty ? or whole is't ?

Gon. In short,
The great Erola, by this secretary,
Return'd me my full due.

Cass. Erola !—Why
Should she do this ?

Gon. You must ask her the cause ;
She knows it best.

Cass. So ho, Arcanes ! none
But women pity us ! soft-hearted women !
I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,
Am I not ?

Arc. Why, Sir, if the gracious princess
Have took more special notice of your services,

²² Gasp. 'Tis plain and ample :

Fortune will once again, &c.] Mr. Seward gives these two lines
to Cassilane ; and says, they evidently belong to him ; but surely 'tis
plain and ample may be spoken by Gaspero, as witness to the acquit-
tance ; and the other line will come from either Annophil or Arcanes
with much more propriety than from Cassilane.

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And means to be more thankful than some others,
It were an injury to gratitude
To disesteem her favours.

Anno. Sir, she ever
For your sake most respectfully lov'd me.

Cass. The senate, and the body of this kingdom,
Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance)
Beholden to her: I will thank her for it;
And if she have reserv'd a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my patroness. Come, Sirs,
We'll taste a cup of wine together now.

Gon. Fernando, I must speak with you in secret.

Fern. You shall.—Now, Gaspero, all's well.

Gon. There's news
You must be acquainted with ²³.
Come, there's no master-piece in art, like policy.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

Enter Fernando and Michael.

Fern. **T**HE senate is inform'd at full.

Mich. Gonzalo
Dreams not of my arrival yet?

Fern. Nor thinks
'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd.
He fats himself with hopes of crowns, and kingdoms,
And laughs securely, to imagine how

²³ *Gasp.* *There's news*

You must be acquainted with.

Come there's no master-piece of art like policy.] This last line is a repetition of *Gonzalo's* vain opinion of his own policy, I therefore think that the whole speech belong'd to him. And it is artful to make *Gonzalo* triumph in the success of his politics, when the reader knows, that he is upon the brink of ruin. If *Gaspero* is to speak it, he must be supposed to have heard from *Fernando* the conversation which had pass'd between *Gonzalo* and him.

Seward.

He

He means to gull all but himself; when, truly,
None is so grossly gull'd as he.

Mich. There was never
A more arch villain.

Fern. Peace; the senate comes.

Enter Porphycio, Possenne, Senators, Gaspero, attendants.

Porph. How closely treason cloaks itself in forms
Of civil honesty!

Poss. And yet how palpably
Does Heav'n reveal it!

Fern. Gracious lords!

Gasp. Th' ambassador,
Lord Paulo Michael, advocate
To the great duke of Venice.

Porph. You're most welcome;
Your master is a just and noble prince.

Mich. My lords, he bad me say, that you may know
How much he scorns, and, as good princes ought,
Defies, base, indirect, and godless treacheries,
To your more sacred wisdoms he refers
The punishment due to the false Gonzalo,
Or else to send him home to Venice.

Poss. Herein
The duke is royal. Gaspero, the prince
Of Cyprus answer'd he would come?

Gasp. My lords,
He will not long be absent.

Enter Philander and Melitus.

Porph. You, Fernando,
Have made the state your debtor.—Worthy prince,
We shall be suitors to you for your presence,
In hearing and determining of matters
Greatly concerning Candy.

Phil. Fathers, I'm
A stranger.

Poss. Why, the cause, my lord, concerns
A stranger. Please you, seat yourself.

Phil.

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Phil. Howe'er

Unfit, since you will have it so, my lords,
You shall command me.

Porph. You, my lord Fernando,
With the ambassador, withdraw a while.

Fern. My lords, we shall. [*Exit with Michael.*]

Poss. Melitus, and the secretary,
Give notice to Gonzalo, that the senate
Requires his presence. [*Exe. Gasp. and Mel.*]

Enter Cassilane and Arcanes.

Phil. What concerns the business?

Porph. Thus, noble prince——

Cass. Let me alone; thou troublest me;
I will be heard.

Arc. You know not what you do.

Poss. Forbear²⁴!

Who's he that is so rude? what's he that dares
To interrupt our counsels?

Cass. One that has guarded
Those purple robes from cankers worse than moths;
One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been snatch'd from you: But, I see,
'Tis better now to be a dog, a spaniel,
In times of peace, than boast the bruised scars,
Purchas'd with loss of blood in noble wars.
My lords, I speak to you!

Porph. Lord Cassilane,
We know not what you mean.

Cass. Yes, you are set
Upon a bench of justice; and a day
Will come (hear this, and quake, ye potent great ones)
When you yourselves shall stand before a judge,
Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one grain: As then

²⁴ *Poss. Forbear: Who's he that is so rude? What's he that dares?*
The first word of *Possenne's* speech, seems originally to have belong'd
to *Arcanes*. *Seward.*

There needs no variation; *Forbear!* coming very properly from
Possenne.

THE LAWS OF CANDY. 61

You would be found full weight, I charge ye, fathers,
Let me have justice now !

Poss. Lord Cassilane,
What strange distemp'rature provokes distrust
Of our impartiality ? Be sure
We'll father no man's injuries ²⁵.

Cass. 'Tis well.
You have a law, lords, that, without remorse,
Dooms such as are beleper'd with the curse
Of foul ingratitude, unto death.

Porph. We have.

Cass. Then, do me justice.

Enter Antinous, Decius, Erotia, and Hyparcha.

Dec. Madman, whither runn'st thou ?

Ant. Peace, Decius ! I am deaf.

Hyp. Will you forget
Your greatness, and your modesty ?

Erotia. Hyparcha, leave !
I will not hear.

Ant. Lady ! great, gentle lady !

Erotia. Prithee, young man, forbear to interrupt me ;
Triumph not in thy fortunes ; I will speak.

Poss. More uproars yet ! Who are they that disturb us ?

Cass. The viper's come ; his fears have drawn him
hither ;

And now, my lords, be chronicled for ever,
And give me justice against this vile monster,
This bastard of my blood !

Erotia. 'Tis justice, fathers,
I sue for too ; and, tho' I might command it,
(If you remember, lords, whose child I was)
Yet I will humbly beg it : This old wretch

²⁵ *We'll flatter no man's injuries.*] A judge who pardons a criminal, or rather a judge who will not see, but endeavours to palliate the crimes of the offender, may be said to *flatter* his injuries, and therefore it was not without consulting several ingenious friends that I ventur'd to discard it ; They all upon reading the passage mark'd it as an exceptionable word, and two of them conjectur'd the same emendation which I had made : Which is certainly a stronger, a clearer and a more poetical word.

Seward.

Has

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Has forfeited his life to me.

Cass. Tricks, tricks,
Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young ones,
To blunt the edge of your well-temper'd swords,
Wherewith you strike offenders, lords! But I
Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug-bears;
'Tis justice I require.

Erota. And I.

Ant. You speak
Too tenderly, and too much like yourself,
To mean a cruelty, which would make monstrous
Your sex: Yet, for the love's sake which you once
Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd father leave
To urge his own revenge; you have no cause
For yours: Keep peace about you!

Cass. Will ye hear me?

Phil. Here's some strange novelty.

Poss. Sure we are mock'd!

Speak one at once. Say, wherein hath your son
Transgress'd the law?

Cass. Oh, the gross mists of dullness!
Are you this kingdom's oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? First hear, and then consider.
'That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a father: I did more;
I taught him how to manage arms, to dare
An enemy, to court both death and dangers;
Yet these were but additions to complete
A well-accomplish'd soldier: I did more yet;
I made him chief commander in the field
Next to myself, and gave him the full prospect
Of honour and preferment; train'd him up
In all perfections of a martialist:
But he, unmindful of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deserts,
First kick'd against mine honour, scorn'd all
My services, then got the palm of glory
Unto himself. Yet, not content with this,

He,

He, lastly, hath conspir'd my death, and fought
Means to engage me to this lady's debt,
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never
Give satisfaction to. Now, honour'd fathers,
For this cause only, if your law be law,
And you the ministers of justice, then
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.

Phil. Can this be so, Antinous?

Ant. 'Tis all true,

Nor hath my much-wrong'd father limn'd my faults
In colours half so black, as in themselves
My guilt hath dy'd them: Were there mercy left,
Yet mine own shame would be my executioner!
Lords, I am guilty.

Erota. Thou beliefst, Antinous,
Thine innocence! Alas, my lords, he's desperate,
And talks he knows not what; you must not credit
His lunacy: I can myself disprove
This accusation.—Cassilane, be yet
More merciful; I beg it.

Cass. Time, nor fate,
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
My resolution: He shall die!

Erota. The senate's
Prayers, or weeping lovers', shall not alter
My resolution: Thou shalt die!

Ant. Why, madam,
Are ye all marble?

Poss. Leave your shifts, Antinous.
What plead you to your father's accusation?

Ant. Most fully guilty.

Poss. You have doom'd yourself;
We cannot quit you now.

Cass. A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hangman. Hadst thou dar'd
To have denied it, then this sword of mine
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a liar.

Erota. Thy sword? Wretched old man, th' hast liv'd
too long,

To

To carry peace or comfort to thy grave ;
 Thou art a man condemn'd. My lords, this tyrant
 Had perish'd but for me ; I still supplied
 His miserable wants ; I sent his daughter
 Money to buy him food ; the bread he eat
 Was from my purse : When he, vaingloriously
 To dive into the peoples' hearts, had pawn'd
 His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,
 And, for requital, only made my suit,
 That he would please to new-receive his son
 Into his favour ; for whose love, I told him,
 I had been still so friendly : But then he,
 As void of gratitude as all good nature,
 Distracted, like a mad man, posted hither
 To pull this vengeance on himself, and us :
 For why, my lords, since, by the law, all mean
 Is blotted out of your commission²⁶,
 As this hard-hearted father hath accus'd
 Noble Antinous, his unblemish'd son,
 So I accuse this father, and crave judgment !

Cass. All this is but deceit, mere trifles forg'd
 By combination, to defeat the process
 Of justice. I will have Antinous' life !

Arc. Sir, what d'you mean ?

Erota. I will have Cassilane's !

Ant. Cunning and cruel lady, runs the stream
 Of your affections this way ? Have you not
 Conquest enough by treading on my grave,
 Unless you send me thither in a shroud
 Steep'd in my father's blood ? As you are woman,
 As the protests of love you vow'd were honest,

²⁶ ——— all means

Is blotted out of your commission.] The verb being in the singular number makes it probable, though not certain, that the nominative was so too ; and the sense, if not grammar, requires the change. ' Since your commission allows no *mean* or midway between the death ' or absolute acquittance of the party accused.' This seems to be the sense intended. Mr. Symphon reads '*mends*, i. e. *Amends* : Death being the only amends or atonement that the law allow'd.

Seward.

Be gentler to my father!

Erota. Cassilane,

Thou hast a heart of flint : Let my entreaties,
My tears, the sacrifice of griefs unfeign'd,
Melt it ; yet be a father to thy son,
Unmask thy long-besotted judgment, see
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beseech you !

Cass. Pish ! you cozen

Your hopes ; your plots are idle : I am resolute.

Erota. Antinous, urge no further.

Ant. Hence, thou sorcery

Of a beguiling softness ! I will stand,
Like the earth's centre, unmov'd. Lords, your breath
Must finish these divisions : I confess,
Civility doth teach I should not speak
Against a lady of her birth, so high
As great Erota ; but her injuries,
And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for justice, fathers.

Dec. Whither run you ?

Ant. For, honour'd fathers, that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps,
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,
That this foul stain and guilt run in a blood ;
Before this presence, I accuse this lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.

Cass. Impudent traitor !

Phil. Her ? Oh, spare, Antinous !

The world reputes thee valiant ; do not soil
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardice
As murd'ring innocent ladies will stamp on thee.

Ant. Brave prince, with what unwillingness I force
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness,
All these about me : She is bloody-minded,
And turns the justice of the law to rigour :
It is her cruelties, not I, accuse her.
Shall I have audience ?

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E

Erota

66 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Erota. Let him speak, my lords.

Dec. Your memory will rot.

Ant. Cast all your eyes

On this—what shall I call her?—ruthless woman²⁷ !
 When often in my discontents, the sway
 Of her unruly blood, her untam'd passion,
 Or name it as you list, had hour by hour
 Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
 She could not, would not live, unless I granted
 What she long sued for : I, in tender pity,
 To save a lady of her birth from ruin,
 Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers :
 Nor urg'd I aught from her, but secrecy ;
 And then enjoin'd her to supply such wants
 As I perceiv'd my father's late engagements
 Had made him subject to. What, shall I heap up
 Long repetitions ? She, to quit my pity,
 Not only hath discover'd to my father
 What she had promis'd to conceal, but also
 Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit :
 For which, since I must die, I crave a like
 Equality of justice against her ;
 Not that I covet blood, but that she may not
 Practise this art of falshood on some other,
 Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.

Porph. If this be true——

Erota. My lords, be as the law is,
 Indifferent, upright ; I do plead guilty.
 Now, Sir, what glory have you got by this ?
 'Las, man, I meant not to outlive thy doom !
 Shall we be friends in death ?

Cass. Hear me ! The villain
 Scandals her, honour'd lords.

Erota. Leave off to dote,

²⁷ Truthless woman.] I have ventured to change the epithet here by striking off a letter ; not but I allow the former to be good sense ; but as Erota's want of compassion to Cassilane was the sole cause of Antinous's anger, *ruthless* seems to me the most natural epithet.

Seward.

And

And die a wise man.

Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And mastered in my own resolution.

Phil. Will you be wilful, madam? Here's the curse
Of love's disdain.

Cass. Why sit you like dumb statues?
Demur no longer.

Poss. Cassilane, Erotia,
Antinous, death ye ask, and 'tis your dooms:
You in your follies liv'd, die in your follies.

Cass. I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.

Erota. Yes,
And I: Antinous hath been gracious!

Ant. Sir,
May I presume to crave a blessing from you
Before we part?

Cass. Yes, such a one as parents
Bestow on cursed sons! Now, now I laugh
To see how those poor younglings are both cheated
Of life and comfort. Look ye, look ye, lords,
I go but some ten minutes, more or less,
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd
Themselves of many, many hopeful years,
Amidst their prime of youth and glory. Now

Enter Annophel.

My vengeance is made full!—Welcome, my joy!
Thou com'st to take a seasonable blessing
From thy half-buried father's hand: I'm dead
Already, girl; and so is she, and he:
We all are worms'-meat now.

Anno. I have heard all;
Nor shall you die alone. Lords, on my knees
I beg for justice too.

Porpb. 'Gainst whom? for what?

Anno. First, let me be resolv'd, does the law favour
None, be they ne'er so mighty?

Porpb. Not the greatest.

Anno. Then justly I accuse of foul ingratitude,
My

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My lords, you, of the senate all ! not one
Excepted !

Poff. & Porph. Us ?

Phil. Annophel !

Anno. You're the authors

Of this unthrifty bloodshed ! When your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not
Safe at their mothers' breasts, your very cloysters
Were not secure, your starting-holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own :
In this most desp'rate ecstacy, my father,
This aged man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so, and beat off
The daring foe ; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your soldiers, who without their pay
Refus'd to strike a blow. But, lords, when peace
Was purchas'd for you, and victory brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers
Hoarded the rusty treasure which was due
To my unminded father ? He was glad
To live retir'd in want, in penury,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him ! The sum of all is this ;
You've been unthankful to him, and I crave
The rigour of the law against you all.

Cass. My royal-spirited daughter !

Erota. Annophel,

Thou art a worthy wench ; let me embrace thee.

Anno. Lords, why d'ye keep your seats ? they are no
places.

For such as are offenders.

Poff. Tho' our ignorance
Of Cassilane's engagements might assuage
Severity of justice, yet to shew
How no excuse should smoothe a breach of law,
I yield me to the trial of it.

Porph. So

Must I. Great prince of Cyprus, you are left
The only moderator in this difference ;

And,

And, as you are a prince, be a protector
To woful Candy.

Phil. What a scene of misery
Hath thine obdurate frowardness, old man,
Drawn on thy country's bosom! And, for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be stil'd thy country's only patron,
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of hell, to be renowned in the title
Of the destroyer! Dost thou yet perceive
What curses all posterity will brand
Thy grave with, that at once hast robb'd this kingdom
Of honour and of safety?

Erota. Children yet
Unborn will stop their ears when thou art nam'd!

Arc. The world will be too little to contain
The memory of this detested deed;
The furies will abhor it!

Dec. What the sword
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of honour,
A bare²⁸, cold, weak, imaginary fame,
Hath brought on Candy! Candy groans; not these
That are to die.

Phil. 'Tis happiness enough
For them, that they shall not survive to see
The wounds wherewith thou stabb'dst the land that gave
Thee life and name.

Dec. 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel
The mischief of your folly²⁹.

²⁸ *A brave, cold, weak—*] As none of the epithets beside the first are ironical, I doubt not but *brave* was a mistake instead of the natural word, which I have, I believe, only restored. Mr. Sympson has sent me also the same emendation. *Seward.*

²⁹ *Dec.* 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel—

Cass. The mischief of your folly.

Porph. & Poss. Annpobel!] The impropriety of *Cassilane's* speaking the second of these lines struck Mr. Seward, and he gave it to *Arcanes*; but we see no reason for *Decius* being interrupted by any person, nor can we believe the Poets intended he should. The last line comes very well from *Cassilane*, but cannot, in our opinion, belong to the *Senators*.

70 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

Cass. Annophel!

Anno. I will not be entreated.

Cass. Prithee, Annophel!

Anno. Why would you urge me to a mercy, which
You in yourself allow not?

Cass. 'Tis the law,
That if the party who complains, remit
Th' offender, he is freed. Is't not so, lords?

Porph. & Poss. 'Tis so.

Cass. Antinous, by my shame observe
What a close witchcraft popular applause is:
I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold
The lethargy wherein my reason long
Hath been becharm'd: Live, live, my matchless son,
Bless'd in thy father's blessing; much more bless'd
In thine own virtues. Let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears! Rise; I forgive thee!
And, good Antinous, if I shall be thy father,
Forgive me! I can speak no more.

Ant. Dear Sir,
You new-beget me now.—Madam, your pardon!
I heartily remit you.

Erota. I as freely
Discharge thee, Cassilane.

Anno. My gracious lords,
Repute me not a blemish to my sex,
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil
With a more violent remedy: Your lives,
Your honours, are your own.

Phil. Then with consent
Be reconcil'd on all sides: Please you, fathers,
To take your places.

Poss. Let's again ascend,
With joy and thankfulness to Heav'n! And now,
To other business, lords.

Enter Gaspero and Melitus, with Gonzalo.

Mel. Two hours and more, Sir,
The senate hath been set.

Gon.

THE LAWS OF CANDY. 71

Gon. And I not know it?

Who sits with them?

Mel. My lord the prince of Cyprus.

Gon. Gaspero,

Why, how comes that to pass?

Gasp. Some weighty cause,
I warrant you.

Gon. Now, lords, the business? Ha!

Who's here? Erotia!

Porpb. Secretary, do your charge
Upon that traitor.

Gon. Traitor?

Gasp. Yes, Gonzalo, traitor!
Of treason to the peace and state of Candy
I do arrest thee.

Gon. Me, thou dog?

Enter Fernando and Michael.

Mich. With licence

From this grave senate, I arrest thee likewise
Of treason to the state of Venice.

Gon. Ha!

Is Michael here? Nay, then I see
I am undone.

Erota. I shall not be your queen,
Your duchess, or your empress.

Gon. Dull, dull brain!
Oh, I am fool'd!

Gasp. Look, Sir, d'you know this hand?

Mich. D'you know this seal?—First, lords, he
writes to Venice,
To make a perfect league; during which time
He would in private keep some troops in pay,
Bribe all the centinels throughout this kingdom,
Corrupt the captains, at a banquet poison
The prince and greatest peers, and, in conclusion,
Yield Candy slave to Venice.

Gasp. Next, he contracted
With the illustrious princess, the lady Erotia,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver

72 THE LAWS OF CANDY.

All the Venetian gallantry and strength,
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy
Of her and Candy.

Erota. This is true, Gonzalo.

Gon. Let it be true: What then?

Poss. My lord ambassador,
What's your demand?

Mich. As likes the state of Candy,
Either to sentence him as he deserves,
Here, or to send him like a slave to Venice.

Porph. We shall advise upon it.

Gon. Oh, the devils,
That had not thrust this trick into my pate!
A politician? fool! Destruction plague
Candy and Venice both!

Porph. & Poss. Away with him.

Mel. Come, Sir, I'll see you safe.

[*Exeunt Gonz. & Mel.*]

Erota. Lords, ere you part,
Be witness to another change of wonder:
Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,
Freely to speak, whether or no I us'd
The humblest means affection could contrive,
To gain thy love.

Ant. Madam, I must confess it,
And ever am your servant.

Erota. Yes, Antinous,
My servant, for my lord thou shalt be never:
I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once
In my too-passionate thoughts. Most noble prince,
If yet a relick of thy wonted flames
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not
To offer up the assurance of my faith
To thee that hast deserv'd it best.

Phil. Oh, madam,
You play with my calamity!

Erota. Let Heav'n
Record my truth for ever.

Phil. With more joy

Than

Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I also pawn you mine.

Erota. The man that in requital
Of noble and unfought affection
Grows cruel, never lov'd; nor did Antinous.
Yet herein, prince, you are beholden to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a virtuous wife had been a monster.

Phil. For which I'll rank him my deserving friend.

Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
To him I honour most!

Cass. Oh, my Antinous,
My own, my own good son!

Fern. One suit I have to make.

Phil. To whom, Fernando?

Fern. Lord Cassilane, to you.

Cass. To me?

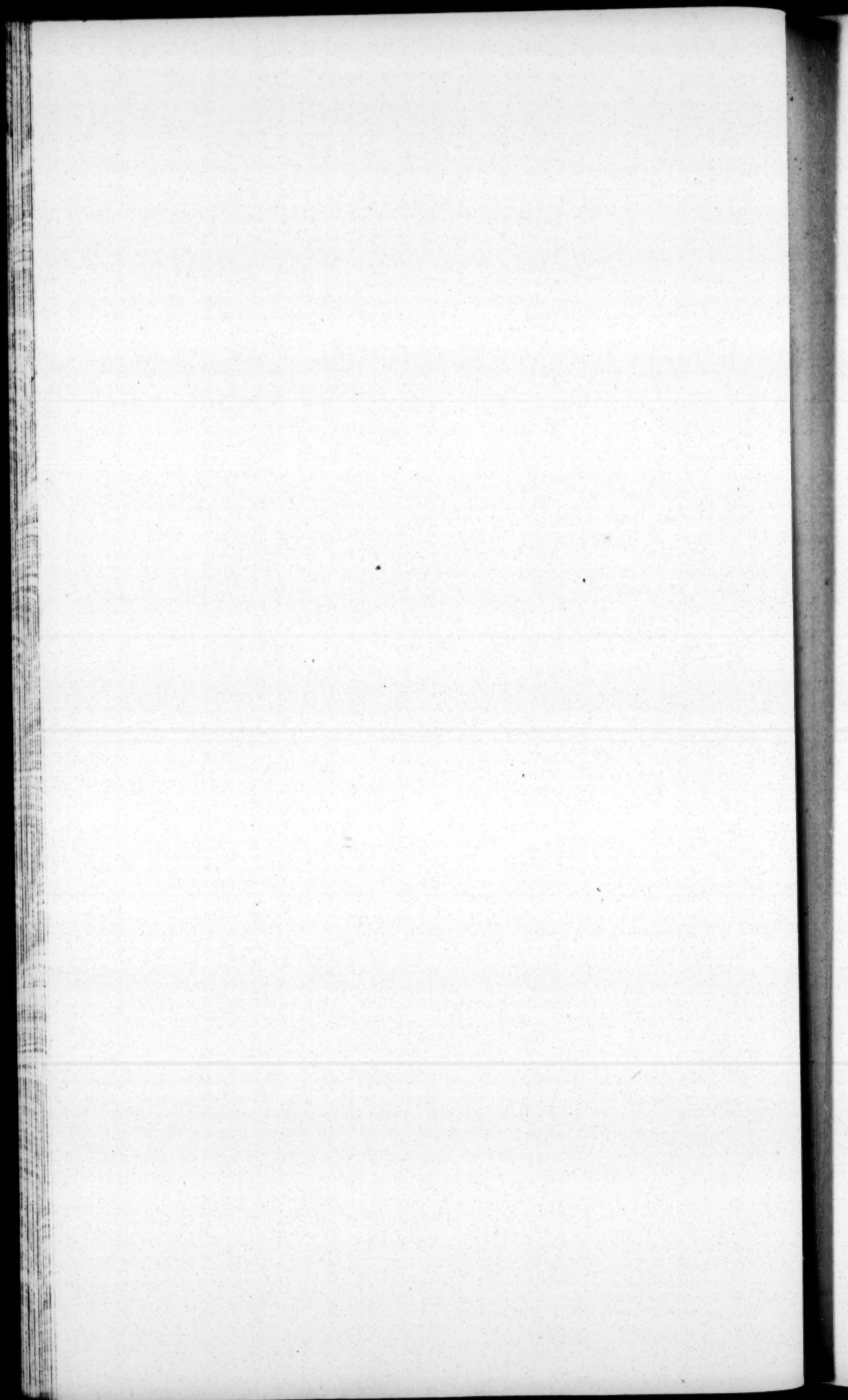
Fern. This lady
Hath promis'd to be mine.

Anno. Your blessing, Sir!
Brother, your love!

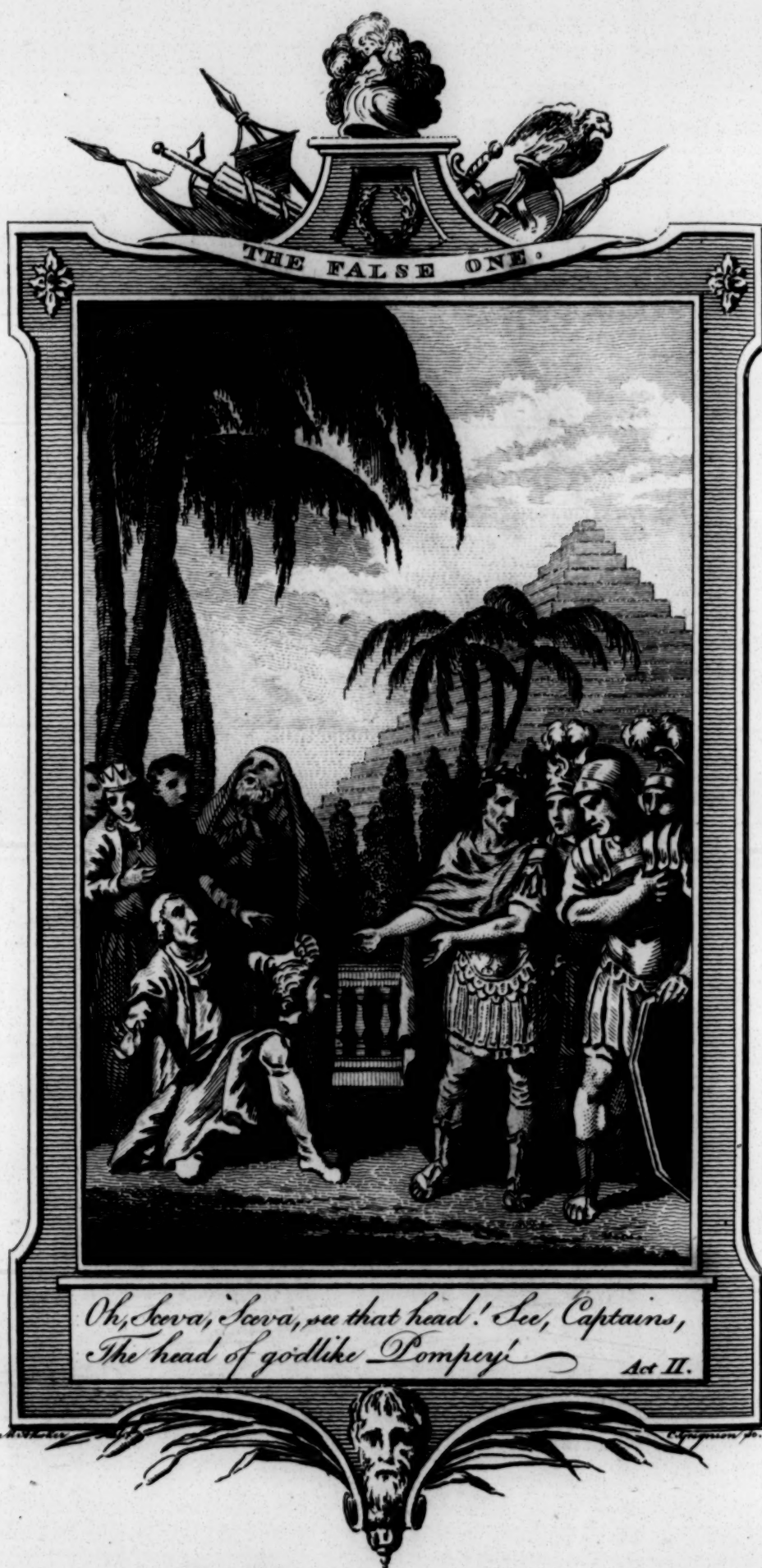
Ant. You cannot, Sir, bestow her
On a more noble gentleman.

Cass. Say'st thou so,
Antinous? I confirm it. Here, Fernando,
Live both as one; she's thine.

Ant. And herein, sister,
I honour you for your wise settled love.
This is a day of triumph; all contentions
Are happily accorded, Candy's peace
Secur'd, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend. [*Exeunt.*]







*Oh, Scena, Scena, see that head! See, Captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!*

Act II.

T H E
F A L S E O N E.

A T R A G E D Y.

Gardiner, the fast friend of Fletcher, in his Commendatory Verses, ascribes this excellent Tragedy to him alone ; the Prologue and Epilogue, which seem to have been written for the first representation, and are much more to be depended on, speak of ' Those who penn'd ' this.' The False One was first printed in the folio collection of 1647.—We do not know that this Tragedy ever received any alterations, or that it has been performed in the course of many years past.

PROLOGUE.

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P R O L O G U E,

NEW titles warrant not a play for new,
The subject being old ; and 'tis as true,
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be fram'd
Out of their stories, that have oft been nam'd
With glory on the stage : What borrows he
From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,
That writes his love to Hecuba ? Sure, to tell
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell
I th' capitol, can never be the same
To the judicious : Nor will such blame
Those who penn'd this, for barrenness, when they find
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
Express'd to th' height, with us a maid, and free,
And how he rated her virginity :
We treat not of what boldness she did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.
What we present and offer to your view,
Upon their faiths, the stage yet never knew :
Let reason then first to your wills give laws,
And after judge of them, and of their cause.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Julius Cæsar, *emperor of Rome.*
Ptolomy, *king of Egypt.*
Achoreus, *an honest counsellor, priest of Isis.*
Photinus, *a politician, minion to Ptolomy.*
Achillas, *captain of the guard to Ptolomy.*
Septimius, *a revolted Roman villain.*
Labienus, *a Roman soldier, and nuncio.*
Apollodorus, *guardian to Cleopatra.*
Antony, } *Cæsar's captains.*
Dolabella, }
Sceva, *a free speaker, also captain to Cæsar.*
Three lame Soldiers.
Guard.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Cleopatra, *queen of Egypt. Cæsar's mistress.*
Arfinoe, *Cleopatra's sister.*
Eros, *Cleopatra's waiting-woman.*

SCENE, EGYPT.

T H E

T H E

F A L S E O N E¹.

A C T I.

Enter Achillas and Achoreus.

Achoreus. **I** LOVE the king², nor do dispute his
power,
For that is not confin'd, nor to be censur'd
By me, that am his subject; yet allow me
The liberty of a man, that still would be
A friend to justice, to demand the motives

¹ *The False One.*] Mr. Seward, conceiving that a slur is cast on this play (for so he expresses it) by Dr. Warburton's first note on the *Tempest*, is very copious in his defences of the *False One*, as 'the rival of Antony and Cleopatra.' He also gives very large quotations from Lucan; and endeavours to shew the superiority of the *False One* over the Pompey of Corneille; in all which particulars we think him too prolix and too uninteresting to be entirely copied: Nor do we believe that our Authors meant (as the Rev. Commentator on the *Tempest* imagines) to break a lance with *Shakespeare* on this occasion. The Prologue utterly disclaims any competition either with his Julius Cæsar or his Antony and Cleopatra, truly asserting, that although the personages are the same with those that are celebrated in those plays, the situations of those personages, that furnish the subject of the *False One*, are totally different.

² Achil. *I love the king, &c.*] The gross error of making *Achillas* speak this has run through all the editions. Seward.

We are very sorry Mr. Seward should begin a play he seems to admire, with a fallacious assertion: The first folio (in which *Ach.* stands for *Achoreus* throughout, and for *Achillas* only in one short scene, when *Achoreus* is not present) gives this speech to *Ach.* i. e. *Achoreus*.

That

80 THE FALSE ONE.

That did induce young Ptolomy, or Photinus,
 (To whose directions he gives up himself,
 And I hope wisely) to commit his sister,
 The princess Cleopatra——If I said
 The queen, Achillas, 'twere, I hope, no treason,
 She being by her father's testament
 (Whose memory I bow to) left co-heir
 In all he stood possess'd of.

Achil. 'Tis confess'd,
 My good Achoreus, that in these eastern kingdoms
 Women are not exempted from the sceptre,
 But claim a privilege equal to the male;
 But how much such divisions have ta'en from
 The majesty of Egypt, and what factions
 Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin
 Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow,
 We have too many and too sad examples:
 Therefore the wise Photinus, to prevent
 The murders, and the massacres, that attend
 On disunited government, and to shew
 The king without a partner, in full splendor,
 Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra
 (An attribute not frequent in this climate)
 Should be committed to safe custody,
 In which she is attended like her birth,
 Until her beauty, or her royal dower,
 Hath found her out a husband.

Achor. How this may
 Stand with the rules of policy, I know not;
 Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence
 Wi' th' rites of Egypt, or the laws of nature.
 But, grant that Cleopatra can sit down
 With this disgrace, tho' insupportable,
 Can you imagine that Rome's glorious senate,
 To whose charge, by the will of the dead king,
 This government was deliver'd, or great Pompey,
 That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian
 As well as Ptolomy's, will e'er approve
 Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,
 That

That should authorize it ?

Achil. The civil war,
In which the Roman empire is embark'd
On a rough sea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and give them
No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.

Achor. What's your opinion
Of the success ? I have heard, in multitudes
Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much superior.

Achil. I could give you
A catalogue of all the several nations
From whence he drew his powers ; but that were tedious.
They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,
Which makes them think the day already won ;
And Pompey being master of the sea,
Such plenty of all delicacies are brought in,
As if the place on which they are entrench'd,
Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,
In which Lucullus and Apicius join'd
To make a publick feast. They at Dirachium
Fought with success ; but knew not to make use of
Fortune's fair offer : So much, I have heard,
Cæsar himself confess'd³.

Achor. Where are they now ?

Achil. In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian plains ;
Where Cæsar, with a handful of his men,
Hems in the greater number. His whole troops
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,
Flesh'd in the spoils of Germany and France,
Inur'd to his command, and only know
To fight and overcome : And tho' that famine
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste
Bread made of roots forbid the use of man,

³ So much I have heard

Cæsar himself confesses.] This reading supposes Achilles to have been in Greece, and in Cæsar's presence. The correction is very obvious.

Seward.

82 THE FALSE ONE.

(Which they with scorn threw into Pompey's camp,
As in derision of his delicacies)
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;
They still besiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their swords determine
Who hath the better cause.

Enter Septimius ⁴.

Achor. May victory
Attend on't, where it is.

Achil. We ev'ry hour
Expect to hear the issue.

Sept. Save my good lords!
By Isis and Osiris, whom you worship,
And the four hundred gods and goddesses
Ador'd in Rome, I am your honours' servant.

Achor. Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths.

Achil. You're cruel;
If you deny him swearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language.

Sept. Your honour's bitter.
Confound me, where I love I cannot say it,
But I must swear't: Yet such is my ill fortune,
Nor vows nor protestations win belief;
I think, (and I can find no other reason)

⁴ *Enter Septimius.*] The vulgar editions have much oftener wrote it *Septinius* than *Septimius*, and have given him the former name in the persons of the drama.—The reader will undoubtedly observe the fine moral couch'd under this infamous wretch's character, viz. 'That even among the grossest superstition of the Heathens, the atheistical scoffer at religion was the most pernicious pest of all society.' The character seems drawn with exquisite art, and our Poets have by it much excelled their master Lucan, and their competitor Corneille. In the former there is only a sketch of a fierce inhuman villain, and in the latter *Septimius* is in the first scene introduced as a privy counsellor, makes an harangue to persuade the death of Pompey, commits the murder, and being blam'd for it by Cæsar, 'is said to have kill'd himself with the same sword with which he slew Pompey: But he has absolutely no character at all, nor is it judicious to make him die the death of Brutus and Cassius; though a Frenchman may perhaps look upon the punishment of Cæsar, in the same light with the vile assassination of Pompey.

Seward.
Because

Because I am a Roman.

Achor. No, Septimius;
To be a Roman were an honour to you,
Did not your manners and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing
But Roman vices, which you would plant here,
But no seed of her virtues.

Sept. With your reverence,
I am too old to learn.

Achor. Any thing honest;
That I believe without an oath.

Sept. I fear
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that
Invites this sad discourse; 'twill make you old
Before your time. Oh, these virtuous morals,
And old religious principles, that fool us!
I have brought you a new song will make you laugh,
Tho' you were at your prayers.

Achor. What is the subject?
Be free, Septimius^s.

Sept. 'Tis a catalogue
Of all the gamesters of the court and city,
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
Sports with that merchant's wife; and does relate
Who sells her honour for a diamond,
Who for a tiffue robe; whose husband's jealous,
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
Will make the match himself: Harmless conceits,
Tho' fools say they are dangerous. I sang it
The last night, at my lord Photinus' table.

Achor. How? as a fidler?

Sept. No, Sir, as a guest,
A welcome guest too; and it was approv'd of
By a dozen of his friends, tho' they were touch'd in't:

^s *Acho.* What is the subject?

Be free, Septimius.] The mistake of giving this to *Achoreus* makes him speak much out of character. It is perfectly consonant to that of *Achillas*, to desire to hear Septimius's ribaldry. *Seward.*

This speech is as proper for *Achoreus* as the two next; and all three imply a contempt for Septimius, not 'a desire to hear his ribaldry.'

For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
 When we have laid by foolish modesty
 (As not a man of fashion will wear it)
 To talk what we have done, at least to hear it;
 If merrily set down, it fires the blood,
 And heightens crest-fall'n appetite.

Achor. New doctrine!

Achil. Was't of your own composing?

Sept. No, I bought it
 Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolomies;
 But the hints were mine own: The wretch was fearful;
 But I have damn'd myself, should it be question'd,
 That I will own it.

Achor. And be punish'd for it?
 Take heed, for you may so long exercise
 Your scurrilous wit against authority,
 The kingdom's counsels, and make profane jests
 (Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)
 Against religion, that your great maintainers,
 Unless they would be thought copartners with you,
 Will leave you to the law; and then, Septimius,
 Remember there are whips.

Sept. For whores, I grant you⁶,
 When they are out of date; 'till then, they're safe too,
 Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs.
 And, for mine own defence, I'll only add this;
 I'll be admitted for a wanton tale,
 To some most private cabinets, when your priesthood,
 Tho' laden with the mysteries of your goddesses,
 Shall wait without unnoted: So I leave you
 To your pious thoughts. [Exit.

Achil. 'Tis a strange impudence
 This fellow does put on.

Achor. The wonder great,
 He is accepted of.

Achil. Vices, for him,

⁶ *Sept. For whores, I grant you,
 When they are out of date, 'till then are safe too.]* Former edi-
 tions. Seward.

Make as free way as virtues do for others.
 'Tis the time's fault; yet great ones still have grac'd,
 To make them sport, or rub them o'er with flattery,
 Observers of all kinds ⁷.

Enter Photinus and Septimius.

Achor. No more of him,
 He is not worth our thoughts; a fugitive
 From Pompey's army, and now in a danger
 When he should use his service ⁸.

Achil. See how he hangs
 On great Photinus' ear.

Sept. Hell, and the furies,
 And all the plagues of darkness, light upon me,
 You are my god on earth! and let me have
 Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter!

Pho. Thou art believ'd; dost thou want money?

Sept. No, Sir.

Pho. Or hast thou any suit? These ever follow
 Thy vehement protestations.

Sept. You much wrong me;
 How can I want, when your beams shine upon me,
 Unless employment to express my zeal
 To do your greatness service. Do but think
 A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look on,
 For which mankind would curse me, and arm all
 The powers above, and those below, against me;
 Command me, I will on.

Pho. When I have use,

⁷ Observers of all kinds.] *Observers* and *observants* are used in the old Authors in the sense of *parasites* and *sycophants*. So, in King Lear they are stiled,

— ducking *observants*.

'That stretch their duties nicely.'

⁸ — and now in a danger

When he should use his service.] Mr. Sympson thinks this dark, it may therefore be proper to explain it, as it seems to me a very beautiful sentiment. 'Septimius was not only a fugitive from Pompey, but had deserted him in the midst of danger, when he was engaged in a war with Cæsar.' One need not add how infamous such a desertion is held among soldiers.

Seward.

I'll put you to the test.

Sept. May it be speedy,
And something worth my danger. You are cold,
And know not your own powers; this brow was
fashion'd

To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgment
Giv'n to dispose of monarchies, not to govern
A child's affairs; the people's eye's upon you,
The soldier courts you; will you wear a garment
Of sordid loyalty, when 'tis out of fashion?

Pho. When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,
Thou saidst as much to him.

Sept. All my love to him,
To Cæsar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost
In th' ocean of your bounties: I've no friend,
Project, design, or country, but your favour,
Which I'll preserve at any rate.

Pho. No more;
When I call on you, fall not off: Perhaps,
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you;
So, leave me for a while.

Sept. Ever your creature! [Exit.

Pho. Good day, Achoreus. My best friend, Achillas,
Hath just deliver'd yet no certain rumour
Of the great Roman action?

Achil. That we are
To enquire and learn of you, Sir, whose grave care
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolomy's good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Enter Ptolomy, Labienus, and guard.

Pho. I'll not boast
What my intelligence costs me; but ere long
You shall know more. The king, with him a Roman.

Achil. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dy'd deeply on his face^s.

^s *The scarlet livery of unfortunate war*

Dy'd deeply on his face.] If the reader supposes the hint taken
from the bleeding captain at the beginning of Macbeth, who comes
to

Achil. 'Tis Labienus,
Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,
And fortunate in all his undertakings :
But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Pompey,
And, tho' he followed the better cause,
Not with the like success.

Pho. Such as are wise
Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise :
But more of that hereafter.

Lab. In a word, Sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,
How many thousand several bloody shapes
Death wore that day in triumph ; how we bore
The shock of Cæsar's charge ; or with what fury
His soldiers came on, as if they had been
So many Cæsars, and like him, ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of Rome ;
How fathers kill'd their sons, or sons their fathers ;
Or how the Roman piles on either side
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of
weapons
(The sword) succeeded⁹, which, in civil wars,
Appoints

to relate the fate of the battle between Macbeth and Macdonel, he will, I believe, agree, that our Authors have here not only emulated, but much excelled their master. But this cannot be said of their imitation of the following lines of Julius Cæsar, where the common fact of birds of prey following armies is turn'd to a noble omen.

- ' ————— ravens, crows and kites
- ' Fly o'er our heads ; and downward look on us
- ' As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
- ' A canopy most fatal, under which
- ' Our army lies ready to give the ghost.'

Though our Authors' lines do not equal this, yet they strongly partake of the same spirit.

Seward.

⁹ Or how the Roman piles on either side
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons
(The sword) succeeded.] Lucan, speaking in contempt of the Parthian archers, when Pompey had thoughts of taking shelter among them says,

Appoints the tent on which wing'd victory
 Shall make a certain stand; then, how the plains
 Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of vultures,
 And other birds of prey, hung o'er both armies,
 Attending when their ready servitors,
 The foldiers, from whom the angry gods
 Had took all sense of reason and of pity,
 Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast;
 How Cæsar with his javelin forc'd them on
 That made the least stop, when their angry hands
 Were lifted up against some known friend's face¹⁰;
 Then coming to the body of the army,
 He shews the sacred senate, and forbids them
 To waste their force upon the common soldier,
 (Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,

*Ensis habet vires, et gens quæcunque virorum est,
 Bella gerit gladiis.* Lib. viii.

The reader will observe what a noble flight of poetry our Authors have built on this sentiment. And if he will please to look over Lucan's whole description of this battle, in the seventh book, I believe he will agree that our Authors have chose the noblest of his sentiments, and expressed them with the highest dignity; that they have shewed great spirit in their additions, and as great judgment in their omissions; that they seldom fall below, but often rise above him. Whereas in the Pompey of Corneille (if prejudice does not make me too much depreciate French poetry) almost the reverse of all these appears. Lucan charges Cæsar with forbidding the dead bodies to be burned, (a thing indeed neither probable nor confirm'd by history, nor at all consonant to Cæsar's temper and good-sense) but on this supposition he has some of the noblest lines in his whole poem. Seward.

¹⁰ ———— *when their angry hands
 Were lifted up against some known friend's face.]*

Adversosque jubet ferro confundere vultus. Lucan.

The famous speech of Cæsar in this battle——*Miles faciem feri*, is variously interpreted, either to hinder them from knowing each other, as fathers fought against sons and sons against fathers, or else, that the gay handsome youths of Pompey's army would be more afraid of their faces than any other part of their bodies. This last is Florus's reason, our Authors prefer the former: But perhaps a better reason than either might be the true one. Pompey's army consisted chiefly of new-levy'd troops; now to all raw fighters, blows on the face are more dreadful and more confounding than any other; not through fear of spoiling their beauty, but that they see more of the stroke than if 'twere aimed at any other part. Seward.

He

He would have spar'd)——

Ptol. The reason, Labienus?

Lab. Full well he knows, that in their blood he was
To pass to empire, and that thro' their bowels
He must invade the laws of Rome, and give
A period to the liberty o' th' world.
Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,
The fam'd Torquati, Scipio's, and Marcelli,
Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on earth,
The nobles, and the commons lay together,
And Pontick, Punick, and Assyrian blood,
Made up one crimson lake: Which Pompey seeing,
And that his, and the fate of Rome had left him,
Standing upon the rampier of his camp,
Tho' scorning all that could fall on himself,
He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too
That they should sound retreat, and save themselves:
That he desir'd not, so much noble blood
Should be lost in his service, or attend
On his misfortunes: And then, taking horse
With some few of his friends, he came to Lesbos,
And with Cornelia, his wife, and sons,
He's touch'd upon your shore. The king of Parthia,
Famous in his defeature of the Craffi,
Offer'd him his protection, but Pompey,
Relying on his benefits, and your faith,
Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,
'Till he may recollect his scatter'd powers,
And try a second day. Now, Ptolomy,
Tho' he appear not like that glorious thing
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws
To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his gift,
(As this of yours, your noble father took
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it
At his devotion) to do you more honour
In his declin'd estate, as the straight't pine
In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,
He flies to you for succour, and expects

The

The entertainment of your father's friend,
And guardian to yourself.

Ptol. To say I grieve his fortune,
As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)
Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,
Our gods can witness for me: Yet, being young,
And not a free disposer of myself,
Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,
Which next to hell I hate. Pray you retire,
And take a little rest; and let his wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carv'd on my flesh. Good Labienus, think
The little respite I desire shall be
Wholly employ'd to find the readiest way
To do great Pompey service.

Lab. May the gods,
As you intend, protect you!

[*Exit.*

Ptol. Sit, sit all;
It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.

Achor. A short deliberation in this,
May serve to give you counsel¹¹. To be honest,
Religious, and thankful, in themselves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish
Or gloss in the persuader; your kept faith,
Tho' Pompey never rise to th' height he's fall'n from,
Cæsar himself will love; and my opinion
Is, still committing it to graver censure,
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.

Ptol. What's yours, Photinus?

Pbo. Achoreus, great Ptolomy, hath counsell'd
Like a religious and honest man,
Worthy the honour that he justly holds
In being priest to Isis. But, alas,

¹¹ *May serve to give you counsel to be honest;
Religious and thankful, in themselves*

Are forcible motives.] I have ventured to change the pointing
here, and propose what seems a more natural one.

Seward.

What

What in a man sequester'd from the world,
 Or in a private person, is preferr'd,
 No policy allows of in a king:
 To be or just, or thankful¹², makes kings guilty;
 And faith, tho' prais'd, is punish'd, that supports
 Such as good fate forsakes: Join with the gods,
 Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched;
 The stars are not more distant from the earth
 Than profit is from honesty; all the power,
 Prerogative, and greatness of a prince
 Are lost, if he descend once but to steer
 His course, as what's right guides him: Let him leave
 The sceptre, that strives only to be good,
 Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.

Achor. Oh, wicked!

Ptol. Peace!—Go on.

Pho. Proud Pompey shews how much he scorns
 your youth,

In thinking that you cannot keep your own
 From such as are o'ercome. If you are tir'd
 With being a king, let not a stranger take
 What nearer pledges challenge: Resign rather
 The government of Egypt and of Nile
 To Cleopatra, that has title to them;
 At least, defend them from the Roman gripe:
 What was not Pompey's, while the wars endur'd,
 The conqueror will not challenge. By all the world
 Forsaken and despis'd, your gentle guardian,
 His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of
 What nation he shall fall with; and pursued
 By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,
 He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,
 Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger
 Of sharp Pharſalian fowl; he flies the nations
 That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates

¹² *To be or just, or thankful, &c.*] From hence to the end of Photinus's speech is almost a literal translation out of Lucan, and Corneille translates nearly in the same manner. He has taken great part of Lucan's sentiments, though he has not rang'd them in the same order, and his translation wants much of the spirit of his original, which our Poets have extremely well preserved.

Seward.

Are

Are sunk in his; and, in no place receiv'd,
 Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd.
 And Ptolomy, things consider'd, justly may
 Complain of Pompey: Wherefore should he stain
 Our Egypt with the spots of civil war,
 Or make the peaceable, or quiet Nile,
 Doubted of Cæsar? wherefore should he draw
 His loss and overthrow upon our heads,
 Or chuse this place to suffer in? Already
 We have offended Cæsar, in our wishes,
 And no way left us to redeem his favour
 But by the head of Pompey.

Achor. Great Osiris,
 Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty,
 And barbarous ingratitude!

Pbo. Holy trifles,
 And not to have place in designs of state.
 This sword, which fate commands me to unsheath,
 I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquish'd;
 I grant, it rather should have pass'd thro' Cæsar;
 But we must follow where his fortune leads us:
 All provident princes measure their intents
 According to their power, and so dispose them.
 And think'st thou, Ptolomy, that thou canst prop
 His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,
 Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd?
 Shall we, that in the battle sat as neuters,
 Serve him that's overcome? No, no, he's lost.
 And tho' 'tis noble ¹² to a sinking friend
 To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
 He may recover, thy part not engag'd:
 Tho' one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,
 To drown him, set thy foot upon his head.

Achor. Most execrable counsel!

Achil. To be follow'd;
 'Tis for the kingdom's safety.

Ptol. We give up

¹² *And tho' 'tis noble, &c.* to the end of the speech.] We apprehend this passage has been irreparably injured by corruption or omission, or both.

Our absolute power to thee : Dispose of it
As reason shall direct thee.

Pho. Good Achilles,
Seek out Septimius : Do you but sooth him ;
He is already wrought. Leave the dispatch
To me of Labienus : 'Tis determin'd
Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate
Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,
But that this hour to Pompey is his last ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Apollodorus, Eros, and Arsinoe.

Apol. Is the queen stirring, Eros ?

Eros. Yes ; for in truth
She touch'd no bed to-night.

Apol. I'm sorry for it,
And wish it were in me, with any hazard¹³,
To give her ease.

Ars. Sir, she accepts your will,
And does acknowledge she hath found you noble,
So far, as if restraint of liberty
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,
She is your debtor for it.

Apol. Did you tell her
O' th' sports I have prepar'd to entertain her ?
She was us'd to take delight¹⁴, with her fair hand

¹³ *And wish it were in me, with my hazard.*] The verse requires that it should be either *my own* or *any hazard*. I prefer the latter, as it somewhat heightens the sentiment. *Seaward.*

¹⁴ *She us'd to take delight, with her fair hand*

To angle in the Nile, &c.] This description, particularly that of the stag enamour'd with his death, is extremely poetical, and one may say of it what I have heard said by connoisseurs of the famous picture of Michael and Satan by Guido, it has vast beauties and would be a capital piece, did it not put one in mind of one upon the same subject by Raphael. I freely own, that our Authors are as far short of Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra sailing up the Cydnus.

Seaward.

It may be added, that Shakespeare himself hath been equalled at least, if not excelled, by Dryden, in his description of Cleopatra's sailing, in *All for Love, or the World Well Lost.*

R.

To

To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,
 As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive 'em,
 Contended to be taken: Other times,
 To strike the stag, who, wounded by her arrows,
 Forgot his tears in death, and kneeling thanks her
 To his last gasp; then prouder of his fate,
 Than if, with garlands crown'd, he had been chosen
 To fall a sacrifice before the altar
 Of the virgin huntress. The king, nor great Photinus,
 Forbid her any pleasure; and the circuit
 In which she is confin'd, gladly affords
 Variety of pastimes, which I would
 Encrease with my best service.

Eros. Oh, but the thought
 That she that was born free, and to dispense
 Restraint or liberty to others, should be
 At the devotion of her brother, (whom
 She only knows her equal) makes this place
 In which she lives, tho' stor'd with all delights,
 A loathsome dungeon to her.

Apol. Yet, howe'er
 She shall interpret it, I'll not be wanting
 To do my best to serve her: I've prepar'd
 Choice musick near her cabinet, and compos'd
 Some few lines, set unto a solemn time,
 In the praise of imprisonment. Begin, boy.

THE SONG.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air:
 Even in shadows you are fair.
 Shut-up beauty is like fire,
 That breaks out clearer still and higher.
 Tho' your body be confin'd,
 And soft love a pris'ner bound,
 Yet the beauty of your mind
 Neither check nor chain hath found.
 Look out nobly then, and dare
 Ev'n the fetters that you wear.

Enter

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. But that we are assur'd this tastes of duty
And love in you, my guardian, and desire
In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,
We should receive this as a saucy rudeness
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents
Are to delight us: 'Las, you wash an Ethiop!
Can Cleopatra, while she does remember
Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,
I suffer in the name!) and that, in justice,
There is no place in Egypt where I stand,
But that the tributary earth is proud
To kiss the foot of her that is her queen;
Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish
Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,
Bondman Achillas, and all other monsters
That reign o'er Ptolomy, make that a court
Where they reside; and this, where I, a prison?
But there's a Rome, a Senate, and a Cæsar,
Tho' the great Pompey lean to Ptolomy,
May think of Cleopatra.

Apol. Pompey, madam——

Cleo. What of him? Speak! If ill, Apollodorus,
It is my happiness; and, for thy news,
Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,
And kiss my hand.

Apol. He's lost.

Cleo. Speak it again!

Apol. His army routed, he fled, and pursu'd
By the all-conquering Cæsar.

Cleo. Whither bends he?

Apol. To Egypt.

Cleo. Ha! In person?

Apol. 'Tis receiv'd
For an undoubted truth.

Cleo. I live again;
And if assurance of my love and beauty
Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge

To

To do me right ! But how to free myself,
And get access ? The guards are strong upon me ;
This door I must pass thro'.—Apollodorus,
Thou often hast profess'd, to do me service,
Thy life was not thine own.

Apol. I am not alter'd ;
And let your excellency propound a means,
In which I may but give the least assistance
That may restore you to that you were born to,
Tho' it call on the anger of the king,
Or, what's more deadly, all his minion
Photinus can do to me, I, unmov'd,
Offer my throat to serve you ; ever provided,
It bear some probable show to be effected :
To lose myself upon no ground were madness,
Not loyal duty.

Cleo. Stand off !—To thee alone,
I will discover what I dare not trust
My sister with. Cæsar is amorous,
And taken more wi' th' title of a queen,
Than feature or proportion ; he lov'd Eunoe,
A Moor, deform'd too, I have heard, that brought
No other object to inflame his blood,
But that her husband was a king ; on both
He did bestow rich presents : Shall I then,
That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
That know to prize myself at mine own rate,
Despair his favour ? Art thou mine ?

Apol. I am.

Cleo. I have found out a way shall bring me to him,
Spite of Photinus' watches. If I prosper,
As I am confident I shall, expect
Things greater than thy wishes.—Tho' I purchase
His grace with loss of my virginity,
It skills not, if it bring home majesty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Septimius, with a head, Achilles, and guard.

Sept. 'TIS here, 'tis done! Behold, you fearful
viewers,
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
The pride, and strength! Look, look again; 'tis
finish'd!

That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors;
That steel War waited on¹⁵, and Fortune courted,
That high-plum'd Honour built up for her own;
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
By this poor hand made breathless! Here, my Achilles;
Egypt, and Cæsar, owe me for this service,
And all the conquer'd nations.

Achil. Peace, Septimius;
Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions.
Tho' sometimes safety seek an instrument
Of thy unworthy nature, (thou loud boaster!)
Think not she's bound to love him too that's barbarous.
Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,
Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee, thou poor Roman;

¹⁵ *That steel war*—] Both Mr. Sympfon and Mr. Theobald would chuse to read *steel'd*, but the old reading is surely preferable. Substantives taken adjectively is a great beauty in poetry, and very common in Shakespeare and our Authors. *Seward.*

There appears to us an uncouthness in the *substantive* adjective in this place. We really believe, that *steel* means his *sword*, and suspect there is a small corruption in the next line; and that the two should run thus,

*That steel War waited on, and Fortune courted,
That high plume Honour built up for her own.*

The whole speech abounds with bold figure and metaphor.

It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at ¹⁶,
Not heave a thought.

Sept. It was?

Achil. I'll tell thee truly,
And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,
I'll make thee blush: It was thy general's!
That man's that fed thee once, that man's that bred thee;
The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that warm'd thee
From his care kindled ever! Nay, I'll shew thee,
Because I'll make thee sensible of thy baseness ¹⁷,
And why a noble man durst not touch at it,
There was no piece of earth thou put'st thy foot on,
But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion!
He triumph'd threetimes: Who durst touch his person?
The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence;
Dear to the gods he was; to them that fear'd him
A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,
And for thy love to Cæsar fought his ruin?
Arm'd, in the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
Where kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought
him,

There, sword to sword.

Sept. I kill'd him on commandment,
If kings commands be fair, when you all fainted,

¹⁶ *It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at.*] Our Authors have falsified history in the character of Achilles, in order to draw our whole indignation upon the wretch Septimius. Achilles join'd with him in the murder of Pompey, as did Salvius, another Roman centurion; but Septimius stabb'd him first in the back, and afterwards the two others in the face. *Seward.*

¹⁷ *Sensible of the business.*] Though this is sense, yet it is so flat and unpoetical, that I hope the reader will pardon me for putting my own reading into the text, it is so near the trace of the letters, and is so much more in the spirit of the rest of the speech, that I think it but a candid presumption to suppose it the Authors. Since I made this, Mr. Symphon sent me the very same conjecture. *Seward.*

The first folio reads *THY*, and not *THE business*; Mr. Seward's alteration is therefore merely *business* to *baseness*, and does not need so much apology, nor argue so much ingenuity.

When none of you durst look——

Achil. On deeds so barbarous.

What hast thou got?

Sept. The king's love, and his bounty,
The honour of the service; which, tho' you rail at,
Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,
Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious;
And I shall live——

Achil. A miserable villain.

What reputation and reward belongs to it,
Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine:
And be not impudent to ask me why, firrah,
Nor bold to stay; read in mine eyes the reason!
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own;
Inherit those rewards; they're fitter for thee.
Your oil's spent, and your snuff stinks: Go out basely!

Sept. The king will yet consider. [Exit.]

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, and Photinus.

Achil. Here he comes¹⁸.

Achor. Yet, if it be undone, hear me, great Sir!
If this inhuman stroke be yet unstrucken,
If that adored head be not yet sever'd
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,
The desolations, that this great eclipse works.
You're young, be provident; fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt¹⁹;
Whose

¹⁸ Here he comes, Sir.] Had Achilles spoke to Septimius, it would have been *firrah*, as before; but he was gone out, and this *Sir* seems only to have slipped in from the line below. Seward.

¹⁹ ——— fix not your empire

Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt,

Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,

Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;

Destructions darting from their looks.] Mr. Warburton observes on a passage in Julius Cæsar, p. 25, that Dionysius had complained that those great strokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, which are so frequent in Homer, are rarely to be found in the subsequent poets; and he adds, that amongst our countrymen they seem as much confin'd to our British Homer. Before I saw this, I had observed something like

Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows
That easy womens' eyes shall never empty.

Pho. You have done well; and 'tis done. See
Achillas,
And in his hand the head.

Ptol. Stay; come no nearer!
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me!
I do remember him; he was my guardian,
Appointed by the senate to preserve me.
What a full majesty sits in his face yet!

Pho. The king is troubled. Be not frightened, Sir;
Be not abus'd with fears: His death was necessary;
If you consider, Sir, most necessary,
Not to be miss'd: And humbly thank great Isis,
He came so opportunely to your hands.
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.
Is not victorious Cæsar new arriv'd,
And enter'd Alexandria, with his friends,
His navy riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursued him?
Was not this great man his great enemy?
This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?
But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue?

like it in a note in the Maid's Tragedy, speaking of *poetical enthusiasms*, only adding, that no followers of Shakespeare approach so near him in these astonishing graces as Beaumont and Fletcher. The lines here quoted are a strong proof of it, and what was said above of the comparison between Guido and Raphael is here again applicable; terrible and astonishing as they are, they bring to one's mind a passage still more terribly astonishing in Julius Cæsar.

' And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
' With Atë by his side come hot from Hell,
' Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice
' Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war.' *Seward.*

In speaking of this emulation in the *terrible graces*, it is but justice to introduce the following lines of Ben Jonson, Catiline, act v. sc. v.

' Methinks I see death and the furies waiting
' What we will do, and all the Heav'n at leisure
' For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords,' &c.

R.
Enter

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, and Scæva.

I hear their trumpets; 'tis too late to stagger.
Give me the head; and be you confident.
Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world¹⁹,
Now this head's off!

Cæsar. Ha!

Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.

From kingly Ptolomy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompence;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life; here they inherit honour,
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolomy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for't, all Egypt.
Achil. Nor do not question it²⁰, most royal conqueror,
Nor

¹⁹ *Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,*

Now this head's off!] We cannot forbear observing, and regretting, that this line and half is as ridiculous, as some other passages of this scene are sublime.

²⁰ *Acho. Nor do not question, &c.]* Mr. Theobald's margin says, *certé Achillus.* And there is this proof of it, that in Lucan the whole speech to Cæsar is made by *Achillas*, (though, in reality, Theodotus the rhetorician, who had joined Photinus in persuading Ptolomy to the murder, was the person who presented the head to Cæsar and harangued on the occasion, for which he afterwards met his due reward from Brutus and Cassius, who tortur'd and crucified him. Notwithstanding this, there is room to doubt whether the Poets designed *Achoreus* to speak this, for they have given it a different turn from Lucan.

*nec vile putâris
Hoc meritum, nobis facili quod cæde peractum est.
Hospes avitus erat: Depulso sceptrâ parenti
Reddiderat. Quid plura feram? Tu nomina tanto
Invenies operi, vel famam consule mundi;
Si scelus est, plus te nobis debere fateris,
Quod scelus hoc non ipse facis.*

Lucan. lib. ix.

This is the language of villainy, boasting of merits from the greatness
G 3 of

Nor difesteem the benefit that meets thee,
 Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer :
 Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
 Tho' he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this,
 Nor labour'd thro' no showers of darts and lances,
 Yet here he found a fort, that fac'd him strongly,
 An inward war : He was his grandfire's guest,
 Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd
 And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
 And had none left him to restore his honour,
 No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
 Then in steep Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
 Strengthen'd, and cherish'd it, and set it right again :
 This was a love to Cæsar.

Sce. Give me hate, gods !

Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked ;
 But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
 Had fall'n upon him, what it had been then ;
 If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that
 way !

He was thy son-in-law ; there to be tainted
 Had been most terrible ! Let the worst be render'd,
 We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæsar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head ! See, captains,
 The head of godlike Pompey !

Sce. He was basely ruin'd ;
 But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
 And be you Cæsar.

Cæsar. Oh, thou conqueror,
 Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
 Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus ?
 What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,
 To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?
 The life and light of Rome, to a blind stranger,
 That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,

of it. But the speech in the False One represents the reluctance,
 the pangs and inward war that Ptolomy struggled through to be able
 to serve Cæsar. And this spoke by a man who had a real love for
 virtue, gives a fine contrast to Photinus's unfeeling and confirm'd
 villainy.

Seward.

We heartily join with Theobald—*certe* ACHILLAS.

Nor

Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was?
 That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets,
 And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,
 That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
 No study of thy life, to know thy goodness?
 And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
 Leave him distrustful, that in tears falls with thee,
 In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey,
 If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee²¹!
 Th' hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
 My love and mercy.

Ant. Oh, how brave these tears shew!
 How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,

Built to out-dare the sun²², as you suppose,
 Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes,
 Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
 Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heav'n;
 No pyramids set off his memories,
 But the eternal substance of his greatness;
 To which I leave him. Take the head away,
 And, with the body, give it noble burial:
 Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,
 Whose braveries all the world's-earth²³ cannot balance.

See. If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee:
 But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
 And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
 There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
 How he would look if Pompey were alive again;

²¹ *I must task thee.*] For *task*, Mr. Seward substitutes *tax*.

²² ————your high pyramids, former editions.

Built to out-dare the sun, as you suppose.] To out-dare the sun by their height is poetical, but, as you suppose, greatly flattens it; for this reason both Mr. Symphon and I change it to out-dure, which seems to suit the context better. *Seward.*

Out-dare we shall not hesitate to pronounce better than out-dure. We do not remember to have ever met with the latter word.

²³ *All the world's earth.*] Mr. Symphon observes the expression of *world's-earth* directly answers the Latin *terrarum orbis*. *Seward.*

But how he'd set his face.

Cæsar. You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour ?

Ptol. We desire it.

Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards ?

See. Let me give 'em :

I'll give 'em such as Nature never dream'd of ;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

Cæsar. Peace!—I forgive you all ; that's recompence.

You're young, and ignorant, that pleads your pardon,
And fear, it may be, more than hate provok'd you.
Your ministers I must think wanted judgment,
And so they err'd : I'm bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful : Be you most thankful ;
That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you lov'd, tho' 'twere your brightest sister's,
(But her you hate) I would not be behind you.

Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar !

Cæsar. I have heard too much ;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest :
You're poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompence the benefits,
The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Tho' I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it :
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty ;
And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.
You've found me merciful in arguing with ye ;

Swords,

Swords, hangmen²⁴, fires, destructions of all natures,
 Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
 Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
 You wretched and poor reeds of sun-burnt Egypt²⁵,
 And now you've found the nature of a conqueror,
 That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
 That where the day gives light, will be himself still;
 Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies!
 Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
 Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
 Make a Sabeian bed, and place this phenix
 Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
 And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
 Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies!

Ptol. We will do all.

Cæsar. You've robb'd him of those tears
 His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,

²⁴ *Swords, hangers, fires.*] As *hangers* give much the same idea as swords, especially in the mouth of a Roman, I hope the reader will agree to the change of it to *hang-men*, which were proper to be threatned to the murderers of Pompey, and which afterward prov'd the fate of Septimius. There is something extremely noble in this passage; it even approaches to those *terrible graces* before spoke of.

Seward.

The Reader will, no doubt, greatly admire the integrity, perspicacity, and ingenuity of Mr. Seward, when he is informed, that *hangmen* is the reading—not of that gentleman, but—of the second folio.

²⁵ *You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt.*] As the word *seeds* is good sense, I fear the reader would think it too great a liberty for an Editor to displace it and advance his own conjecture into the text: But where the change of a single letter gives great improvement, I think it a justice to the Authors to suppose it genuine; especially when it strongly partakes of their usual spirit. *Seeds* seems rather flat, and *weeds* was the first word that occurred as an improvement, because it makes Cæsar speak with more contempt of the Egyptians; but observing the great propriety of all our Author's metaphors, which he applies to the Egyptians, as where he calls them *the spawn of Egypt*; and again, *these beds of slimy eels*; and Septimius, *that vermin that's now become a natural crocodile*, a better reading occur'd, *reeds*, to which Egypt is greatly subject from the overflow of the Nile. Thus the scriptures speaking of the *behemoth* or *crocodile*. *He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed or fens.*

Seward.

We think *reeds* is right.

The

The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
 And that kind earth that thought to cover him
 (His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
 And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
 'Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye!
 My grief has stopt the rest! When Pompey liv'd,
 He us'd you nobly; now he's dead, use him so. [*Exit.*]

Ptol. Now where's your confidence²⁶, your aim,
 Photinus,

The oracles, and fair favours from the conqueror,
 You rung into mine ears? How stand I now?
 You see the tempest of his stern displeasure;
 The death of him, you urg'd a sacrifice
 To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin!
 Where are your counsels now?

Achor. I told you, Sir,
 And told the truth, what danger would fly after:
 And, tho' an enemy, I satisfied you
 He was a Roman, and the top of honour;
 And howsoever this might please great Cæsar,
 I told you, that the foulness of his death,
 The impious baseness——

Pho. Peace; you are a fool!
 Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to 'em;
 Cæsar I know is pleas'd, and, for all his sorrows,
 Which are put on for forms, and mere dissemblings,
 I'm confident he's glad: To have told you so,
 And thank'd you outwardly, had been too open,
 And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror.
 Be confident, and proud you've done this service;
 You have deserv'd, and you will find it, highly.
 Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure
 You keep your sister, the high-soul'd Cleopatra,
 Both close and short enough, she may not see him.

²⁶ *Now where's your confidence, your aim, Photinus,
 The oracles, and fair favours from the conqueror,*

You rung into mine ears?] Either the second line should be, *the oracles of fair favours*, or, what seems more probable, the particles *the* and *and* should change places. *Seward.*

The old reading, we think, needs no change.

The rest, if I may counsel, Sir——

Ptol. Do all ;
For in thy faithful service rests my safety. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. Here's a strange alteration in the court ;
Mens' faces are of other sets and motions,
Their minds of subtler stuff. I pass by now
As tho' I were a rascal ; no man knows me,
No eye looks after ; as I were a plague,
Their doors shut close against me, and I wonder'd at,
Because I've done a meritorious murder :
Because I've pleas'd the time, does the time plague me ?
I've known the day they would have hugg'd me for't ;
For a less stroke than this, have done me reverence,
Open'd their hearts, and secret closets to me,
Their purses, and their pleasures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
And th' huge ²⁷ leviathans of villainy
Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,
That do 'em service, and spout 'em out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of water that are lost i'th' ocean.
I was lov'd once for swearing, and for drinking,
And for other principal qualities that became me :
Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone me,
If my lord Photinus be not merciful,
That set me on. And he comes ; now, Fortune !

Enter Photinus.

Pho. Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stirs me,

²⁷ *And th' huge leviathans of, &c.]* I should not take the liberty of marking out beautiful passages, but that I am very desirous this play should meet with due regard from every reader ; and I therefore beg him not to pass slightly over this passage, where a metaphor is carried on with such exquisite beauty, that it may vie with the finest strokes of this sort even in Shakespeare.

Seward.

A little

A little frets my blood: Take heed, proud Roman,
 Provoke me not, stir not mine anger further!
 I may find out a way unto thy life too,
 Tho' arm'd in all thy victories, and seize it!
 A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.

Sept. May't please your lordship——

Pho. Oh, Septimius!

Sept. Your lordship knows my wrongs?

Pho. Wrongs?

Sept. Yes, my lord;

How th' captain of the guard, Achillas, slights me?

Pho. Think better of him, he has much befriended thee,

Shew'd thee much love, in taking the head from thee.
 The times are alter'd, soldier; Cæsar's angry,
 And our design to please him, lost and perish'd:
 Be glad thou'rt unnam'd; 'tis not worth the owning.
 Yet, that thou mayst be useful——

Sept. Yes, my lord,
 I shall be ready.

Pho. For I may employ thee
 To take a rub or two out of my way,
 As time shall serve; say, that it be a brother,
 Or a hard father?

Sept. 'Tis most necessary;
 A mother, or a sister, or whom you please, Sir.

Pho. Or to betray a noble friend?

Sept. 'Tis all one.

Pho. I know thou'lt stir for gold.

Sept. 'Tis all my motion.

Pho. There, take that for thy service, and farewell!
 I've greater business now.

Sept. I'm still your own, Sir.

Pho. One thing I charge thee; see me no more,
 Septimius,

Unless I send.

[Exit.

Sept. I shall observe your hour.
 So! this brings something in the mouth, some favour:
 This is the lord I serve, the power I worship,

My

My friends, allies; and here lies my allegiance.
 Let people talk as they please of my rudeness,
 And shun me for my deed; bring but this to 'em,
 Let me be damn'd for blood, yet still I'm honourable:
 This god creates new tongues, and new affections;
 And, tho' I'd kill'd my father, give me gold,
 I'll make men swear I've done a pious sacrifice.
 Now I will out-brave all, make all my servants,
 And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous.
[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

Cæsar. Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes,
 my friends;

There is no trusting to these base Egyptians:
 They that are false to pious benefits,
 And make compell'd necessities their faiths,
 Are traitors to the gods.

Ant. We'll call ashore
 A legion of the best.

Cæsar. Not a man, Antony;
 That were to shew our fears, and dim our greatness:
 No; 'tis enough my name's ashore.

Sce. Too much too;
 A sleeping Cæsar is enough to shake them.
 There are some two or three malicious rascals,
 Train'd up in villainy, besides that Cerberus,
 That Roman dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey.

Dol. 'Tis strange; a Roman soldier?

Sce. You are cozen'd;
 There be of us, as be of all other nations,
 Villains and knaves: 'Tis not the name contains him,
 But the obedience; when that's once forgotten,
 And duty flung away, then, welcome devil!
 Photinus and Achilles, and this vermin,
 That's now become a natural crocodile,
 Must be with care observ'd.

Ant. And 'tis well counsell'd;

No

No confidence, nor trust——

See. I'll trust the sea first,
When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,
And clutches in her storms, as politick lions
Conceal their claws; I'll trust the devil first;
The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer ²⁸.

Cæsar. Go to your rests, and follow your own wisdoms,
And leave me to my thoughts; pray no more compliment;

Once more, strong watches.

Dol. All shall be observ'd, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Cæsar.

Cæsar. I'm dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep.
How happy was I ²⁹, in my lawful wars
In Germany, and Gaul, and Britany!
When every night with pleasure I sat down
What the day minister'd, the sleep came sweetly:
But since I undertook this home-division,
This civil war, and pass'd the Rubicon,
What have I done, that speaks an ancient Roman,
A good, great man? I've enter'd Rome by force,
And, on her tender womb that gave me life,
Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample:
The dear veins of my country I have open'd,
And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,
The bloody streams, that in their confluence

²⁸ *The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.*] Mr. Sympson and I both hesitated on this expression, but I believe it right, as God is the rule of good or virtue, so is the Devil of ill. *Seward.*

This line does not appear in the second folio; perhaps, because dropped in the representation.

²⁹ *How happy was I, in my lawful wars, &c.*] This soliloquy of *Cæsar's* is extremely judicious as well as beautiful: it was difficult to conform both to history and to poetical justice. It would be an outrage upon the former to make *Cæsar* unfortunate, and as great a one to have made him a perfectly virtuous character, as *Corneille* has endeavoured to do. How then should our Poets, who have drawn *Cæsar* exactly to the life, fulfil in any degree the justice that the audience demand against him? This they have finely accomplish'd, by shewing him in his retirement, stung and tormented with the horrid massacres that he had brought on his country, which are described with great energy. *Seward.*

Carried

Carried before 'em thousand desolations :
 I robb'd the treasury ; and at one gripe
 Snatch'd all the wealth so many worthy triumphs
 Plac'd there as sacred to the peace of Rome :
 I raz'd Maffilia in my wanton anger ;
 Petreius and Afranius I defeated ;
 Pompey I overthrew ; what did that get me ?
 The slubber'd name of an authoriz'd enemy ³⁰.

[Noise within.

I hear some noise ; they are the watches, sure.
 What friends have I tied fast by these ambitions ?
 Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,
 Is now pass'd into Africk to affront me ;
 Juba, that kill'd my friend, is up in arms too ;
 The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,
 And, from the relicks of their scatter'd faction,
 A new head's sprung : Say, I defeat all these too ?
 I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.
 I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer.
 Are the guards fast ? Who waits there ?

Enter Sceva, with a packet, Cleopatra in it.

Sce. Are you awake, Sir ?

Cæsar. I' th' name of wonder——

Sce. Nay, I am a porter,

A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, Sir :
 An my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk
 with 'em.

Cæsar. What hast thou there ?

Sce. Ask them which stay without,
 And brought it hither. Your presence I denied 'em,

³⁰ *The slubber'd name of an authoriz'd enemy.*] By an authoriz'd enemy the Poets seem to have meant, an enemy to his country pronounc'd so by the authority of the whole senate, as Cæsar had been by the senate of Rome. If this explanation should not satisfy, the verse will run better thus,

The slubber'd name of an unauth'riz'd enemy.

i. e. Of an enemy without a legal cause or legal authority.

Seward.

Authoriz'd seems to mean only *successful*. So, he says after,

I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.

And

And put 'em by, took up the load myself.
They say 'tis rich, and valued at the kingdom;
I'm sure 'tis heavy: If you like to see it,
You may; if not, I'll give it back.

Cæsar. Stay, Sceva;
I would fain see it.

Sce. I'll begin to work then.
No doubt, to flatter you, they've sent you something
Of a rich value, jewels, or some rich treasure.
May-be, a rogue within, to do a mischief:
I pray you stand further off; if there be villainy,
Better my danger first; he shall 'scape hard too.
Ha! what art thou?

Cæsar. Stand further off, good Sceva!
What heavenly vision? Do I wake or slumber?
Further off, that hand, friend!

Sce. What apparition,
What spirit, have I rais'd? Sure, 'tis a woman;
She looks like one; now she begins to move too.
A tempting devil, o' my life! Go off, Cæsar,
Bless thyself, off! A bawd grown in mine old days?
Bawdry advanc'd upon my back? 'tis noble!
Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer;
She's sent to dispossess you of your honour;
A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories.
An she'd be cool'd, Sir, let the soldiers trim her;
They'll give her that she came for, and dispatch her:
Be loyal to yourself!—Thou damned woman,
Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,
Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse mens' manners?
And am I made the instrument of bawdry?
I'll find a lover for you, one that shall hug you!

Cæsar. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,
Thou beast!

Sce. Thou beast?

Cæsar. Couldst thou be so inhuman,
So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon
Upon a thing divine?

Sce. Divine, or human,

They're

They're never better pleas'd, nor more at heart's-ease,
Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em.

Cæsar. Move this way, lady: 'Pray you let me speak
to you.

Sce. And, woman, you had best stand——

Cæsar. By the gods,

But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,
The treasure of soft love!

Sce. Oh, this sounds mangily,
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
You'd best be troubled with the tooth-ach too,
For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,
That your celestial beauty may befriend you.
At these years, do you learn to be fantastical?
After so many bloody fields, a fool?
She brings her bed along too, (she'll lose no time)
Carries her litter to lie soft; d'you see that?
Invites you like a gamester; note that impudence.
For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour,
Look back into your noble parts, and blush!
Let not the dear sweat of the hot Pharsalia,
Mingle with base embraces! Am I he
That have receiv'd so many wounds for Cæsar?
Upon my target³¹, groves of darts still growing?
Have I endur'd all, hungers, colds, distresses,

³¹ Upon my target, groves of darts still growing? Sceva had been a common soldier, but preferr'd for his amazing valour and irresistible strength. When Cæsar besieg'd Pompey at Dirachium, he stood in a breach against the whole army. Plutarch tells us that he had a hundred and thirty darts stuck in his target; one had pierc'd his shoulder, and another his eye, which he drew out and dash'd, with his eye ball, on the ground: Pompey's soldiers on this shouted as for victory; and he pretending faintness, ask'd them why they would not come and carry him as a prize to Pompey before he died; two soldiers believing him in earnest, came to him; the first he slew, and wounded the other, and then withdrew amongst his own party. The story is told with great spirit in the sixth book of Lucan, who ascribes to Sceva the preservation of all Cæsar's army. I need not mention the justice with which our Poets have drawn Sceva's character, in a familiar, rough, soldier-like honesty.

Seward.

And, as I had been bred that iron that arm'd me,
 Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune?
 To ban the blood I lost for such a general?

Cæsar. Offend no more; be gone!

Sce. I will, and leave you,
 Leave you to womens' wars, that will proclaim you:
 You'll conquer Rome now, and the capitol,
 With fans and looking-glasses. Farewell, Cæsar!

Cleo. Now I am private, Sir, I dare speak to you;
 But thus low first, for as a god I honour you!

Sce. Lower you'll be anon.

Cæsar. Away!

Sce. And privater;
 For that you covet all.

[*Exit.*

Cæsar. Tempt me no further!

Cleo. Contemn me not, because I kneel thus, Cæsar:
 I am a queen³², and co-heir to this country,
 The sister to the mighty Ptolomy,
 Yet one distress'd, that flies unto thy justice,
 One that lays sacred hold on thy protection,
 As on a holy altar, to preserve me.

Cæsar. Speak, queen of beauty, and stand up.

Cleo. I dare not;
 'Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
 That godlike great humanity, to help me,

³² *Contemn me not, because I know thus, Cæsar,*

I am a queen.] For *know*, I read *kneel*, and Mr. Symphon *know*.
 As she was evidently *kneeling*, I hope it is not prejudice that makes
 me prefer the former. The corruption, though extremely gross, had
 pass'd through all the former editions, although this play (and this
 only as far as I have yet examined) seems in the second folio to have
 been corrected by an able hand, but no man is always attentive.

Seward.

After this positive assertion, the Reader will no doubt be surprized
 at the information, that, so far from ALL the former editions reading
know, the very second folio, above mentioned, reads *kneel*.—In the
 same stile, Mr. Seward asserts, that the former copies say, (p. 115,
 l. 23) in THIS private honour; that they say, (p. 118, l. 36) Cæsar
 LOADS us; and, (p. 119, l. 18) this RARE unthankful king; assum-
 ing to himself the merit of correcting errors, some of which only
 appeared in the octavo of 1711.

Thus,

Thus, to thy knees must I grow, sacred Cæsar.
 And if it be not in thy will to right me,
 And raise me like a queen from my sad ruins;
 If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,
 And waken with their murmurs thy compassions;
 Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,
 And, if thou be'st a man, for despis'd beauty,
 For honourable conquest, which thou dot'st on,
 Let not those cankers of this flourishing kingdom,
 Photinus and Achillas, the one an eunuch,
 The other a base bondman, thus reign o'er me,
 Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother
 Nothing of what he should be, but the title!
 As thou art wonder of the world——

Cæsar. Stand up then,
 And be a queen; this hand shall give it to you:
 Or, chuse a greater name, worthy my bounty;
 A common love makes queens: Chuse to be worshipp'd,
 To be divinely great, and I dare promise it.
 A suitor of your sort, and blessed sweetness,
 That hath adventur'd thus to see great Cæsar,
 Must never be denied. You've found a patron
 That dare not, in his private honour, suffer
 So great a blemish to the Heav'n of beauty:
 The god of love would clap his angry wings,
 And from his singing bow let fly those arrows³³
 Headed with burning griefs and pining sorrows,
 Should I neglect your cause, would make me monstrous;
 To whom, and to your service, I devote me!

Enter Sceva.

Cleo. He is my conquest now, and so I'll work him;
 The conqueror of the world will I lead captive.

Sce. Still with this woman? tilting still with babies?
 As you are honest, think the enemy,
 Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on you,
 Ready to break your ranks, and fling these——

³³ *Let fly those arrows.*] This is the reading of the folios, and undoubtedly right. The octavo of 1711 reads THESE, and Mr. Seward HIS arrows.

Cæsar. Hear me,
But tell me true ; if thou hadst such a treasure,
(And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me)
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst thou not
Most greedily accept ?

Sce. Not as an emperor,
A man that first should rule himself, then others ³⁴ :
As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, Sir ;
Yet that's a weakness too. Hear me, thou tempter !
And hear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns thee,
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
The soul of a commander, give ear to me.
Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,
In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms)
And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor) inhabits !

Cæsar. Fy ! thou blasphem'st.

Sce. I do, when she's a goddess.
Thou melter of strong minds, dar'st thou presume
To smother all his triumphs with thy vanities ?
And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beauties,
To thy imperious looks, that kings have follow'd,
Proud of their chains, have waited on ? I shame, Sir !

Cæsar. Alas, thou'rt rather mad ! Take thy rest, Sceva ;
Thy duty makes thee err ; but I forgive thee.
Go, go, I say ! shew me no disobedience ! [*Exit Sceva.*
'Tis well ; farewell ! The day will break, dear lady ;
My soldiers will come in. Please you retire,
And think upon your servant ?

³⁴ *A man that first would rule himself.*] Mr. Theobald alters *would* to *should*, and puts the initial letters of his name to it, the mark by which he seems to have distinguish'd his favourite emendations. Mr. Sympfon joins him ; but I think the change rather prejudicial, for *would*, as it implies a *will* to rule himself as well as others, intimates that such a *will* is essential to an emperor, and that none are worthy of the title that have it not. Beside this, it has been some doubt with me whether the old English writers had that clear idea of the difference between *would* and *should* which we have at present, but which not one foreigner in ten thousand can be taught to comprehend, although it is certainly a very great beauty of our language, and, I believe, peculiar to it. I never yet saw a grammatical rule for it, and were it not too great a digression I would insert one. Seward.

Should is the reading of the second folio !

Cleo. Pray you, Sir, know me,
And what I am.

Cæsar. The greater, I more love you;
And you must know me too.

Cleo. So far as modesty,
And majesty gives leave, Sir. You're too violent.

Cæsar. You are too cold to my desires.

Cleo. Swear to me,
And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred)
You'll right me as a queen——

Cæsar. These lips be witness!
And, if I break that oath——

Cleo. You make me blush, Sir;
And in that blush interpret me.

Cæsar. I will do.
Come, let's go in, and blush again. This one word,
You shall believe.

Cleo. I must; you are a conqueror. [Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Ptolomy and Photinus.

Pho. **G**OOD Sir, but hear!

Ptol. No more! you have undone me!
That that I hourly fear'd is fall'n upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.

Pho. Hear a remedy.

Ptol. A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,
And has infected all? Your secure negligence
Has broke thro' all the hopes I have, and ruin'd me!
My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber;
All night she has been with him; and, no doubt,
Much to her honour.

Pho. 'Would that were the worst, Sir!
That will repair itself: But I fear mainly,
Sh' has made her peace with Cæsar.

Ptol. 'Tis most likely;

H 3

And

And what am I then?

Pho. 'Plague upon that rascal
Apollodorus, under whose command,
Under whose eye——

Enter Achillas.

Ptol. Curse on you all, ye're wretches!

Pho. 'Twas providently done, Achillas.

Achil. Pardon me.

Pho. Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous
watchful!

Achil. I could not help it, if my life had lain for't.
Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,
Or a small truss of household furniture,
And, as they said, for Cæsar's use? or who durst,
Being for his private chamber, seek to stop it?
I was abus'd.

Enter Achoreus.

Achor. 'Tis no hour now for anger,
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler.
Let us consider timely what we must do,
Since she is flown to his protection,
From whom we have no pow'r to sever her,
Nor force conditions.

Ptol. Speak, good Achoreus.

Achor. Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,
And straight and fair directions——

Pho. Speak your mind, Sir.

Achor. Let us chuse Cæsar (and endear him to us)
An arbitrator in all differences
Betwixt you and your sister; this is safe now,
And will shew off, most honourable.

Pho. Base,
Most base and poor; a servile, cold submission!
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout coun-
fellors;
Since we are sensible this Cæsar loaths us,
And have begun our fortune with great Pompey,
Be of my mind.

Achor. 'Tis most uncomely spoken,

And

And if I say most bloodily, I lie not :
The law of hospitality it poisons,
And calls the gods in question that dwell in us.
Be wise, oh, king !

Ptol. I will be. Go, my counsellor,
To Cæsar go, and do my humble service ;
To my fair sister my commends negotiate ;
And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'st on.

Achor. Crown'd with fair peace, I go. [Exit.

Ptol. My love go with thee ;
And from my love go you, you cruel vipers !
You shall know now I am no ward, Photinus. [Exit.

Pbo. This for our service ? Princes do their pleasures,
And they that serve obey in all disgraces.
The lowest we can fall to, is our graves ;
There we shall know no difference. Hark, Achilles !
I may do something yet, when times are ripe,
To tell this raw unthankful king——

Achil. Photinus,
Whate'er it be, I shall make one, and zealously :
For better die attempting something nobly,
Than fall disgrac'd.

Pbo. Thou lov'st me, and I thank thee. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

Dol. Nay, there's no rousing him ; he is bewitch'd
sure,
His noble blood curdled, and cold within him ;
Grown now a woman's warrior.

Sce. And a tall one ;
Studies her fortifications, and her breaches,
And how he may advance his ram to batter
The bulwark of her chastity.

Ant. Be not too angry,
For, by this light, the woman's a rare woman ;
A lady of that catching youth and beauty,
That unmatch'd sweetness——

Dol. But why should he be fool'd so ?

Let her be what she will, why should his wisdom,
His age, and honour——

Ant. Say it were your own case,
Or mine, or any man's that has heat in him :
'Tis true, at this time, when he has no promise
Of more security than his sword can cut thro',
I do not hold it so discreet: But a good face, gentlemen,
And eyes that are the winning'st orators,
A youth that opens like perpetual spring,
And, to all these, a tongue that can deliver
The oracles of love——

Sce. I would you had her,
With all her oracles, and miracles :
She were fitter for your turn.

Ant. 'Would I had, Sceva,
With all her faults too ! let me alone to mend 'em ;
O' that condition I made thee mine heir.

Sce. I'd rather have your black horse than your harlots.

Dol. Cæsar writes sonnets now ; the sound of war
Is grown too boistrous for his mouth ; he sighs too.

Sce. And learns to fiddle most melodiously,
And sings—'twould make your ears prick up, to hear
him, gentlemen.

Shortly she'll make him spin ; and 'tis thought he'll prove
An admirable maker of bonelace ;
And what a rare gift will that be in a general !

Ant. I would he could abstain.

Sce. She is a witch sure,
And works upon him with some damn'd enchantment.

Dol. How cunning she will carry her behaviours,
And set her countenance in a thousand postures,
To catch her ends !

Sce. She will be sick, well, fullen,
Merry, coy³⁵, over-joy'd, and seem to die,
All in one half-an-hour, to make an ass of him :
I make no doubt she will be drunk too, damnably,

³⁵ *She will be sick, well, fullen,*

Merry, coy, &c.] Here our Poets follow their master Shakespeare
in the character of Cleopatra ; we shall find in the sequel, that they
have added more of the dignity of the queen to the coquetry of the
wanton, than Shakespeare has done. Corneille, in order to form an
interesting

And in her drink will fight; then she fits him.

Ant. That thou shouldst bring her in!

Sc. 'Twas my blind fortune.

My soldiers told me, by the weight 'twas wicked.
'Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,
When I brought in this cow-calf! H' has advanc'd me,
From an old foldier, to a bawd of memory:
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,
The honour'd Cato and fierce Juba with 'em,
That they might whip him from his whore, and rouse
him;

That their fierce trumpets, from his wanton trances
Might shake him, like an earthquake!

Enter Septimius.

Ant. What's this fellow?

Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their
cloaths.

Ant. By my faith, he's brave indeed! He's no com-
mander?

Sc. Yes, h' has a Roman face; he has been at fair wars,
And plenteous too, and rich; his trappings shew it.

Sept. An they'll not know me now, they'll never
know me.

Who dare blush now at my acquaintance? Ha?
Am I not totally a span-new gallant,
Fit for the choicest eyes? Have I not gold,
The friendship of the world? If they shun me now,
(Tho' I were the arrant'st rogue, as I'm well forward)
Mine own curse and the devil's are lit on me.

Ant. Is't not Septimius?

interesting amour between Cæsar and Cleopatra, has endeavoured to
draw them both unexceptionably virtuous. *Seward.*

It is but justice to observe, that the intention of Shakespeare and
of our Authors was not the same. The Prologue says, the spectators
will find

*Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
Express'd to th' height, with us a maid, and free,
And how he rated her virginity:
We treat not of what boldness she did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.*

See Prologue.

Sc.

Sce. Yes.

Dol. He that kill'd Pompey?

Sce. The same dog-scab³⁶; that gilded botch, that rascal!

Dol. How glorious villainy appears in Egypt!

Sept. Gallants, and soldiers; sure they do admire me.

Sce. Stand further off; thou stink'st.

Sept. A likely matter:

These cloaths smell mustily, do they not, gallants?
They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, contemptible!
By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes
That went to trimming these cloaths, cost me——

Sce. Thou stink'st still.

Sept. The powd'ring of this head too——

Sce. If thou hast it,

I'll tell thee all the gums in sweet Arabia
Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee.

Ant. I smell him now: Fy, how the knave perfumes him,

How strong he scents of traitor!

Dol. You had an ill milliner,

He laid too much o' th' gum of ingratitude
Upon your coat; you should have wash'd off that, Sir;
Fy, how it choaks! too little of your loyalty,
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure ambers.
I smell the rotten smell of a hir'd coward;
A dead dog's sweeter.

Sept. Ye are merry gentlemen,

And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me too;
You speak like good blunt soldiers! and 'tis well enough:
But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language.
I've done ye simple service on your Pompey;
You might have look'd him yet this brace of twelve-
months,

³⁶ *The same dog. scab.*] Whom does he call *scab*? we should certainly read *dog scab*. In the same scene Dolabella says of Septimius, 'A dead dog's sweeter,' and Sceva almost repeats *dog-scab*, calling him *mangy mongrel*.

And hunted after him, like founder'd beagles,
Had not this fortunate hand——

Ant. He brags on't too,
By the good gods, rejoices in't! Thou wretch,
Thou most contemptible slave!

See. Dog, mangy mongrel,
Thou murd'ring mischief, in the shape of soldier,
To make all soldiers hateful! thou disease,
That nothing but the gallows can give ease to!

Dol. Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to say.

Sept. I know your anger,
And why you prate thus; I've found your melancholy:
Ye all want money, and ye're liberal captains,
And in this want will talk a little desperately.
Here's gold; come, share; I love a brave commander:
And be not peevish; do as Cæsar does;
He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial,
And let's all laugh and drink. Would ye have partners?
I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em;
He has the mistress, you shall have the maids;
I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.

Ant. I blush,
All over me I blush, and sweat to hear him!
Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now,
Thro' them I should blush too: Pray ye let's be walking.

See. Yes, yes: But, ere we go, I'll leave this lesson,
And let him study it: First, rogue! then, pandar!
Next, devil that will be! get thee from mens' presence,
And, where the name of soldier has been heard of,
Be sure thou live not! To some hungry desert,
Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy conscience;
And that in all the shapes of all thy villainies
Attend thee still! where brute beasts will abhor thee,
And e'en the sun will shame to give thee light,
Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think'st it fitter,
Go hang thyself!

Dol. Hark to that clause.

See. And that speedily,
That Nature may be eas'd of such a monster! [*Exe.*
Manet

Manet Septimius.

Sept. Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me;
I keep my gold still, and my confidence.
Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur;
Rude valours, so I let 'em pass, rude honours!
There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,
And company for a king; a young plump villain,
That, when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon me;

*Enter Eros*³⁷.

And here she comes: I'm sure of her at midnight.
My pretty Eros, welcome!

Eros. I have business.

Sept. Above my love, thou canst not.

Eros. Yes, indeed, Sir,
Far, far above.

Sept. Why, why so coy? Pray you tell me.
We are alone.

Eros. I'm much ashamed we are so.

Sept. You want a new gown now, and a handsome
petticoat,
A scarf, and some odd toys: I've gold here ready;
Thou shalt have any thing.

Eros. I want your absence.
Keep on your way; I care not for your company!

Sept. How? how? you're very short: D'you know
me, Eros?
And what I have been to you?

Eros. Yes, I know you,
And I hope I shall forget you: Whilst you were honest,
I lov'd you too.

Sept. Honest? Come, prithee kiss me.

³⁷ *Enter Eros.*] We have not made a variation here, but cannot suppose the Poets intended *Eros*, *Cleopatra's waiting-woman*, to enter here as the *loose companion* of Septimius, and to profess herself a *strumpet*. The error, most probably, originated from the players, who making one person perform both *Eros* and this *courtesan*, confounded the characters together; as they have partly done with *Cloe* and the *Courtesan* in the *Mad Lover*, and with *Altea* and the *Fourth Lady* in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. The Poets most probably meant another woman, but they seem to have intended (perhaps from inadvertence) to name this character *Eros*.

Eros.

Eros. I kifs no knaves, no murderers, no beasts,
No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em;
I hate their looks; and tho' I may be wanton,
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase³⁹,
Purchase so foully got. I pray you, unhand me;
I'd rather touch the plague, than one unworthy!
Go, seek some mistress that a horse may marry,
And keep her company; she's too good for you! [*Exit.*]

Sept. Marry, this goes near! now I perceive I'm
hateful:
When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows dangerous;
For money seldom they refuse a leper;
But sure I am more odious, more diseas'd too:

Enter three lame Soldiers.

It sits cold here. What are these? three poor soldiers?
Both poor and lame: Their misery may make 'em
A little look upon me, and adore me.
If these will keep me company, I'm made yet.

1 Sold. The pleasure Cæsar sleeps in, makes us
miserable:
We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd at;
He banquets, and we beg.

2 Sold. He was not wont
To let poor soldiers, that have spent their fortunes,
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like
vagabonds.

Sept. Save ye, good soldiers! good poor men, Heav'n
help ye!
Ye've borne the brunt of war, and shew the story.

1 Sold. Some new commander sure.
Sept. You look, my good friends,
By your thin faces, as you would be suitors.

2 Sold. To Cæsar, for our means, Sir.
Sept. And 'tis fit, Sir.

³⁹ *I scorn to nourish it with blood purchase.*] A syllable seems wanting to the measure here, and an hyphen to the sense. *Seward.*

Here Mr. Seward neglects the acknowledged best copy (which we have followed) for the purpose of making an *ingenious* alteration; *i. e.*

I scorn to nourish it with THY blood-purchase.

3 *Sold.* We are poor men, and long forgot.

Sept. I grieve for't ;

Good foldiers should have good rewards, and favours.
I'll give up your petitions, for I pity you,
And freely speak to Cæsar.

All. Oh, we honour you !

1 *Sold.* A good man sure you are ; the gods preserve you !

Sept. And to relieve your wants the while, hold, foldiers ! *[Gives money.]*

Nay, 'tis no dream ; 'tis good gold ; take it freely ;
'Twill keep you in good heart.

2 *Sold.* Now goodness quit you !

Sept. I'll be a friend to your afflictions,
And eat, and drink with you too, and we'll be merry ;
And ev'ry day I'll see you !

1 *Sold.* You're a foldier,
And one sent from the gods, I think.

Sept. I'll cloath ye ⁴⁰,

Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for you ;
And at my table, where no want shall meet you.

Enter Sceva.

All. 'Was never such a man !

1 *Sold.* Dear honour'd Sir,

Let us but know your name, that we may worship you.

2 *Sold.* That we may ever thank——

Sept. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name—that may betray me.

Sce. A cunning thief ! Call him Septimius, foldiers,
The villain that kill'd Pompey !

All. How ?

Sce. Call him the shame of men !

[Exit.]

1 *Sold.* Oh, that this money
Were weight enough to beat thy brains out ⁴¹ ! Fling all ;

⁴⁰ *I'll cloath ye,*

Ye are lame.] These foldiers are before said to be *lame* ; and therefore I don't discard the word, but think it more suitable to the context in this place to read *bare*. *Seward.*

⁴¹ *Were weight enough to break thy brains out.]* Former editions.

Seward.

And

And fling our curses next; let them be mortal!
Out, bloody wolf! dost thou come gilded over,
And painted with thy charity, to poison us?

2 *Sold.* I know him now: May never father own thee,
But as a monstrous birth shun thy base memory!
And, if thou hadst a mother, (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural burden) let her womb
Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers!

3 *Sold.* Methinks the ground shakes to devour this
rascal,
And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,
Infectious mists⁴², to crown his villainies:
Thou mayst go wander like a thing Heav'n hated!

1 *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poisonous to re-
member!
The hangman will not keep thee company;
He has an honourable house to thine;
No, not a thief, tho' thou couldst save his life for't,
Will eat thy bread, nor one for thirst starv'd drink
with thee⁴³!

2 *Sold.* Thou art no company for an honest dog,
And so we'll leave thee to a ditch, thy destiny. [*Exe.*

Sept. Contemn'd of all? and kick'd too? Now I
find it!

My valour's fled too, with mine honesty;
For since I would be knave, I must be coward.
This 'tis to be a traitor, and betrayer.
What a deformity dwells round about me!
How monstrous shews that man, that is ungrateful!
I am afraid the very beasts will tear me⁴⁴;

⁴² *And the kind air turns into fogs, and vapours*
The infectious mists.] So first folio. The second folio we have
followed. Mr. Seward reads,

And the kind air turns into fogs, and vapours
T' infectuous mists, &c.

⁴³ *Nor one for thirst starv'd drink with thee.*] Mr. Seward chuses
to read,

Nor one thirst-starv'd drink with thee.

⁴⁴ *I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,*
Inspir'd with what I have done: the winds will blast me.] The
word *inspir'd* not only more naturally belongs to the winds than to the
beasts;

Inspir'd with what I have done, the winds will blast me!
 Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
 The wages of my fact; my soul's oppress'd!
 Honest and noble minds, you find most rest. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Photinus, and Achillas.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it shall be so!
 A preparation I have set o' foot,
 Worthy the friendship and the fame of Cæsar:
 My sister's favours shall seem poor and wither'd;
 Nay, she herself, trimm'd up in all her beauties,
 Compar'd to what I'll take his eyes withal,
 Shall be a dream.

Pho. D'you mean to shew the glory,
 And wealth of Egypt?

Ptol. Yes; and in that lustre,
 Rome shall appear, in all her famous conquests,
 And all her riches, of no note unto it.

Achor. Now you are reconcil'd to your fair sister,
 Take heed, Sir, how you step into a danger,
 A danger of this precipice. But note, Sir,
 For what Rome ever rais'd her mighty armies;
 First for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis madness,
 Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt
 An armed guest: Feed not an eye that conquers,
 Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous.

Ptol. Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me;
 Let all be ready⁴⁵, as I gave direction:
 The secret way of all our wealth appearing
 Newly, and handsomely; and all about it:
 No more dissuading: 'Tis my will.

Achor. I grieve for't.

beasts; but it is stronger, and more poetical, to suppose the very inanimate elements sensible of and abhorring his wickedness, than merely the irrational beasts.

Seward.

⁴⁵ Yet *all be ready.*] Former editions.

Seward.

Ptol.

Ptol. I'll dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory.

Pbo. I fear you'll curse your will; we must obey you.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva, above.

Cæsar. I wonder at the glory of this kingdom,
And the most bounteous preparation,
Still as I pass, they court me with.

Sce. I'll tell you;
In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em:
When they are ours, they're worth our admiration.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. The young queen comes: Give room!

Cæsar. Welcome, my dearest!
Come, bless my side.

Sce. Ay, marry, here's a wonder!
As she appears now, I am no true soldier,
If I ben't readiest to recant.

Cleo. Be merry, Sir;
My brother will be proud to do you honour,
That now appears himself.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Achillas, Photinus, and Apollodorus.

Ptol. Hail to great Cæsar,
My royal guest! First I will feast thine eyes
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy palate,
And wait myself upon thee. [*Treasure brought in.*]

Cæsar. What rich service!
What mines of treasure! richer still?

Cleo. My Cæsar,
What d'you admire? Pray you turn, and let me talk
to you.

Have you forgot me, Sir? How, a new object?
Am I grown old o' th' sudden? Cæsar!

Cæsar. Tell me
From whence comes all this wealth ?

Cleo. Is your eye that way,
And all my beauties banish'd ?

Ptol. I'll tell thee, Cæsar ;
We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus :
We need no dropping rain to cheer the husbandman,
Nor merchant that ploughs up the sea to seek us ;
Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus,
All this is nourish'd ; who, to do thee honour,
Comes to discover his seven deities,
His conceal'd heads, unto thee : See with pleasure,

Cæsar. The matchless wealth of this land !

Cleo. Come, you shall hear me.

Cæsar. Away ! Let me imagine.

Cleo. How ! frown on me ?

The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms !

Cæsar. I'm sorry :

But, let me think——

Musick. Enter *Ifis*, and three *Labourers*,

Ifis. *Ifis*, the goddess of this land,
Bids thee, great Cæsar, understand
And mark our customs, and first know,
With greedy eyes these watch the flow
Of plenteous Nilus ; when he comes,
With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,
They entertain him ; cut his way,
And give his proud heads leave to play :
Nilus himself shall rise, and shew
His matchless wealth in overflow.

Labourers. Come, let us help the reverend Nile ;
He's very old ; alas the while !
Let us dig him easy ways,
And prepare a thousand plays :
To delight his streams, let's sing
A loud welcome to our spring ;

This

This way let his curling heads
 Fall into our new-made beds ;
 This way let his wanton spawns
 Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.
 This way profit comes, and gain :
 How he tumbles here amain !
 How his waters haste to fall
 Into our channels ! Labour, all,
 And let him in ; let Nilus flow,
 And perpetual plenty shew.
 With incense let us bless the brim,
 And as the wanton fishes swim,
 Let us gums and garlands fling,
 And loud our timbrels ring.

Come, old father, come away !
 Our labour is our holiday.

Enter Nilus.

Ifis. Here comes the aged river now,
 With garlands of great pearl his brow
 Begirt and rounded : In his flow,
 All things take life, and all things grow.
 A thousand wealthy treasures still,
 To do him service at his will,
 Follow his rising flood, and pour
 Perpetual blessings in our store ⁴⁶.
 Hear him ; and next there will advance,
 His sacred heads to tread a dance,
 In honour of my royal guest :
 Mark them too ; and you have a feast.

Cleo. A little drops betray me ?

Cæsar. I am ashamed I warr'd at home, my friends,
 When such wealth may be got abroad ! What honour,
 Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchas'd,
 Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt !

⁴⁶ ——— and pour

Perpetual blessings in our store.] Mr. Seward alters the text to,
Perpetual blessings on our shore.

Nilus. Make room for my rich waters' fall,
 And blefs my flood ;
Nilus comes flowing to you all
 Encrease and good.

Now the plants and flow'rs shall spring,
 And the merry ploughman sing.

In my hidden waves I bring
 Bread, and wine, and ev'ry thing.

Let the damsels sing me in,
 Sing aloud, that I may rise :
 Your holy feasts and hours begin,
 And each hand bring a sacrifice.

Now my wanton pearls I shew,
 That to ladies' fair necks grow.

Now my gold

And treasures that can ne'er be told,
 Shall blefs this land, by my rich flow,
 And after this, to crown your eyes,
 My hidden holy head arise. [Dance.

Cæsar. The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,
 I am not well : Good night !

Sce. I'm glad you have it :

Now we shall stir again.

Dol. Thou, wealth, still haunt him ⁴⁷ !

Sce. A greedy spirit set thee on ! We're happy.

Ptol. Lights, lights for Cæsar, and attendance !

Cleo. Well,

I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæsar,
 Th' hast wrong'd her love—The rest here ⁴⁸.

Ptol. Lights along still :

Musick, and sacrifice to sleep, for Cæsar ! [Exeunt.
A C T

⁴⁷ *Ptol. Thou wealth, still haunt him.*] This should seem to belong to one of Cæsar's captains, being a continuation of Sceva's wish, that the love of wealth might make him seize Ptolomy's riches, and so occasion a new war. I have therefore given it to *Dolabella*, as the nearest in the trace of the letters to *Ptol.* Seward.

⁴⁸ *Thou'st wrong'd her love ; the rest here.*] The meaning of the last sentence may be ; *the rest of what I intend to do and say, I keep*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Ptolomy, Photinus, Achillas, and Achoreus.

Achor. I TOLD you carefully, what this would prove to,
What this inestimable wealth and glory
Would draw upon you : I advis'd your majesty
Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor add
A bait, to catch a mind bent by his trade
To make the whole world his.

Pho. I was not heard, Sir,
Or, what I said, lost and contemn'd : I dare say,
And freshly now, 'twas a poor weakness in you,
A glorious childishness ! I watch'd his eye,
And saw how falcon-like it tower'd, and flew
Upon the wealthy quarry ; how round it mark'd it :
I observ'd his words, and to what it tended ;
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,
And what commerce we held for such abundance.
The show of Nilus how he labour'd at,
To find the secret ways the song deliver'd !

Achor. He never smil'd, I noted, at the pleasures,
But fix'd his constant eyes upon the treasure :
I do not think his ears had so much leisure,
After the wealth appear'd, to hear the musick.

to myself till a fit opportunity. But Mr. Sympfon conjectures the words to have been a stage direction, which I think not improbable ; for the measure is more perfect without them, and they may signify, either, *let the rest of the attendance be here ready*, or that the *rest* or pause was here, it being the end of the third act.

Seward.

Mr. Seward's first explanation we think obviously and indubitably right. That the words, *the rest here*, should mean, 'Let the rest of the attendance be here ready,' at a period when all attendance was to be dispensed with ; or, that 'the rest or pause was here,' when the end of the act must have been marked in the prompt-book ; are suppositions as strange as is the assertion, that 'the measure is more perfect' without these words than with them, when they are indispensably necessary to complete it.

J. N.

Most

Most sure he has not slept since ; his mind's troubles
With objects that would make their own still labour ⁴⁹.

Pho. Your sister he ne'er gaz'd on ; that's a main note :
The prime beauty of the world had no pow'r over him.

Achor. Where was his mind the whilst ?

Pho. Where was your carefulness,
To shew an armed thief the way to rob you ?
Nay, would you give him this, it will excite him
To seek the rest : Ambition feels no gift ⁵⁰,
Nor knows no bounds ; indeed you've done most weakly.

Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend ?

Pho. To be unkind unto your noble self, but favours
Of indiscretion ; and your friend has found it.
Had you been train'd up in the wants and miseries
A soldier marches thro', and known his temperance
In offer'd courtesies, you would have made
A wiser master of your own, and stronger.

Ptol. Why, should I give him all, he would return it :
'Tis more to him to make kings.

Pho. Pray be wiser,
And trust not, with your lost wealth, your lov'd liberty :
To be a king still at your own discretion,

⁴⁹ ——— his mind's troubled

With objects they would make their own still labour.] The relative *they* wants an antecedent here, which I hope I have restored, by reading *troubles* instead of *troubled*. Seward.

In the second folio there is no relative *THEY*, as it reads, *With objects that would make, &c.* It is necessary, however, to read *troubles* ; unless we suppose a line to be lost, signifying that his thoughts were absorbed by the treasure, and *still labour, &c.*

⁵⁰ *Ambition feels no gift,*

Nor knows no bounds.] *i. e.* Ambition does not look on any thing it has power to seize, as a gift from the owner ; no present you can make Cæsar will affect him with gratitude : His sword is the arbitrator of right and wrong, and he acknowledges no other law. Cæsar himself (as Cicero observes in his Offices) seems to have acknowledged this, by frequently repeating a sentence of Euripides, which Cicero thus renders ; *Nam si violandum est jus, regnandi gratiâ violandum est : aliis rebus pietatem colas.* Mr. Theobald, either not seeing, or disapproving this interpretation, would read,

————— *ambition feels no girth.*

Seward.

The preceding line proves *gift* to be right. *Nay, would you give him this, &c. ambition feels no gift.*——

Is like a king ; to be at his, a vassal.
Now take good counsel, or no more take to you
The freedom of a prince.

Achil. 'Twill be too late else :
For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,
Ambitious as himself, to view again
The glory of your wealth.

Pho. The next himself comes,
Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it.

Ptol. What counsel, my Achoreus ?

Achor. I'll go pray, Sir,
(For that's best counsel now) the gods may help you.
[Exit.

Pho. I found you out a way, but 'twas not credited,
A most secure way : Whither will you fly now ?

Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your pow'r
must follow.

Pho. And that diminish'd also, what's your life worth ?
Who would regard it ?

Ptol. You say true.

Achil. What eye
Will look upon king Ptolomy ? If they do look,
It must be in scorn ; for a poor king's a monster :
What ear remember ye ? 'twill be then a courtesy,
A noble one, to take your life too from you :
But if reserv'd, you stand to fill a victory ;
As who knows conquerors' minds, tho' outwardly
They bear fair streams ? Oh, Sir, does not this shake ye ?
If to be honey'd on to these afflictions——

Ptol. I never will : I was a fool !

Pho. For then, Sir,
Your country's cause falls with you too, and fetter'd :
All Egypt shall be plough'd up with dishonour.

Ptol. No more ; I'm sensible : And now my spirit
Burns hot within me.

Achil. Keep it warm and fiery.

Pho. And last, be counsell'd.

Ptol. I will, tho' I perish.

Pho. Go in : We'll tell you all, and then we'll
execute.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Cleopatra, Arsinoe, and Eros.

Arf. You're so impatient!

Cleo. Have I not cause?

Women of common beauties, and low births,
When they are slighted, are allow'd their angers:
Why should not I, a princess, make him know
The baseness of his usage?

Arf. Yes, 'tis fit:

But then again you know what man——

Cleo. He's no man!

The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,
And not the virtue: He is no conqueror,
Has suffer'd under the base dross of nature;
Poorly deliver'd up his pow'r to wealth,
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes treason;
Against the truth of love h' has rais'd rebellion,
Defied his holy flames.

Eros. He will fall back again,
And satisfy your grace.

Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd
Some shadow of dislike: But, to prefer
The lustre of a little trash^{s1}, Arsinoe,
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,
Before the life of love, and soul of beauty,
Oh, how it vexes me! He is no foldier;
All honourable foldiers are love's servants;
He is a merchant, a mere wandering merchant,

^{s1} *The lustre of a little art.*] *Art* here is certainly sense, as both jewels and gold receive their lustre from the polish and refinement of art; but Mr. Symphon thinks we should read *dirt*, as they are before called the *base dross of nature*. And again, *I had trash enough*. The conjecture therefore is certainly a happy one, it has more of the poetic spirit than the old text.

Seward.

Trash is nearer the text than *dirt*, is a better word, and is repeated by Cleopatra speaking of the same treasure.

Servile to gain : He trades for poor commodities,
And makes his conquests, thefts ! Some fortunate
captains

That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the name of Happy Cæsar on him ;
Himself ne'er won it : He's so base and covetous,
He'll sell his sword for gold !

Arf. This is too bitter.

Cleo. Oh, I could curse myself, that was so foolish,
So fondly childish, to believe his tongue,
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his temper.
I'd trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,
(His covetous eyes) such as I scorn to tread on,
Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempting ;
Had I known h' had stoop'd at that, I'd fav'd mine
honour,

I had been happy still ! But let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I'm rewarded ;
Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies :
Love has his angry quiver too ^{s2}, his deadly,
And, when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest.
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,
An old blind fool too ! I lose my health ; I will not,
I will not cry ; I will not honour him
With tears diviner than the gods he worships ;
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing !

Eros. Do not ; you shall not need.

^{s2} *Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,
and when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest.*] The second line
is undoubtedly hurt both in sense and measure : Two ways of curing
it hath occur'd, and I have receiv'd a third from Mr. Symphon.
Either, *arms him at the strongest* ; or, *aims it at the strongest* ; or, with
Mr. Symphon, *aims at it the strongest*. The two last put the *quiver*
for the *arrow*, and therefore I have prefer'd the first. *Seward.*

We beg Mr. Seward's pardon : they put the *arrow* for the *quiver*.
—We perceive no difficulty in this line, either in measure or sense.
The meaning is, we think clearly, ' When love meets with scorn,
' his quiver is full stored with vengeful weapons.' The measure too,
pronouncing *armed* as a dissyllable, is perfect. So Antony says after-
wards, p. 142,

But straight saluted with an armed dart.

Cleo.

Cleo. 'Would I were prisoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him!
I will love any man, to break the heart of him!
Any that has the heart and will to kill him!

Arf. Take some fair truce.

Cleo. I will go study mischief,
And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunning,
Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike him!
Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him!

Enter Apollodorus.

Apol. Cæsar commends his service to your grace.

Cleo. His service? what's his service?

Eros. Pray you be patient;
The noble Cæsar loves still.

Cleo. What's his will?

Apol. He craves access unto your highness.

Cleo. No;
Say, no; I will have none to trouble me.

Arf. Good sister!

Cleo. None, I say; I will be private.
'Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper,
When first thou gav'st consent, to bring my body
To this unthankful Cæsar!

Apol. 'Twas your will, madam,
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honour'd you.
You know what danger I endur'd.

Cleo. Take this, [Giving a jewel.
And carry it to that lordly Cæsar sent thee;
There's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,
One that will hug his mind⁵³: Bid him make love
to it;

Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer——

Enter

⁵³ *One that will hug his mind.*] It might perhaps be clearer if we read, *one that his mind will hug*; but the sense is much the same. Here the character of the majestic whore shines forth in full lustre; and as the Prologue says,

Enter Cæsar.

Apol. He enters.

Cleo. How !

Cæsar. I do not use to wait, lady ;
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.

Cleo. I guess so, by your rudeness.

Cæsar. You're not angry ?

Things of your tender mould should be most gentle.
Why do you frown ? Good gods, what a set anger
Have you forc'd into your face ! Come, I must temper
you.

What a coy smile was there, and a disdainful !
How like an ominous flash it broke out from you !
Defend me, Love ! Sweet, who has anger'd you ?

Cleo. Shew him a glass ! That false face has betray'd me,
That base heart wrong'd me ⁵⁴ !

Cæsar. Be more sweetly angry.
I wrong'd you, fair ?

Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries ;
They are too gross ! But that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as Cæsar is,
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,
I would not speak to you.

Cæsar. Pray you undo this riddle,
And tell me how I've vex'd you ?

Cleo. Let me think first,

*— her great mind is
Express'd to th' height.*

There is, as was observ'd, more of the dignity of the queen than Shakespeare has given to any part of his Cleopatra ; but the working up of her passions, the strength and vigour of the sentiments, and the noble strain of metaphors that every where enrich the stile, have all so much of Shakespeare's genius, that were it a fragment, I verily believe the best critics might be puzzled to distinguish it from his hand, and even from his best manner. If the reader does not agree with me, I beg the favour of his giving it a second reading, and if not then, a third and fourth.

Seward.

⁵⁴ *That base heart wrought me.]* The variation is Mr. Seward's, and, as he observes, is confirm'd by Cæsar's answer,

I wrong'd you, fair ?

Whether

Whether I may put on a patience
That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate you!
Let that begin the story : Now, I'll tell you.

Cæsar. But do it milder : In a noble lady,
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows—
sweetness,
Shews blessed, like herself.

Cleo. And that great blessedness
You first reap'd of me : 'Till you taught my nature,
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud, and thunder,
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller.
You had the spring of my affections,
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of ;
You must expect the winter of mine anger.
You flung me off, before the court disgrac'd me,
When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,
Appear'd your mistress ; took into your eyes
The common strumpet, love of hated lucre,
Courtied with covetous heart the slave of nature,
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at !
Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base purchase ;
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at.
I spake to you then, I courted you, and woo'd you,
Call'd you ' dear Cæsar,' hung about you tenderly,
Was proud t' appear your friend——

Cæsar. You have mistaken me.

Cleo. But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile,
Was I blest'd back withal⁵⁵, but shook off rudely ;
And, as you had been sold to sordid infamy,
You fell before the images of treasure,
And in your soul you worshipp'd : I stood slighted,
Forgotten, and contemn'd ; my soft embraces,
And those sweet kisses you call'd Elysium,
As letters writ in sand, no more remember'd ;

⁵⁵ ——— not a smile

Was I blessed back with ; but shook, &c.] The variation by Mr. Seward.

The name and glory of your Cleopatra
Laugh'd at, and made a story to your captains !
Shall I endure ?

Cæsar. You are deceiv'd in all this ;
Upon my life you are ; 'tis your much tenderness.

Cleo. No, no ; I love not that way ; you are cozen'd :
I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,
And where I love will triumph !

Cæsar. So you shall ;
My heart shall be the chariot that shall bear you ;
All I have won shall wait upon you.—By the gods,
The bravery of this woman's mind has fir'd me !—
Dear mistress, shall I but this night——

Cleo. How, Cæsar ?
Have I let slip a second vanity
That gives thee hope ?

Cæsar. You shall be absolute,
And reign alone as queen ; you shall be any thing !

Cleo. Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear thee ;
Examine all thy art of war to do that,
And, if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee :
'Till when, farewell, unthankful !

Cæsar. Stay !

Cleo. I will not.

Cæsar. I command !

Cleo. Command, and go without, Sir.
I do command thee be my slave for ever,
And vex while I laugh at thee.

Cæsar. Thus low, beauty——

Cleo. It is too late ; when I have found thee absolute,
The man that fame reports thee, and to me,
May-be I shall think better. Farewell, conqueror !

[*Exit.*

Cæsar. She mocks me too ! I will enjoy her beauty ;
I will not be denied ; I'll force my longing !
Love is best pleas'd, when roundly we compel him ;
And, as he is imperious, so will I be.
Stay, fool, and be advis'd ; that dulls the appetite,
Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight.
By Heaven she is a miracle ! I must use

A handsome

A handsome way to win——How now? What fear Dwells in your faces? you look all distracted.

Enter Sceva, Antony, and Dolabella.

Sce. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,
Not of ourselves; fear of your poor declining;
Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,
And we make louder prayers to die nobly,
Than to live high and wantonly. Whilst you're secure
here,

And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses
To the lewd god of love and cowardice,
And most lasciviously die in delights,
You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.

Dol. The spawn of Egypt flow about your palace,
Arm'd all, and ready to assault,

Ant. Led on

By the false and base Photinus, and his ministers.
No stirring out, no peeping thro' a loop-hole,
But straight saluted with an armed dart.

Sce. No parley; they are deaf to all but danger⁵⁶,
They swear they'll slay us, and then dry our quarters;
A rasher of a salt lover is such a shoeing-horn!
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free?
Or will the giant god of love fight for you?
Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-sparrow?
Bring out the lady! she can quell this mutiny,
And with her powerful looks strike awe into them;
She can destroy and build again the city;
Your goddesses have mighty gifts! Shew 'em her fair
breasts,

Th' impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and let 'em
Begin their battery there; she will laugh at 'em!
They're not above a hundred thousand, Sir;
A mist, a mist! that, when her eyes break out,
Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,
Will fly before her heats!

Cæsar. Begirt with villains?

⁵⁶ *They are deaf to all but danger.*] Mr. Seward chuses to read *anger* for *danger*; but *danger* is good sense, and in the old stile.

Sce.

THE FALSE ONE. 143

See. They come to play you and your love a hunts-up.
You were told what this same whoreson wenching long
ago would come to :

You are taken napping now ! Has not a soldier
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,
But he must lie still digging like a pioneer,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there ?
'Twere good you'd think——

Dol. And time too ; or you'll find else
A harder task than courting a coy beauty,

Ant. Look out, and then believe.

See. No, no, hang danger ;
Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour ;
Charge her whole body !—When the sword's in your
throat, Sir,

You may cry, 'Cæsar !' and see if that will help you,

Cæsar. I'll be myself again, and meet their furies,
Meet, and consume their mischiefs. Make some shift,
Sceva,

To recover the fleet, and bring me up two legions,
And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder
Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter 'em.

See. Now you speak sense, I'll put my life to th'
hazard.

Before I go, no more of this warm lady !
She'll spoil your sword-hand.

Cæsar. Go. Come, let's to counsel,
How to prevent, and then to execute. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Did you see this penitence ?

2 *Sold.* Yes, I saw, and heard it.

3 *Sold.* And I too, look'd upon him, and observ'd it ;
He's the strangest Septimius now——

1 *Sold.* I heard he was alter'd,

And

And had giv'n away his gold to honest uses,
Cried monstrouſly.

2 *Sold.* He cries abundantly ;
He's blind almoſt with weeping.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis moſt wonderful,
That a hard-hearted man, and an old ſoldier,
Should have ſo much kind moiſture. When his mother died,

He laugh'd aloud, and made the wicked'ſt ballads !

1 *Sold.* 'Tis like enough ; he never lov'd his parents ;
Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er lov'd him.
His mother dream'd, before ſhe was deliver'd,
That ſhe was brought abed with a buzzard, and ever
after

She whiſtled him up to th' world. His brave cloaths too
H' has flung away, and goes like one of us now ;
Walks with his hands in's pockets, poor and ſorrowful,
And gives the beſt inſtructions !

2 *Sold.* And tells ſtories
Of honeſt and good people that were honour'd,
And how they were remember'd ; and runs mad,
If he but hear of an ungrateful perſon,
A bloody or betraying man.

3 *Sold.* If it be poſſible
That an arch-villain may e'er be recover'd,
This penitent rascal will put hard. 'Twere worth our
labour
To ſee him once again.

Enter Septimius.

1 *Sold.* He ſpares us that labour,
For here he comes.

Sept. Bleſs ye, my honeſt friends,
Bleſs ye from baſe unworthy men ! Come not near me,
For I am yet too taking⁵⁷ for your company.

1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye ?

2 *Sold.*

⁵⁷ *Taking.*] i. e. Too *inſecting*. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. ſcene iv. Mrs. Page, ſpeaking of Herne the Hunter, ſays,
There

2 *Sold.* What book's that ?

1 *Sold.* No doubt,

Some excellent salve for a sore heart. Are you
Septimius, that base knave that betray'd Pompey ?

Sept. I was, and am ; unless your honest thoughts
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,
I must be ever villain. Oh, good soldiers,
You that have Roman hearts, take heed of falsehood ;
Take heed of blood ; take heed of foul ingratitude !
The gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs.
Take heed of pride ; 'twas that that brought me to it.

2 *Sold.* This fellow would make a rare speech at the
gallows.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis very fit he were hang'd to edify us.

Sept. Let all your thoughts be humble and obedient,
Love your commanders, honour them that feed ye ;
Pray that ye may be strong in honesty,
As in the use of arms ; labour, and diligently,
To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues,
Pride and ambitious wantonness ; those spoil'd me :
Rather lose all your limbs, than the least honesty ;
You're never lame indeed, 'till loss of credit
Benumb ye thro' ; scars, and those maims of honour,
Are memorable crutches, that shall bear,
When you are dead, your noble names to eternity !

1 *Sold.* I cry.

2 *Sold.* And so do I.

3 *Sold.* An excellent villain !

1 *Sold.* A more sweet pious knave, I never heard yet.

2 *Sold.* He was happy he was rascal, to come to this.

Enter Achoreus.

Who's this ? a priest ?

Sept. Oh, stay, most holy Sir !

' There he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle.'

And in King Lear, act ii. scene ii. Lear thus execrates his unnatural
daughter :

' ——— strike her young bones,

' You taking airs, with lameness !'

See Warner's Letter to Garrick, p. 39.

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K

R.
And,

And, by the gods of Egypt I conjure ye,
 Isis, and great Osiris, pity me,
 Pity a loaden man! and tell me truly
 With what most humble sacrifice I may
 Wash off my sin, and appease the powers that hate me?
 Take from my heart those thousand thousand furies,
 That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me!
 Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,
 Yet at the holy altar he was pardon'd.

Achor. Orestes out of madness did his murder,
 And therefore he found grace: Thou, worst of all
 men,

Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,
 Slew'st thine own feeder! Come not near the altar,
 Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacrifice;
 Thou'rt mark'd for shame eternal! [Exit.]

Sept. Look all on me,
 And let me be a story left to time
 Of blood and infamy! How base and ugly
 Ingratitude appears, with all her profits!
 How monstrous my hop'd grace at court! Good soldiers,
 Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound
 Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness:
 To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessedness!

1 *Sold.* Dost thou want any thing?

Sept. Nothing but your prayers.

2 *Sold.* Be thus, and let the blind priest do his worst;
 We've gods as well as they, and they will hear us.

3 *Sold.* Come, cry no more: Th' hast wept out
 twenty Pompeys.

Enter Photinus and Achilles.

Pho. So penitent?

Achil. It seems so.

Pho. Yet for all this
 We must employ him.

1 *Sold.* These are the armed soldier-leaders:
 Away; and let's to th' fort, we shall be snapt else.

[Exeunt.
Pho.

Pbo. How now? Why thus? What cause of this dejection?

Achil. Why dost thou weep?

Sept. Pray leave me; you have ruin'd me,
You've made me a famous villain!

Pbo. Does that touch thee?

Achil. He will be hard to win; he feels his lewdness.

Pbo. He must be won, or we shall want our right-hand.

This fellow dares, and knows, and must be hearten'd.
Art thou so poor to blench at what thou hast done?
Is conscience a comrade for an old foldier?

Achil. It is not that; it may be some disgrace
That he takes heavily, and would be cherish'd.
Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness.

Sept. Let me alone; I am not for your purpose;
I'm now a new man.

Pbo. We have new affairs for thee,
Those that will raise thy head.

Sept. I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!
I'll be no more knave; I have stings enough
Already in my breast.

Pbo. Thou shalt be noble;
And who dares think then that thou art not honest?

Achil. Thou shalt command in chief all our strong
forces;
And if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify it?

Sept. I'm rogue enough.

Pbo. Thou wilt be more and baser;
A poor rogue's all rogues, open to all shames;
Nothing to shadow him. Dost thou think crying
Can keep thee from the censure of the multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee?
'Tis poor and servile! Wert thou thine own sacrifice,
'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out.

Achil. Keep thyself glorious still, tho' ne'er so stain'd,
And that will lessen it, if not work it out.
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,

Like a poor girl that had betray'd her maidenhead—

Sept. I'll stop mine ears.

Achil. Will shew so in a soldier,

So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely——

Pho. If people would believe thee, 'twere some honesty ;

And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee,
(As sure they will) and beat thee, for thy poverty ;
If they'd allow thy foolery, there were some hope.

Sept. My foolery ?

Pho. Nay, more than that, thy misery,
Thy monstrous misery.

Achil. He begins to hearken.—

Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.

Sept. That this were true !

Pho. Why does this conquering Cæsar
Labour thro' the world's deep seas of toils and troubles,
Dangers, and desperate hopes ? to repent afterwards ?
Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,
And whip his country with the sword ? to cry for't ?
Thou kill'dst great Pompey : He'll kill all his kindred,
And justify it ; nay, raise up trophies to it.
When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most holy too)
And cry for doing daily bloody murders,
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness ;
Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,
And let it work ; then 'twill seem well, Septimius.

Sept. He does all this.

Achil. Yes, and is honour'd for it ;

Nay, call'd the honour'd Cæsar : So mayst thou be ;
Thou wert born as near a crown as he.

Sept. He was poor.

Pho. And desperate bloody tricks got him this credit.

Sept. I am afraid you will once more——

Pho. Help to raise thee.

Off with thy pining black ; it dulls a soldier,
And put on resolution like a man,
A noble fate waits on thee.

Sept. I now feel

Myself

Myself returning rascal speedily.

Oh, that I had the power——

Achil. Thou shalt have all;
And do all thro' thy power. Men shall admire thee,
And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues.

Sept. Off, off; thou must off⁵⁸; off, my cowardice!
Puling repentance, off!

Pho. Now thou speak'st nobly.

Sept. Off, my dejected looks, and welcome, impudence!

My daring shall be deity, to save me.

Give me instructions, and put action on me,
A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen,
And let my wit and valour work. You'll raise me,
And make me out-dare all my miseries?

Pho. All this, and all thy wishes.

Sept. Use me then.

Womanish fear, farewell! I'll never melt more.

Lead on, to some great thing, to wake my spirit⁵⁹!

⁵⁸ *Off, off, thou must off; off my cowardice.*] Mr. Seward, ingeniously, and not unpoetically, reads,

Off, off, thou Must; off, off, my cowardice!

but as the old reading is neither void of sense nor spirit, and suits peculiarly well the situation of the speaker, we did not think ourselves authorized to reject it.

⁵⁹ *Lead on, to some great thing, to weal my spirit:*

I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell

This huge oak Cæsar too.] To *weal* signifies to render well or healthy, and therefore seems a stronger word than *heal*, which both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson would substitute instead of it: As *weal* is not very common in this sense, I at first reading hesitated upon it, and thought that *steel my spirit* might be the true reading, as it is a more metaphorical phrase, and common to our Authors. Thus, in the second scene of the next act, the same Septimius says;

————— *Cæsar, Ptolomy,*

Now I am steel'd, are to me empty names.

But upon the whole, I see no reason for any change. The two metaphors in the next line may vie with the very noblest of all that have been ever struck out by either Greek, Latin, or English Poet. The majesty, dignity and magnificence of Pompey by the cedar, and the strength, vigour, and warlike robustness of Cæsar, are as nobly express'd by the oak; nor is the choice of the verbs that accompany them less admirable.

Seward.

Though Mr. Seward frequently speaks of the second folio as his favourite

150 THE FALSE ONE.

I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell
This huge oak Cæsar too.

Pbo. Now thou sing'st sweetly,
And Ptolomy shall crown thee for thy service.

Achil. He's well wrought ; put him on apace 'fore
cooling⁶⁰. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, and Dolabella.

Ant. THE tumult still encreases.

Cæsar. Oh, my fortune!
My lustful folly rather ! But 'tis well,
And worthily I'm made a bondman's 'prey,
That (after all my glorious victories,
In which I pass'd so many seas of dangers,
When all the elements conspir'd against me)
Would yield up the dominion of this head
To any mortal power ; so blind and stupid,
To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaim'd
Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,
And yet that could not warn me !

Dol. Be still Cæsar,
Who ever lov'd to exercise his fate
Where danger look'd most dreadful.

Ant. If you fall,
Fall not alone ; let the king and his sister
Be buried in your ruins : On my life,
They both are guilty ! Reason may assure you,
Photinus nor Achillas durst attempt you,
Or shake one dart, or sword, aim'd at your safety,

favourite edition of this play, he oftener neglects it, than corrects from
it. That copy says, WAKE my spirit ; an excellent reading. *Weal*
is at best uncouth.

⁶⁰ Put him on apace for cooling.] For cooling must mean for fear
of cooling, or else it is not sense here : But as this seems stiff, I prefer
'fore cooling as the natural expression.

Seward.
Without

Without their warrant.

Cæsar. For the young king, I know not
How he may be misled; but for his sister,
Unequal'd Cleopatra, 'twere a kind
Of blasphemy to doubt her: Ugly treason
Durst never dwell in such a glorious building;
Nor can so clear and great a spirit as hers is
Admit of falsehood.

Ant. Let us seize on him then;
And leave her to her fortune.

Dol. If he have power,
Use it to your security, and let
His honesty acquit him; if he be false,
It is too great an honour he should die
By your victorious hand.

Cæsar. He comes, and I
Shall do as I find cause.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, and Apollodorus.

Ptol. Let not great Cæsar
Impute the breach of hospitality
To you, my guest, to me! I am contemn'd,
And my rebellious subjects lift their hands
Against my head; and 'would they aim'd no further,
Provided that I fell a sacrifice
To gain you safety! That this is not feign'd,
The boldness of my innocence may confirm you:
Had I been privy to their bloody plot,
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss
To their bad cause, by being present with them;
But I, that yet taste of the punishment
In being false to Pompey, will not make
A second fault to Cæsar uncompell'd:
With such as have not yet shook off obedience,
I yield myself to you, and will take part
In all your dangers.

Cæsar. This pleads your excuse,
And I receive it.

Achor. If they have any touch

Of justice, or religion, I will use
Th' authority of our gods, to call them back
From their bad purpose.

Apol. This part of the palace
Is yet defensible; we may make it good
'Till your pow'rs rescue us.

Cæsar. Cæsar besieg'd?
Oh, itain to my great actions! 'Twas my custom,
An army routed, as my feet had wings,
To be first in the chase; nor walls, nor bulwarks
Could guard those that escap'd the battle's fury
From this strong arm; and I to be enclos'd!
My heart! my heart! But 'tis necessity,
To which the gods must yield, and I obey,
'Till I redeem it, by some glorious way. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Photinus, Achilles, Septimius, and Soldiers.

Pho. There's no retiring now; we are broke in;
The deed past hope of pardon. If we prosper,
'Twill be itil'd lawful, and we shall give laws
To those that now command us: Stop not at
Or loyalty, or duty; bold ambition
To dare, and power to do, gave the first difference
Between the king and subject. Cæsar's motto,
Aut Cæsar aut nihil, each of us must claim,
And use it as our own.

Achil. The deed is bloody,
If we conclude in Ptolomy's death.

Pho. The better;
The globe of empire must be so manur'd.

Sept. Rome, that from Romulus first took her name,
Had her walls water'd with a crimson shower
Drain'd from a brother's heart; nor was she rais'd
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the earth that pay her tribute,
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds

By

By th' sack of neighbour cities, not made hers
'Till they were cemented with the blood of those
That did possess 'em : Cæsar, Ptolomy,
Now I am steel'd, to me are empty names,
Esteem'd as Pompey's was.

Pho. Well said, Septimius !
Thou now art right again.

Achil. But what course take we
For the princess Cleopatra ?

Pho. Let her live
A while, to make us sport ; she shall authorize
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command :
But, our triumvirate government once confirm'd,
She bears her brother company : That's my province ;
Leave me to work her.

Achil. I will undertake
For Ptolomy.

Sept. Cæsar shall be my task ;
And as in Pompey I began a name,
I'll perfect it in Cæsar !

*Enter above, Cæsar, Ptolomy, Achoreus, Apollodorus,
Antony, and Dolabella.*

Pho. 'Tis resolv'd then ;
We'll force our passage.

Achil. See, they do appear,
As they desir'd a parley.

Pho. I am proud yet
I've brought them to capitulate.

Ptol. Now, Photinus ?

Pho. Now, Ptolomy !

Ptol. No addition ?

Pho. We are equal,
Tho' Cæsar's name were put into the scale,
In which our worth is weigh'd.

Cæsar. Presumptuous villain,
Upon what grounds hast thou presum'd to raise
Thy servile hand against the king ? or me,

That

That have a greater name ?

Pho. On those by which
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon,
Against the laws of Rome ; and at the name
Of traitor smile, as thou didst when Marcellus,
The consul, with the senate's full consent,
Pronounc'd thee for an enemy to thy country :
Yet thou went'st on, and thy rebellious cause
Was crown'd with fair success. Why should we fear
then ?

Think on that, Cæsar !

Cæsar. Oh, the gods ! be brav'd thus ?
And be compell'd to bear this from a slave,
That would not brook great Pompey his superior ?

Achil. Thy glories now have touch'd the highest
point,
And must descend.

Pho. Despair, and think we stand
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.

Sept. And that the ghosts of all those noble Romans
That by thy sword fell in this civil war,
Expect revenge.

Ant. Dar'st thou speak, and remember
There was a Pompey ?

Pho. There's no hope to 'scape us :
If that, against the odds we have upon you,
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour
To die like Romans ; if ye faint, resolve
To starve like wretches ! I disdain to change
Another syllable with you.

Ant. Let us die nobly ; [*Exeunt Pho. Achil. Sept.*]
And rather fall upon each other's sword,
Than come into these villains' hands.

Cæsar. That fortune,
Which to this hour hath been a friend to Cæsar,
Tho' for a while she cloath her brow with frowns,
Will smile again upon me : Who will pay her
Or sacrifice, or vows, if she forsake

Her

Her best of works in me? or suffer him,
 Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant
 Thro' the whole western world, and Rome acknowledg'd
 Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously
 A life admir'd by all? The threaten'd danger
 Must, by a way more horrid, be avoided,
 And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,
 And the rich magazines that neighbour it,
 In which the wealth of Egypt is contain'd!
 Start not; it shall be so; that while the people
 Labour in quenching the ensuing flames⁶¹,
 Like Cæsar, with this handful of my friends,
 Thro' fire, and swords, I force a passage to
 My conquering legions. King, if thou dar'st, follow
 Where Cæsar leads; or live, or die a freeman!
 If not, stay here a bondman to thy slave,
 And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. I feel my resolution melts again,
 And that I am not knave alone, but fool,
 In all my purposes. This devil Photinus
 Employs me as a property, and, grown useless,
 Will shake me off again: He told me so
 When I kill'd Pompey; nor can I hope better,
 When Cæsar is dispatch'd. Services done
 For such as only study their own ends,
 Too great to be rewarded, are return'd

⁶¹ *The ensuing flames.*] Mr. Synapson would read *consuming flames*, but I see no sort of reason for a change, *ensuing flames* means the flames which would ensue from their firing the palace. Plutarch and Lucan say, that it was the enemies ships in the harbour that Cæsar fir'd, as they were attempting from them to scale the palace in which Cæsar was besieged, and that the flames were by that means communicated to the palace, by which the famous Alexandrian library, the great treasure of Egyptian, Grecian, and Eastern learning, was totally destroyed. Our Poets have given it a turn that much heightens Cæsar's heroism.

Seward.

With

156 THE FALSE ONE.

With deadly hate : I learn'd this principle
 In his own school. Yet still he fools me ; well ;
 And yet he trusts me : Since I in my nature
 Was fashion'd to be false, wherefore should I,
 That kill'd my general, and a Roman, one
 To whom I ow'd all nourishments of life,
 Be true to an Egyptian ? To save Cæsar,
 And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,
 (As it is in my power) redeem my credit,
 And live, to lie, and swear again in fashion,
 Oh, 'twere a master-piece ! Ha ! Curse me ⁶² ! Cæsar ?
 How's he got off ?

*Enter Cæsar, Ptolomy, Antony, Dolabella, Achoreus,
 Apollodorus, and Soldiers.*

Cæsar. The fire has took,
 And shews the city like a second Troy ;
 The navy too is scorch'd ; the people greedy
 To save their wealth and houses, while their soldiers
 Make spoil of all : Only Achilles' troops
 Make good their guard ; break thro' them, we are safe.
 I'll lead you like a thunder-bolt !

Sept. Stay, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Who's this ? the dog Septimius ?

Ant. Cut his throat.

Dol. You bark'd but now ; fawn you so soon ?

Sept. Oh, hear me !

What I'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety,
 For all your good.

Ant. Good from a mouth like thine,
 That never belch'd but blasphemy and treason,
 On festival days !

Sept. I am an alter'd man,
 Alter'd indeed ; and I will give you cause
 To say I am a Roman.

⁶² *Ha ? ——— me, Cæsar.*] Former editions. *Curse*, or *blast*, or
 some monosyllable of the like import, is, we apprehend, the word
 omitted here ; as *pox* in some other passages of these plays, from the
 occasional delicacy of the transcribers and printers.

Dol.

Dol. Rogue, I grant thee.

Sept. Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth and easy,
For your escape.

Ant. I'll trust the devil sooner,
And make a safer bargain.

Sept. I am trusted
With all Photinus' secrets.

Ant. There's no doubt then,
Thou wilt be false.

Sept. Still to be true to you.

Dol. And very likely⁶³.

Cæsar. Be brief; the means?

Sept. Thus, Cæsar:
To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths
Not to discover it, he hath reveal'd
A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does open
A mile beyond the city: In this cave
Lie but two hours conceal'd.

Ant. If you believe him,
He'll bury us alive.

Dol. I'll fly in the air first.

Sept. Then in the dead of night, I'll bring you back
Into a private room, where you shall find
Photinus, and Achillas, and the rest
Of their commanders, close at counsel.

Cæsar. Good;
What follows?

Sept. Fall me fairly on their throats:
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude
Will easily disperse.

Cæsar. Oh, devil! away with him!
Nor true to friend nor enemy? Cæsar scorns
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,
So base a way; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous traitor! I have tower'd
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,
Not dig'd for't like a mole. Our swords, and cause,

⁶³ And very likely.] Mr. Seward prints, *Ay*, very likely?

158 THE FALSE ONE.

Make way for us : And that it may appear
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,
Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
The lane this sword makes for you. [Exit.

1 Sold. Here's a belt ;
Tho' I die for't, I'll use it.

2 Sold. 'Tis too good
To trufs a cur in.

Sept. Save me ! here's gold.

1 Sold. If Rome
Were offer'd for thy ransom, it could not help thee.

2 Sold. Hang not an arse.

1 Sold. Goad him on with thy sword !
Thou dost deserve a worser end ; and may
All such conclude so, that their friends betray ! [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter severally, Arfinoë, Eros, and Cleopatra.

Arf. We are lost !

Eros. Undone !

Arf. Confusion, fire and swords,
And fury in the soldier's face more horrid,
Circle us round !

Eros. The king's command they laugh at,
And jeer at Cæsar's threats.

Arf. My brother seiz'd on
By th' Roman, as thought guilty of the tumult,
And forc'd to bear him company, as mark'd out
For his protection, or revenge.

Eros. They have broke
Into my cabinet ; my trunks are ransack'd.

Arf. I've lost my jewels too ; but that's the least :
The barbarous rascals, against all humanity
Or sense of pity, have kill'd my little dog,
And broke my monkey's chain.

Eros. They rifled me :
But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,

Would

Would they proceed no further.

Arf. Oh, my sister!

Eros. My queen, my mistress!

Arf. Can you stand unmov'd, when
The earthquake of rebellion shakes the city?
And the court trembles?

Cleo. Yes, Arsinoe,
And with a masculine constancy deride
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to
My virtues, not a mistress: Then we forsake
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield,
Or shrink at her assaults; I'm still myself,
And tho' disrob'd of sovereignty⁶⁴, and ravish'd
Of ceremonious duty that attends it:
Nay, grant they'd slav'd my body, my free mind,
Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile⁶⁵,
Shall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,
Spite of the envious weight That loads it with⁶⁶.
Think of thy birth, Arsinoe; common burdens

⁶⁴ And though *disrob'd*.] If this be the true reading, the sentence must be an imperfect one, and be closed with a dash—; but as I don't approve of making imperfect sentences without apparent cause, I think the slight change made in the text is a much better salve. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *ALTHO' disrob'd*; but there is no occasion for any change; the old reading conveying the same sense: 'I am still myself, and *remain so* tho' disrob'd, &c.'

⁶⁵ *Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile.*] The reader will undoubtedly have observed the art and merit of our Poets, in so often taking their images and similes from the country where the scene is laid. This is a beauty that there is not the least trace of in Corneille's Pompey; all his characters, sentiments, and language, are entirely French. *Seward.*

⁶⁶ *Sight of the envious weight that loads it with.*] *With*, here, being necessary to the verse, but not to the sense, Mr. Symphon concurr'd with me in changing the expression. *Seward.*

Edit. 1750 reads—*Spite of the envious weight* it's loaded with.

Mr. Seward has here given us a most strange note: He talks of the word *with*, as not being necessary to the sense, and yet it is the only word *out of four* he has left in the passage. In my opinion, he has missed entirely the beautiful imagery of the Poets: 'My mind, like the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile, shall grow up straighter, spite of the envious weight *That (fruitful Nile)* loads it with, or *dispenses on it.*'

J. N.
Fit

Fit common shoulders : Teach the multitude,
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch
Their dim eyes, darken'd by their narrow souls,
Cannot arrive at.

Arf. I am new created,
And owe this second being to you, best sister,
For now I feel you have infus'd into me
Part of your fortitude.

Eros. I still am fearful :
I dare not tell a lie : You that were born
Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble hand-
maid,
Must not presume to rival.

Cleo. Yet, my Eros,
Tho' thou hast profited nothing by observing
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,
Tho' not to equal, yet to imitate,
Thy fearless mistress.

Enter Photinus.

Eros. Oh, a man in arms !
His weapon drawn too !

Cleo. Tho' upon the point
Death sat, I'll meet it, and out-dare the danger.

Pho. Keep the watch strong ; and guard the pas-
sage sure
That leads unto the sea.

Cleo. What sea of rudeness
Breaks in upon us ? or what subject's breath
Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm ?
Are duty and obedience fled to Heav'n,
And, in their room, ambition and pride
Sent into Egypt ? That face speaks thee Photinus,
A thing thy mother brought into the world
My brother's and my slave ! But thy behaviour,
Oppos'd to that, an insolent intruder
Upon that sovereignty thou shouldst bow to !

If

if in the gulph of base ingratitude,
 All loyalty to Ptolomy the king
 Be swallow'd up, remember who I am,
 Whose daughter, and whose sister; or, suppose
 That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar
 (Which nations quake at) stop thy desperate madness
 From running headlong on to thy confusion.
 Throw from thee quickly those rebellious arms,
 And let me read submission in thine eyes;
 Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
 But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
 To Cæsar and my brother.

Pho. Plead my pardon?

To you I bow; but scorn as much to stoop thus
 To Ptolomy, to Cæsar, nay the gods,
 As to put off the figure of a man,
 And change my essence with a sensual beast:
 All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends,
 Were aim'd to purchase you.

Cleo. How durst thou⁶⁷, being

The scorn of Baseness, nourish such a thought!

Pho. They that have power are royal; and those base
 That live at the devotion of another.

What birth gave Ptolomy, or fortune Cæsar,
 By engines fashion'd in this Protean anvil,
 I have made mine; and only stoop at you,
 Whom I would still preserve free, to command me.
 For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my thoughts;
 And, but in these fair eyes I still have read
 The story of a supreme monarchy,

⁶⁷ *How durst thou, being*

The scorn of baseness.] Mr. Sympson proposes a conjecture here, instead of the *scorn of baseness*, he thinks it might have been the *scum* of baseness, *i. e.* The basest part of baseness itself. The thought is certainly nervous and just; but the old reading fully equals it: 'Thou whom as an eunuch the basest of women would despise, how durst thou think of me?' This is finely expressed by *the scorn of baseness*.

Seward.

The answer of Photinus proves, that he applied *the scorn of baseness* to himself, not, as Mr. Seward explains it, to *the basest of women*; and that we must here understand Baseness to be personified.

To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay tribute,
 Photinus' name had long since been as great
 As Ptolomy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is.
 This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose
 The knot of loyalty, that chain'd my freedom,
 And slight the fear that Cæsar's threats might cause;
 That I and they might see no sun appear,
 But Cleopatra, in th' Egyptian sphere.

Cleo. Oh, giant-like ambition, married to
 Cymerian darkness⁶⁸! Inconsiderate fool!
 Tho' flatter'd with self-love, couldst thou believe,
 Were all crowns on the earth made into one,
 And that, by kings, set on thy head; all sceptres
 Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,
 I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man?
 A gelded eunuch?

Pho. Fairest, that makes for me,
 And shews it is no sensual appetite,
 But true love to the greatness of thy spirit,
 That, when that you are mine, shall yield me pleasures
 Hymen, tho' blessing a new-married pair,
 Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,
 The glorious splendor of dread majesty;
 Whose beams shall dazzle Rome, and awe the world.
 My wants in that kind others shall supply,
 And I give way to't:

Cleo. Baser than thy birth!
 Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder
 Ram thee into the earth?

Pho. They are asleep,

⁶⁸ *Cymerian darkness.*] This is a Latin phrase taken from the name of the inhabitants round the lake Avernus, where the supposed *Cumean Sibyl's* Cave is shewed at this day. This vale was called the mouth of Hell, from the quantity of sulphureous and pestilential vapours ascending from all sides of it. See Virgil's description in the sixth *Æneid*. It retains nothing of this at present, as the country round it changes its properties and countenance from age to age. But the vale round the *Lago del Cane*, which is very near it, has both the sulphureous and pestilential vapours describ'd by Virgil. Milton, in his *L'Allegro*, has followed Fletcher in the use of this expression.

Seward.
 And

And cannot hear thee : Or, with open eyes
Did Jove look on us, I would laugh and swear
That his artillery is cloy'd by me :
Or if that they have power to hurt, his bolts
Are in my hand.

Cleo. Most impious !

Pho. They are dreams,
Religious fools shake at. Yet to assure thee,
If Nemesis, that scourges pride and scorn,
Be any thing but a name, she lives in me ;
For, by myself (an oath to me more dreadful
Than Styx is to your gods) weak Ptolomy dead,
And Cæsar, both being in my toil, remov'd,
The poorest rascals that are in my camp
Shall, in my presence, quench their lustful heat
In thee, and young Arsinoe, while I laugh
To hear you howl in vain. I deride those gods,
That you think can protect you !

Cleo. To prevent thee,
In that I am the mistress of my fate :
So hope I of my sister : To confirm it,
I spit at thee, and scorn thee !

Pho. I will tame
That haughty courage, and make it stoop too.

Cleo. Never !
I was born to command, and I will die so.

Enter Achilles, and Soldiers, with the body of Ptolomy.

Pho. The king dead ? This is a fair entrance to
Our future happiness.

Arf. Oh, my dear brother !

Cleo. Weep not, Arsinoe, (common women do so)
Nor lose a tear for him ; it cannot help him ;
But study to die nobly.

Pho. Cæsar fled ?
'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart ;
It choaks my vital spirits ! Where was your care ?
Did the guards sleep ?

Achil. He rous'd them with his sword ;

(We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage
Admits of no comparison but itself⁶⁹ !)
And, as inspir'd by him, his following friends,
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,
Brake thro' our troops, and scatter'd 'em. He went on,
But still pursu'd by us : When on the sudden
He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew terror,
Which struck in us no less fear and amazement
Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning
Hurl'd from Jove's cloudy brow.

Cleo. 'Twas like my Cæsar !

Achil. We fall'n back, he made on; and, as our fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,
Again we follow'd : But, got near the sea,
On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his sword,
As it had been a trident forg'd by Vulcan
To calm the raging ocean, he made away⁷⁰,
As if he had been Neptune; his friends, like
So many Tritons follow'd, their bold shouts
Yielding a chearful musick. We shower'd darts
Upon them, but in vain; they reach'd their ships :
And in their safety we are sunk; for Cæsar
Prepares for war.

⁶⁹ *Admits of no comparison but itself.*] Mr. Theobald has wrote *parallel* against this line, and seems to have design'd a note in defence of the line, which Mr. Pope and his assistants in the Bathos so ingeniously banter'd him upon,

'None but himself can be his parallel.'

He had certainly authorities sufficient, both in Shakespeare as well as Fletcher; but as the sentiment is in itself somewhat absurd, and the three greatest wits in Europe joined in exposing it, the laugh will always be against him.

The following description of one of the most illustrious incidents of Cæsar's life is worthy our Authors, and worthy of Cæsar. Lucan seems to have either exerted, or design'd to have exerted, all the vigour of his genius in this description; but the *Pharfalia* unhappily just there breaks off unfinish'd.

Seward.

⁷⁰ *He made away.*] We have not altered the text, but strongly suspect the Author wrote, *he made a WAY*.

Pho.

Pho. How fell the king?

Achil. Unable

To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death
By the pursuers, and with him the priest
Of Isis, good Achoreus.

Arf. May the earth
Lie gently on their ashes!

Pho. I feel now,
That there are powers above us; and that 'tis not
Within the searching policies of man,
To alter their decrees.

Cleo. I laugh at thee!
Where are thy threats now, fool? thy scoffs, and scorns
Against the gods? I see calamity
Is the best mistress of religion,
And can convert an atheist. [Shout within.]

Pho. Oh, they come!
Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die
That plac'd his Heav'n on earth, is an assurance
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide me?
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,
Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting. [Exit.]

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, and Dolabella.

Cæsar. Look on your Cæsar! banish fear, my fairest;
You now are safe!

Sce. By Venus, not a kiss
'Till our work be done! The traitors once dispatch'd,
To it, and we'll cry aim⁷¹.

⁷¹ *To it, and we'll cry aim.*] *Ay-me* is a favourite cant term of our Authors to express the whining of lovers: I believe, therefore, there can be no doubt of that being the true word in this place. *Seward.*

In Mr. Seward's first note on this play, he called Dr. Warburton 'the greatest Critic of our nation,' and said, that he paid 'such deference to his judgment, as not to differ from it without much diffidence.' After this declaration, we are surprized to observe this alteration, directly against the explanation of that Author. 'To cry aim signifies to consent to or approve of any thing. The expression occurs in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii. scene iii. 'Thou shalt woo her; 'cry aim, said I well?' Upon which passage the following is part of the bishop's note. 'So again in this play (the Merry Wives) *And to these*

166 THE FALSE ONE.

Cæsar. I will be speedy. [*Exeunt Cæsar and train.*
Cleo. Farewell again!—*Arfinoe!* How now, *Eros*?
 Ever faint-hearted?

Eros. But that I am assur'd
 Your excellency can command the general,
 I fear the soldiers, for they look as if
 They would be nibbling too.

Cleo. He is all honour;
 Nor do I now repent me of my favours,
 Nor can I think Nature e'er made a woman,
 That in her prime deserv'd him.

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, Dolabella, and Soldiers,
with the heads.

Arf. He's come back ⁷².

* *these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim, i. e. approve*
 * *them.* And again in *King John*, act ii. scene ii.

"It ill becomes this presence to cry aim."

"To these ill-tuned repetitions."

* *i. e. to approve of, or encourage them.* The phrase was taken,
 * originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another
 * to shoot at the butts (the perpetual diversion, as well as exercise, of
 * that time) the standers-by used to say one to the other, *cry aim, i. e.*
 * accept the challenge. Thus *Beaumont and Fletcher*, in the *Fair*
 * *Maid of the Inn*, act v. make the Duke say,

"——— must I cry aime"

"To this unheard-of insolence?"

* *i. e. encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one*
 * of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other. But here
 * it is remarkable, that the senseless editors, (those of 1711) not
 * knowing what to make of the phrase *cry aim*, read it thus:

"——— must I cry AI-ME,"

* as if it was a note of interjection. So again *Massinger*, in his
 * *Guardian*:

"I will cry aim, and in another room

"Determine of my vengeance."

* And again, in his *Renegado*:

"——— to play the pandar

"To the viceroy's loose embraces, and cry aim,

"While he by force or flattery——"

R.

⁷² *Arf.* He's come back,

Pursue no further; curb the soldiers fury.] This gross mistake of
 giving part of *Cæsar's* speech to *Arfinoe*, ran through all the editions
 till 1750, when Mr. Seward corrected it.

Cæsar.

THE FALSE ONE. 167

Cæsar. Pursue no further; curb the soldiers' fury!
See, beauteous mistress, their accursed heads,
That did conspire against us.

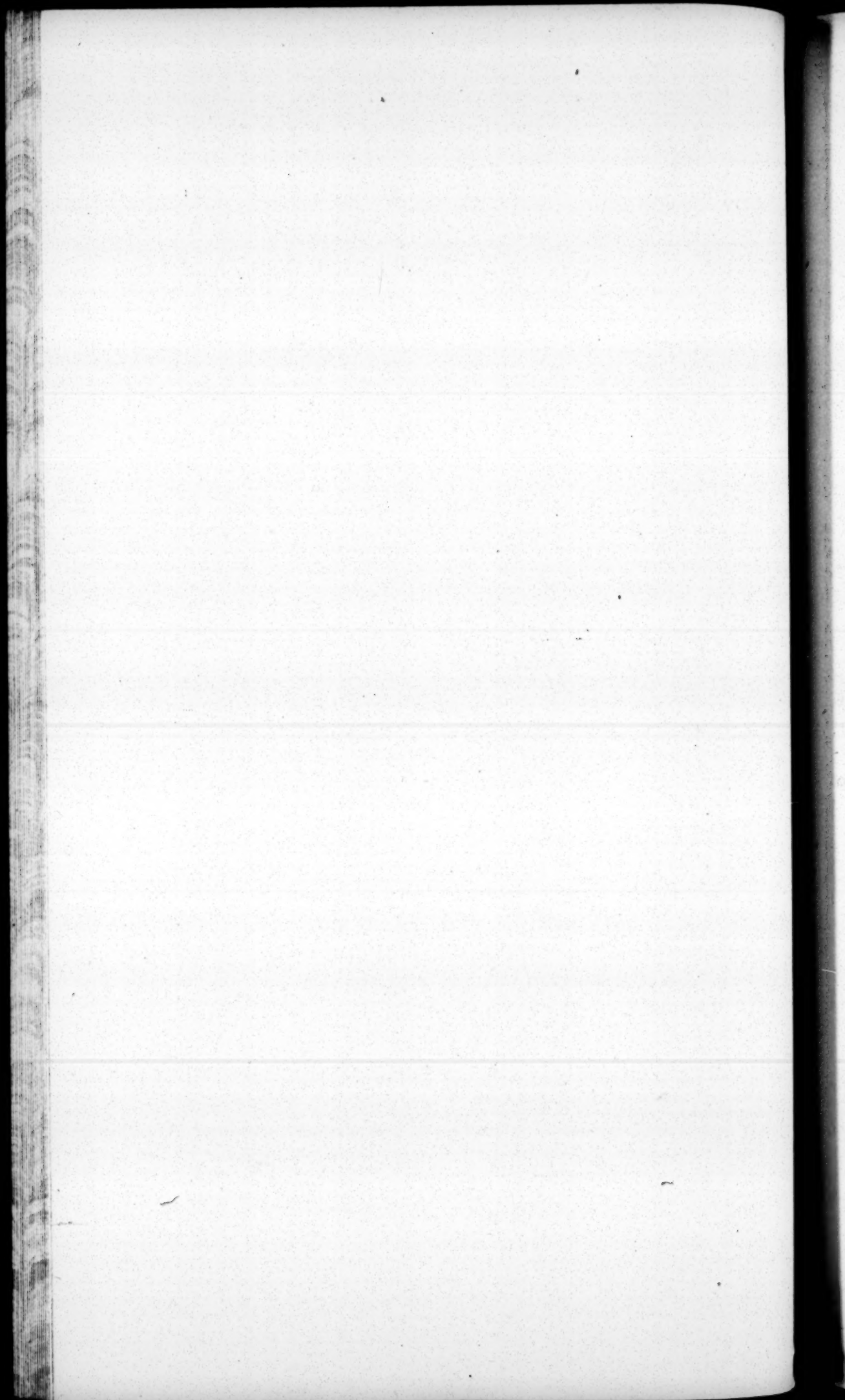
Sce. Furies plague 'em!
They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers:
Pompey fell by the sword; the cross or halter
Should have dispatch'd them.

Cæsar. All's but death, good Sceva;
Be therefore satisfied. And now, my dearest,
Look upon Cæsar, as he still appear'd,
A conqueror! And, this unfortunate king
Entomb'd with honour, we'll to Rome, where Cæsar
Will shew he can give kingdoms; for the senate,
Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O G U E.

I NOW should wish another had my place,
But that I hope to come off, and with grace:
And, but express some sign that you are pleas'd,
We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eas'd.
I would beg further, gentlemen, and much say
I th' favour of ourselves, them, and the play,
Did I not rest assur'd, the most I see
Hate impudence, and cherish modesty.







*Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way; or I'll be with you!
Is this all? I'll undertake within these two days,
To furnish any Cutler in this Kingdom. Act II.*

H. S. Roemer delin.

C. Grignon sculp.

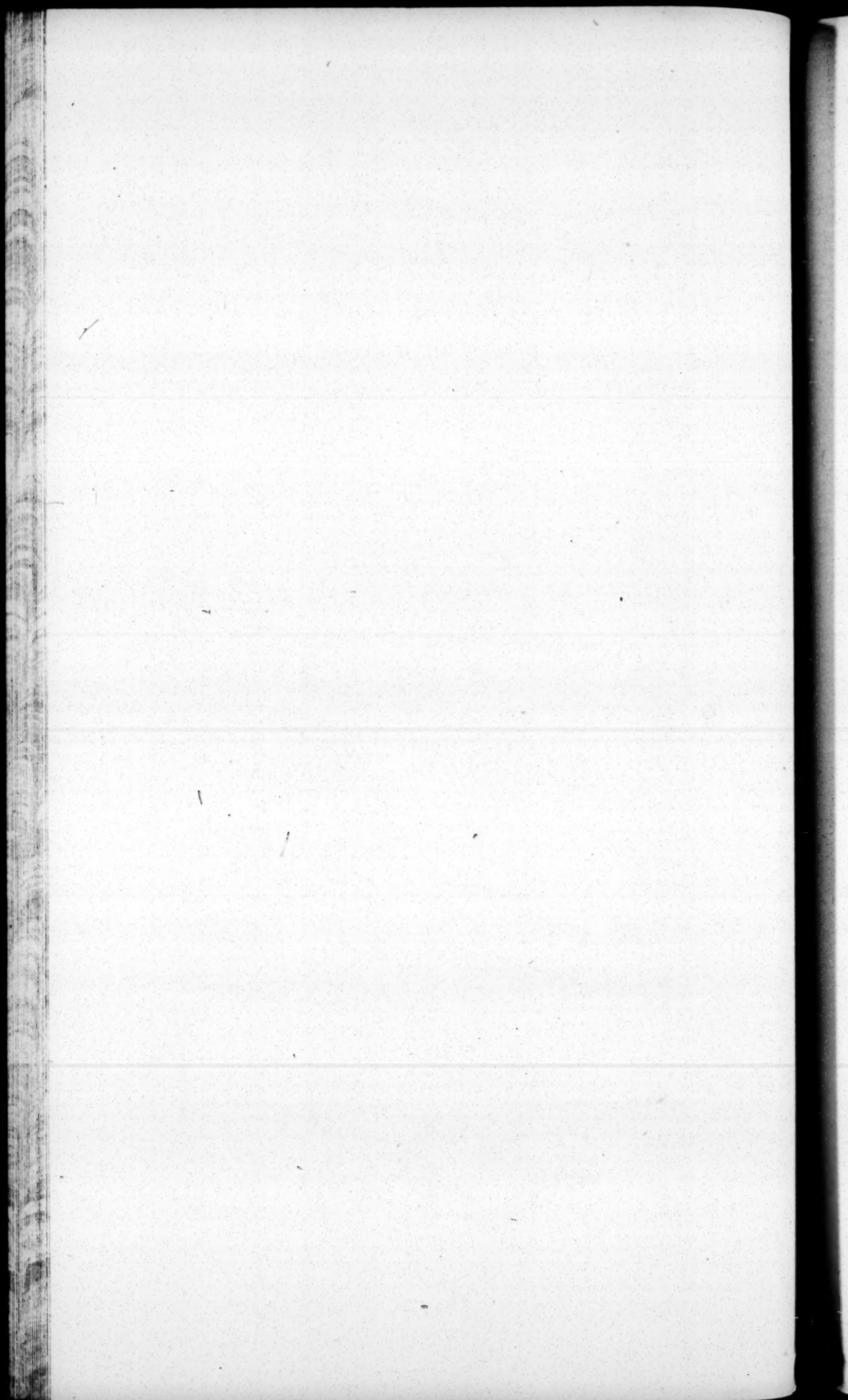


T H E
LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER,

A C O M E D Y.

Gardiner, Lovelace, and Hills, in their Commendatory Verses, ascribe this Comedy to Fletcher; but more credible witnesses, the Prologue and Epilogue, mention it as a joint production. Its first publication was in the folio of 1647. The greatest applause was always bestowed on this play, and it used to be frequently performed, till modern refinement banished it from the Theatres. In 1749, some of the scenes were selected for a farce, and acted under the title of this Comedy.

PROLOGUE.



P R O L O G U E.

TO promise much before a play begin,
And when 'tis done ask pardon, were a sin
We'll not be guilty of; and to excuse
Before we know a fault, were to abuse
The writers and ourselves; For I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a play,
And such a play as shall (so should plays do)
Imp time's dull wings, and make you merry too.
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it;
And we have our wish'd ends, if you commend it.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Dinant, *a gentleman that formerly lov'd, and still pretends to love Lamira.*

Cleremont, *a merry gentleman, his friend.*

Champernel, *a lame old gentleman, husband to Lamira.*

Vertaign, *a nobleman, and a judge.*

Beaupre, *son to Vertaign.*

Verdone, *nephew to Champernel.*

La Writ, *a wrangling advocate, or the Little Lawyer.*

Sampson, *a foolish advocate, kinsman to Vertaign.*

Provost.

Gentlemen.

Clients.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Lamira, *wife to Champernel, and daughter to Vertaign.*

Anabell, *neice to Champernel.*

Nurse to Lamira.

Charlotte, *waiting-gentlewoman to Lamira.*

SCENE, FRANCE.

T H E

T H E

LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

A C T I.

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

Dinant. **D**ISSUADE me not.

Cler. 'Twill breed a brawl!

Din. I care not;

I wear a sword!

Cler. And wear discretion with it,
Or cast it off; let that direct your arm;
'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base
Than to receive a wrong.

Din. Why, would you have me
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer?
We are not stoicks, and that passive courage
Is only now commendable in lacquies,
Peasants, and tradesmen, not in men of rank
And quality, as I am.

Cler. Do not cherish
That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers.
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honourable action,
Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom,
For th' honour of our country, and our prince,
Pours itself out with prodigal expence
Upon our mother's lap, the earth that bred us,
For every trifle. And these private duels,

Which

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Which had their first original from the French,
And for which, to this day, we're justly censur'd,
Are banish'd from all civil governments:
Scarce three in Venice, in as many years;
In Florence they are rarer; and in all
The fair dominions of the Spanish king,
They are ne'er heard of. Nay, those neighbour
countries,

Which gladly imitate our other follies,
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to detest them.

Din. Will you end yet?

Cler. And I have heard that some of our late kings,
For the lie, wearing of a mistress' favour,
A cheat at cards or dice, and such-like causes,
Have lost as many gallant gentlemen
As might have met the Great Turk in the field,
With confidence of a glorious victory:
And shall we then——

Din. No more, for shame, no more!
Are you become a patron¹ too? 'Tis a new one,
No more on't, burn it, give it to some orator,
To help him to enlarge his exercise:
With such a one it might do well, and profit
The curate of the parish; but for Cleremont,
The bold and undertaking Cleremont,
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,
Dinant that knows his Cleremont, is absurd,
And mere apocrypha.

¹ *Are you become a patron too? 'Tis a new one,
No more on't, burn it, give it to some orator.*] *Patron*, here, has
its Latin meaning, *i. e.* a pleader, or advocate; but the word *speech*,
declamation, *harangue*, or something to that effect, must be understood
to make the following line sense; and it is highly probable that a
whole line is lost, which might have been something like the following.

Are you become a patron too? How long

Have you been couning this speech? 'Tis a new one;

No more on't, &c.

Seward.

Are you become a patron too? 'Tis a new one.] We suspect *patron*
to be a corruption of *pattern*, a word which would give good sense to
the passage, and comes very near that admitted into the text.

Cler.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 175

Cler. Why, what know you of me?

Din. Why, if thou hast forgot thyself, I'll tell thee,
And not look back, to speak of what thou wert
At fifteen, for at those years I have heard
Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.

Cler. Well, Sir, well!

Din. But yesterday thou wast the common second
Of all that only knew thee; thou hadst bills
Set up on every post, to give thee notice
Where any difference was, and who were parties.
And as, to save the charges of the law,
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels:
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make

one,

Or be engag'd thyself. This goodly calling
Th' hast follow'd five-and-twenty years, and studied
The criticisms of contentions; and art thou
In so few hours transform'd? Certain, this night
Th' hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.

Cler. Yes, Sir,

I have seen fools and fighters chain'd together,
And the fighters had the upper-hand, and whip'd
first,

The poor fots laughing at 'em. What I have been
It skills not; what I will be is resolv'd on.

Din. Why, then you'll fight no more?

Cler. Such is my purpose.

Din. On no occasion?

Cler. There you stagger me.

Some kind of wrongs there are, which flesh and blood
Cannot endure.

Din. Thou wouldst not willingly
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one?

Cler. Words are but words².

Din.

² *Words are but words.*] After Cleremont has said this, which seems to assert that he would not mind being called a coward, nor make

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Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow?

Cler. Not from my friend, tho' drunk; and from
an enemy,

I think much less.

Din. There's some hope of thee left then.

Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgrac'd?

Cler. D'you think I am a rogue? They that should
do it

Had better been born dumb.

Din. Or in thy presence,

See me o'er-charg'd with odds?

Cler. I'd fall myself first.

Din. Wouldst thou endure thy mistress be ta'en
from thee,

And thou sit quiet?

Cler. There you touch my honour;

No Frenchman can endure that.

Din. Plague upon thee!

Why dost thou talk of peace then, that dar'st suffer

Nothing, or in thyself, or in thy friend,

That is unmanly?

Cler. That I grant, I cannot:

But I'll not quarrel with this gentleman

For wearing stammel breeches³; or this gamester

For

make that a cause of fighting, Dinant goes on as if he had said directly the contrary; and perhaps a line may here be lost again to the following import.

*Words are but words, but coward is a name
I could not brook.*

With this addition the whole context seems consonant to itself.

Seward.

³ *Stammel breeches.*] *i. e.* Red breeches. Mr. Symphon has given an explanation of the word from Ben Jonson, more clear than what we have in dictionaries. Octavo edition, page 238.

'Red-hood the first that does appear

'In *stammel*; scarlet is too dear.'

It is highly probable that *red breeches* were in our Authors time wore only by *smarts*, and were esteemed coxcomical. In that age of duelling therefore, a sneer upon this topic might have produc'd bloodshed.

Seward.

Mr. Steevens hath collected the following examples of the use of
this

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 177

For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me nothing;
 For this man's taking up a common wench
 In rags, and lousy, then maintaining her
 Caroch'd⁴, in cloth of tiffue; nor five hundred
 Of such-like toys, that at no part concern me.
 Marry, where my honour, or my friend's is question'd,
 I have a sword, and I think I may use it
 To th' cutting of a rascal's throat, or so,
 Like a good Christian.

Din. Thou'rt of a fine religion;
 And, rather than we'll make a schism in friendship,
 I will be of it. But, to be serious,
 Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
 To fair Lamira?

Cler. Too well, Sir, and remember
 Your presents, courtship—that's too good a name—
 Your slave-like services; your morning musick,
 Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight
 To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd at,
 Sometimes admitted, and vouchsaf'd to kifs
 Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers;
 How then you triumph'd! Here was love forsooth.

Din. These follies I deny not;
 Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me:
 But my reward for this——

Cler. As you deserv'd;

this word, in a note at the latter end of the second act of the Tempest.

* In Fletcher's Woman-Hater:

“Humble herself in an old *flamel* petticoat.”

* So, in Middleton's Masque of the World Toss'd at Tennis:

“They wear *flammel* cloaks instead of scarlet.”

* So, in the Return from Parnassus, 1606,

“Some *flamel* weaver, or some butcher's son.”

* Again, in the Turk turn'd Christian, 1612,

“That fellow in the *flammel* hose is one of them.”

And Mr. Tollet observes, that *flammel* colour is a light-red colour.

* The light-pale *flammel* is mentioned in Ph. Holland's Translation
 of Pliny's Nat. Hist. and is also there stiled the *light-red* and *fresh*
lusty gallant, p. 260 & 261. See also *flammel*, in Ainsworth's
 Dictionary. R.

⁴ Caroch'd.] This word is deriv'd from the French *carosse*, a coach.
 In the Custom of the Country, Hypolita says, *Make ready my caroch*.

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For he that makes a goddess of a puppet,
Merits no other recompense.

Din. This day, friend,
For thou art so——

Cler. I am no flatterer.

Din. This proud ingrateful she is married to
Lame Champernel.

Cler. I know him; he has been
As tall a seaman, and has thriv'd as well by't,
(The loss of a leg and an arm deducted) as any
That ever put from Marseilles. You are tame;
Plague on't, it mads me! If it were my case,
I should kill all the family.

Din. Yet, but now
You did preach patience.

Cler. I then came from confession;
And 'twas enjoin'd me three hours, for a penance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one;
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
On a new tally. 'Foot, do any thing,
I'll second you.

Din. I would not willingly
Make red my yet-white conscience; yet I purpose,
I' th' open street, as they come from the temple,
(For this way they must pass) to speak my wrongs,
And do it boldly. [Musick plays.]

Cler. Were thy tongue a cannon,
I would stand by thee, boy. They come; upon 'em!

Din. Observe a little first.

Cler. This is fine fidling.

*Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Lamira, Nurse, Beaupre,
and Verdone.*

AN EPITHALAMION SONG AT THE WEDDING.

Come away; bring on the bride,
And place her by her lover's side.
You fair troop of maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
Blush, and wish, you virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.

Chorus.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 179

Chorus. Hymen, fill the house with joy,
All thy sacred fires employ :
Bless the bed with holy love,
Now, fair orb of beauty, move.

Din. Stand by, for I'll be heard.

Vert. This is strange rudeness !

Din. 'Tis courtship, balanced with injuries !
You all look pale with guilt, but I will dye
Your cheeks with blushes, if in your fear'd veins
There yet remain so much of honest blood
To make the colour. First, to you, my lord,
The father of this bride, whom you have sent
Alive into her grave.

Champ. How ! to her grave ?

Din. Be patient, Sir ; I'll speak of you anon.—
You that allow'd me liberal access,
To make my way with service, and approv'd of
My birth, my person, years, and no-base fortune ;
You that are rich, and, but in this, held wise too ;
That as a father should have look'd upon
Your daughter in a husband, and aim'd more
At what her youth and heat of blood requir'd
In lawful pleasures, than the parting from
Your crowns to pay her dower ; you that already
Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,
As if you were assur'd to live here ever ;
What poor end had you in this choice ? In what
Deserve I your contempt ? My house, and honours,
At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,
And, not to praise myself, the city ranks me
In the first file of her most hopeful gentry.
But Champernel is rich, and needs a nurse,
And not your gold ; and, add to that, he's old too,
His whole estate in likelihood to descend
Upon your family : Here was providence,
I grant, but in a noblemah base thrift.
No merchants, nay, no pirates, sell for bondmen
Their countrymen ; but you, a gentleman,

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To save a little gold, have sold your daughter
To worse than slavery.

Cler. This was spoke home indeed.

Beau. Sir, I shall take some other time to tell you,
That this harsh language was deliver'd to
An old man, but my father.

Din. At your pleasure.

Cler. Proceed in your design ; let me alone
To answer him, or any man.

Verdone. You presume
Too much upon your name, but may be cozen'd.

Din. But for you, most unmindful of my service,
(For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
Since all is lost ; and yet I am a gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For such you must have been) you, to whom nature
Gave with a liberal hand most excellent form ;
Your education, language, and discourse,
And judgment to distinguish ; when you shall
With feeling sorrow understand how wretched
And miserable you have made yourself,
And but yourself have nothing to accuse,
Can you with hope from any beg compassion ?
But you will say, you serv'd your father's pleasure,
Forgetting that unjust commands of parents
Are not to be obey'd ; or, that you're rich,
And that to wealth all pleasures else are servants :
Yet, but consider how this wealth was purchas'd,
'Twill trouble the possession.

Champ. You, Sir, know
I got it, and with honour.

Din. But from whom ?
Remember that, and how ! You'll come indeed
To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this soldier will not lie,
But answer truly, ' This rich cloth of arras
' I made my prize in such a ship ; this plate
' Was my share in another ; these fair jewels,
' Coming ashore, I got in such a village,

' The

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'The maid, or matron kill'd, from whom they were
ravish'd.'

The wines you drink are guilty too ; for this,
This Candy wine, three merchants were undone ;
These suckets^s break as many more : In brief,
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is purchas'd
By lawleſs force, and you but revel in
The tears and groans of ſuch as were the owners.

Champ. 'Tis falſe, moſt baſely falſe !

Vert. Let loſers talk.

Din. Laſtly, thoſe joys, thoſe beſt of joys, which
Hymen

Freely beſtows on ſuch that come to tie
The ſacred knot he bleſſes, won unto it
By equal love, and mutual affection,
Not blindly led with the deſire of riches,
Moſt miſerable you ſhall never taſte of !
This marriage-night you'll meet a widow's bed,
Or, failing of thoſe pleaſures all brides look for,
Sin in your wiſh it were ſo !

Champ. Thou'rt a villain,
A baſe, malicious ſlanderer !

Cler. Strike him.

Din. No, he's not worth a blow.

Champ. Oh, that I had thee
In ſome cloſe vault, that only would yield room
To me to uſe my ſword, to thee no hope
To run away, I'd make thee on thy knees
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me !

Vert. Pray you have patience.

Lam. This day I am to be your ſovereign ;
Let me command you.

Champ. I am loſt with rage,
And know not what I am myſelf, nor you.
Away ! dare ſuch as you, that love the ſmoke
Of peace, more than the fire of glorious war,
And, like unprofitable drones, feed on

^s *Suckets.*] i. e. Banqueting diſhes.

Seward.

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Your grandfires' labours, (that, as I am now,
Were gathering-bees, and fill'd their hive, this country,
With brave triumphant spoils) censure our actions?
You object my prizes to me: Had you seen
The horror of a sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the fire I fearless fought in,
And quench'd it in mine enemies' blood, which straight
Like oil pour'd out on't^s, made it burn anew;
My deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
The loudest thunder, and the desperate fools
That boarded me, sent, to defy the tempests
That were against me, to the angry sea,
Frighted with men thrown o'er; no victory,
But in despite of the four elements,
The fire, the air, the sea, and sands hid in it,
To be achiev'd; you would confess, poor men,
(Tho' hopeless such an honourable way
To get or wealth, or honour in yourselves)
He that thro' all these dreadful passages
Pursu'd and overtook them, unaffrighted,
Deserves reward, and not to have it stil'd
By the base name of theft.

Din. This is the courtship
That you must look for, madam.

Cler. 'Twill do well,
When nothing can be done, to spend the night with.
Your tongue is sound, good lord; and I could wish,
For this young lady's sake, this leg, this arm,
And there is something else, I will not name,
(Tho' 'tis the only thing that must content her)
Had the same vigour.

Champ. You shall buy these scoffs
With your best blood! Help me once, noble anger!
Nay, stir not; I alone must right myself,

^s *Like oil pour'd out on't, made it burn anew.*] I would choose to read, *like oil pour'd on it*; but I believe the old reading may give the same idea. The metaphor is a little difficult here; *the blood both quenches and makes the fire burn anew*; but *quenches*, here, must only signify to abate the fire for a moment, and then the whole is clear.

Seward.

And

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And with one leg transport me, to correct
These scandalous praters! Oh, that noble wounds [*Falls.*
Should hinder just revenge! D'ye jeer me too?
I got these, not as you do your diseases,
In brothels, or with riotous abuse
Of wine in taverns; I have one leg shot,
One arm disabled, and am honour'd more
By losing them, as I did, in the face
Of a brave enemy, than if they were
As when I put to sea. You are Frenchmen only,
In that you have been laid, and cur'd. Go to!
You mock my leg, but every bone about you
Makes you good almanack-makers, to foretell
What weather we shall have.

Din. Put up your sword.

Cler. Or turn it to a crutch; there't may be useful;
And live on the relation to your wife
Of what a brave man you were once.

Din. And tell her,
What a fine virtue 'tis in a young lady
To give an old man pap.

Cler. Or hire a surgeon
To teach her to roll up your broken limbs.

Din. To make a poultice, and endure the scent
Of oils, and nasty plaisters.

Vert. Fy, Sir, fy!
You that have stood all dangers, of all kinds, to
Yield to a rival's scoff?

Lam. Shed tears upon
Your wedding-day? This is unmanly, gentlemen.

Champ. They're tears of anger. Oh, that I should live
To play the woman thus! All-pow'rful Heav'n,
Restore me, but one hour, that strength again
That I had once, to chastise in these men
Their follies and ill manners; and that done,
When you please, I'll yield up the fort of life,
And do it gladly.

Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.

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Verdone. You shall have satisfaction :
And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me.

Beaup. I say no more ; you have a brother, sister :
This is your wedding-day, we're in the street,
And howsoever they forget their honour,
'Tis fit I lose not mine, by their example.

Vert. If there be laws in Paris, look to answer
This insolent affront.

Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em, for Heav'n's sake ! For my part, I know not,
Nor care not, what they are. Is there aught else
That you would say ?

Din. Nothing ; I have my ends.
Lamira weeps ; I've said too much I fear !
So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to see her tears. [Exe. Din. and Cler.]

Champ. See you perform it,
And do it like my nephew.

Verdone. If I fail in't,
Ne'er know me more. Cousin Beaupre !

Champ. Repent not
What thou hast done, my life ; thou shalt not find
I am decrepid ; in my love and service,
I will be young, and constant ; and believe me,
(For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all
The scandals these rude men have thrown upon me)
I'll meet thy pleasures with a young man's ardour,
And in all circumstances of a husband
Perform my parts.

Lam. Good Sir, I am your servant ;
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which, as I am a virgin yet, I do not)
To undo the knot, that by the church is tied.
Only I would beseech you, as you have
A good opinion of me, and my virtues,
For so you've pleas'd to stile my innocent weakness,
That what hath pass'd between Dinant and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts or fears.

Champ.

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Champ. I apprehend you ;
You think I will be jealous : As I live,
Thou art mistaken, sweet ! and, to confirm it,
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,
Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt ;
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Than thine own thoughts.

Lam. I'll use this liberty
With moderation, Sir.

Beaup. I am resolv'd.
Steal off ; I'll follow you.

Champ. Come, Sir, you droop :
'Till you find cause, which I shall never give,
Dislike not of your son-in-law.

Vert. Sir, you teach me
The language I should use : I am most happy
In being so near you. [*Exe. Verdone and Beau.*]

Lam. Oh, my fears ! Good Nurse,
Follow my brother unobserv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.

Nurse. I will be careful, madam. [*Exit.*]

Champ. Between us compliments are superfluous.
On, gentlemen ! Th' affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter ; 'twere unfit
To cherish any thought to breed unrest,
Or to ourselves, or to our nuptial feast. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

Cler. We shall have sport, ne'er fear't.

Din. What sport, I prithee ?

Cler. Why, we must fight ; I know it, and I long for't ;
It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young Verdone ; Beaupre look'd pale and shook too,
Familiar signs of anger. They're both brave fellows,
Tried and approv'd, and I am proud to encounter
With men, from whom no honour can be lost ;
They will play up to a man, and set him off.
Whene'er I go to th' field, Heav'n keep me from
The meeting of an unlesh'd youth or coward !

The

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The first, to get a name, comes on too hot ;
The coward is so swift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him without
A hunting nag, well breath'd too.

Din. All this while,
You ne'er think on the danger.

Cler. Why, 'tis no more
Than meeting of a dozen friends at supper,
And drinking hard; mischief comes there unlook'd for,
I'm sure as sudden, and strikes home as often ;
For this we are prepar'd.

Din. Lamira loves
Her brother Beaupre dearly.

Cler. What of that ?

Din. And should he call me to account for what
But now I spake, (nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words) that little hope is left me,
E'er to enjoy what (next to Heav'n) I long for,
Is taken from me.

Cler. Why, what can you hope for,
She being now married ?

Din. Oh, my Cleremont !
To you all secrets of my heart lie open,
And I rest most secure that whatsoe'er
I lock up there, is as a private thought,
And will no further wrong me. I am a Frenchman,
And for the greater part we are born courtiers ;
She is a woman, and however yet
No heat of service had the power to melt
Her frozen chastity, time and opportunity
May work her to my ends ; I confess ill ones,
And yet I must pursue 'em. Now her marriage,
In probability, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.

Cler. Sits the wind there ? Pray you tell me
How far off dwells your love from lust ?

Din. Too near ;
But prithee chide me not.

Cler. Not I ; go on, boy !

I've

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I've faults myself, and will not reprehend
A crime I am not free from. For her marriage,
I do esteem it (and most batchelors are
Of my opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the wanton without loss of honour.

Din. Would she make use of't so, I were most happy.

Cler. No more of this. Judge now, whether I have
The gift of prophesy.

Enter Beaupre and Verdone.

Beau. Monsieur Dinant,
I'm glad to find you, Sir.

Din. I'm at your service.

Verdone. Good monsieur Cleremont, I have long
wish'd

To be known better to you.

Cler. My desires
Embrace your wishes, Sir.

Beau. Sir, I have ever
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess
I should have been most proud to've had the honour
To call you brother, but my father's pleasure
Denied that happiness. I know, no man lives
That can command his passions; and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
Ye were pleas'd to use to my father and my sister:
He's old, and she a woman; I most sorry
My honour does compel me to entreat you
To do me the favour, with your sword, to meet me,
A mile without the city.

Din. You much honour me
In the demand; I'll gladly wait upon you.

Beau. Oh, Sir, you teach me what to say. The time?

Din. With the next sun, if you think fit.

Beau. The place?

Din. Near to the vineyard, eastward from the city.

Beau. I like it well. This gentleman, if you please,
Will keep me company.

Cler. That is agreed on;

And

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And in my friend's behalf I will attend him.

Verdone. You shall not miss my service.

Beau. Good day, gentlemen!

Din. At your commandment.

Cler. Proud to be your servants.

[*Exeunt Beaupre and Verdone.*]

I think there is no nation under Heaven
That cut their enemies' throats with compliment⁶,
And such fine tricks, as we do. If you have
Any few prayers to say, this night you may
Call 'em to mind, and use 'em; for myself,
As I have little to lose, my care is less;
So, 'till to-morrow morning I bequeath you
To your devotions, and those paid, but use
That noble courage I have seen, and we
Shall fight, as in a castle.

Din. Thou'rt all honour;
'Thy resolution would steel a coward,
And I most fortunate in such a friend.
All tenderness and nice respect of woman
Be now far from me! Reputation, take
A full possession of my heart, and prove
Honour the first place holds, the second love! [*Exeunt.*]

⁶ *I think there is no nation under Heav'n,*

That cut their enemies throats with compliment,

And such fine tricks as we do.] Moliere has a scene built upon the politeness of the French duellers, which is extremely like this. I mention it not as supposing that excellent writer to have copied from our Authors; but to shew how admirably the latter drew their characters; since in the portraits of Frenchmen, they hit the very same masterly strokes with the greatest master of French Comedy. *Seward.*

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A C T II.

Enter Lamira and Charlotte⁷.

Lam. SLEEPS my lord still, Charlotte?

Char. Not to be wak'd.

By your ladyship's cheerful looks, I well perceive
That this night the good lord hath been
At an unusual service; and no wonder
If he rests after it.

Lam. You're very bold.

Char. Your creature, madam, and, when you are
pleas'd,

Sadness to me's a stranger. Your good pardon
If I speak like a fool; I could have wish'd
To have ta'en your place to-night, had bold Dinant,
Your first and most obsequious servant, tasted
Those delicacies, which, by his lethargy,
As it appears, have cloy'd my lord.

Lam. No more!

Char. I'm silenc'd, madam.

Lam. Saw you my Nurse this morning?

Char. No, madam.

Lam. I am full of fears. Who's that? [*Knock within.*]

Char. She you enquir'd for.

Lam. Bring her in, and leave me. [*Exit Charlotte.*]
Now, Nurse, what news?

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Oh, lady, dreadful ones!

⁷ *Enter Lamira, and Charlotte.*] I think it very clear, that this is the beginning of the second act; for a whole night is past since the last scene, and the players seem to have divided the acts at the end of the next scene, only to make them of a more equal length.

Seward.

Though there is reason in what Mr. Seward says, and propriety in his variation (wherefore we have adopted it), we are far from being clear that the old division was not Fletcher's.

They

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They are to fight this morning ; there's no remedy.
I saw my lord your brother, and Verdone,
Take horse as I came by.

Lam. Where's Cleremont ?

Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.

Lam. Where's Dinant ?

Nurse. There's all the hope; I've staid him with a
trick,

If I have done well, so.

Lam. What trick ?

Nurse. I told him,

Your ladyship laid your command upon him
To attend you presently ; and, to confirm it,
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestow'd on me. He waits without
Disguis'd, and if you have that power in him
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.

Lam. Have you learnt the place
Where they are to encounter ?

Nurse. Yes, 'tis where
The duke of Burgundy met Lewis th' eleventh.

Lam. Enough ; I will reward thee liberally. [*Ex. Nurse.*
Go, bring him in.—Full dear I lov'd Dinant,
While it was lawful, but those fires are quench'd,
I being now another's. Truth, forgive me,
And let dissimulation be no crime,
Tho' most unwillingly I put it on,
To guard a brother's safety !

Enter Dinant.

Din. Now, your pleasure.
Tho' ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive
I'm still your fool, and cannot but obey
Whatever you command.

Lam. You speak as if
You did repent it ; and 'tis not worth my thanks then :
But there has been a time, in which you would
Receive this as a favour.

Din. Hope was left then

Of

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 191

Of recompense.

Lam. Why, I am still Lamira,
And you Dinant, and 'tis yet in my power
(I dare not say I'll put it into act)
To reward your love and service.

Din. There's some comfort.

Lam. But think not that so low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuses
To buy it; or with danger of performance
Of what I shall enjoin him——

Din. Name that danger
(Be't of what horrid shape soever, lady)
Which I will shrink at; only, at this instant,
Be speedy in't.

Lam. I'll put you to the trial :
You shall not fight to-day, (d' you start at that ?)
Not with my brother. I have heard your difference;
Mine is no Helen's beauty, to be purchas'd
With blood, and so defended : If you look for
Favours from me, deserve them with obedience;
There's no way else to gain 'em.

Din. You command
What with mine honour I cannot obey,
Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend
Equally dear as that, or life, engag'd,
Not for himself, but me.

Lam. Why, foolish man,
Dare you solicit me to serve your lust,
In which not only I abuse my lord,
My father, and my family, but write whore,
Tho' not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your honour ?
Yours suffers but in circumstance; mine in substance.
If you obey me, you part with some credit;
From whom ? the giddy multitude : But mankind
Will censure me, and justly.

Din. I will lose
What most I do desire, rather than hazard
So dear a friend, or write myself a coward :

'Tis

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'Tis better be no man.

Lam. This will not do.—

[*Aside.*

Why, I desire not you should be a coward,
Nor do I weigh my brother's life with yours;
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly:
Let me not suffer for you, I am careless.

Din. Suffer for me?

Lam. For you; my kindness to you
Already brands me with a strumpet's name.

Din. Oh, that I knew the wretch!

Lam. I will not name him,
Nor give you any character to know him;
But if you dare, and instantly, ride forth
At the West port o' th' city, and defend there
My reputation against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear, Dinant,
To satisfy, tho' sure I think I shall,
Whatever you desire. If you deny this,
Be desperate; for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more.

Din. Two hours, d' you say?

Lam. Only two hours.

Din. I were no gentleman,
Should I make scruple of it. This favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it. [Exit.

Lam. I am glad on't.
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My brother safe, which was the mark I shot at. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cleremont, as in the field.

Cler. I'm first i' th' field, that honour's gain'd of our
side;

Pray Heav'n, I may get off as honourably!
The hour is past; I wonder Dinant comes not:
This is the place; I cannot see him yet:
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,

And

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And I ne'er knew him yet but to his honour
A firm and worthy friend; yet I see nothing,
Nor horse, nor man: 'Twould vex me to be left here,
To th' mercy of two swords, and two approv'd ones.
I never knew him last.

Enter Beaupre and Verdone.

Beau. You're well met, Cleremont.

Verdone. You're a fair gentleman, and love your
friend, Sir.

What, are you ready? The time has overta'en us.

Beau. And this, you know, the place.

Cler. No Dinant yet!

Beau. We come not now to argue, but to do:
We wait you, Sir.

Cler. There's no time past yet, gentlemen;
We've day enough.—Is't possible he comes not?—
You see I'm ready here, and do but stay
'Till my friend come: Walk but a turn or two;
'Twill not be long.

Verdone. We came to fight.

Cler. Ye shall fight, gentlemen,
And fight enough: But a short turn or two!
I think I see him; set up your watch, we'll fight by it.

Beau. That is not he; we will not be deluded.

Cler. Am I bob'd thus?—Pray take a pipe of tobacco,
Or sing but some new air; by that time, gentlemen——

Verdone. Come, draw your sword; you know the
custom here, Sir,
First come, first serv'd.

Cler. Tho' it be held a custom,
And practis'd so, I do not hold it honest.
What honour can you both win on me fingle?

Beau. Yield up your sword then.

Cler. Yield my sword? that's Hebrew;
I'll be first cut a-pieces. Hold but a while,

Enter an Old Gentleman.

I'll take the next that comes. You're an old gentleman?

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N

Gent.

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Gent. Yes, indeed am I, Sir.

Cler. And wear no sword?

Gent. I need none, Sir.

Cler. I would you did, and had one;
I want now such a foolish courtesy.
You see these gentlemen?

Gent. You want a second?

In good faith, Sir, I was ne'er handsome at it.
I would you had my son; but he's in Italy.

A proper gentleman. You may do well, gallants,
If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy;
The gentleman may do his country——

Cler. Now I beseech you, Sir,
If you dare not fight, don't stay to beg my pardon.
There lies your way.

Gent. Good-morrow, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Verdone. You see your fortune;

You'd better yield your sword.

Cler. Pray ye stay a little;

Enter two Gentlemen.

Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought with.—
Well, Dinant, well!—These wear swords, and seem
brave fellows.

As you are gentlemen, one of you supply me:
I want a second now, to meet these gallants;
You know what honour is.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you must pardon us;
We go about the same work you are ready for,
And must fight presently; else we were your servants.

2 *Gent.* God speed you, and good day!

Cler. Am I thus colted?^s [Exeunt Gentlemen.

Beau. Come, either yield——

Cler. As you are honest gentlemen,
Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune;
And if I fight not like a man——Fy, Dinant!
Cold now and treacherous?

^s *Colted.*] See note 31 on Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.

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La-Writ [*within*]. I understand your causes ;
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses—
Will ye make me mad? have I not all the parcels⁹?—
And his petition too, about bell-founding ;
Send in your witnesses.—What will ye have me do ?
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are
melted!—

And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,
His cause shall be the first. Commend me to your
mistress,

And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her—I shall dispatch you too,
I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales :
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
No more vexation! Bid my wife send me some puddings ;
I have a cause to run thro' requires puddings ;
Puddings enough. Farewell!

Enter La-Writ.

Cler. God speed you, Sir!

Beau. 'Would he would take this fellow!

Verdone. A rare youth.

Cler. If you ben't hasty, Sir——

La-Writ. Yes, I am hasty,
Exceeding hasty, Sir; I am going to the parliament;
You understand this bag: If you have any business,
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.

Cler. 'Faith, Sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no parliament.

La-Writ. I have no skill in't then.

Cler. I must desire you ;
'Tis a sword matter, Sir.

La-Writ. I am no cutler,
I am an advocate, Sir.

Beau. How the thing looks!

Verdone. When he brings him to fight——

⁹ *Parcels.*] This is a law-term, and means that part of a deed in
which land, or other things, to be conveyed, are described. *R.*

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Cler. Be not so hafty ;
You wear a good sword.

La-Writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword——

Cler. I must entreat you try, Sir, and bear a part
Against these gentlemen ; I want a second :
You seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

La-Writ. I am a Lawyer, Sir, I am no fighter.

Cler. You that breed quarrels, Sir, know best to
satisfy.

Beau. This is some sport yet.

Verdone. If this fellow should fight ?

La-Writ. And, for any thing I know, I am an arrant
coward ;

Do not trust me ; I think I am a coward.

Cler. Try, try ; you are mistaken.—Walk on, gen-
tlemen,

The man shall follow presently.

La-Writ. Are ye mad, gentleman ?
My business is within this half-hour.

Cler. That's all one ;
We'll dispatch within this quarter.—There in that
bottom ;

'Tis most convenient, gentlemen.

Beau. Well, we'll wait, Sir.

Verdone. Why, this will be a comick fight. You'll
follow ?

La-Writ. As I'm a true man, I can't fight.

Cler. Away, away.— [*Exeunt Beaupre and Verdone.*]
I know you can : I like your modesty ;
I know you will fight, and so fight, with such metal,
And with such judgment meet your enemy's fury—
I see it in your eye, Sir.

La-Writ. I'll be hang'd then ;
And I charge you, in the king's name, name no more
fighting.

Cler. I charge you, in the king's name, play the man ;
Which, if you do not quickly, I begin with you ;
I'll make you dance. Do you see your fiddlestick ?

Sweet

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 197

Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.

La-Writ. Stand further, gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a dust o' th' chaps —

Cler. Spoke bravely,
And like thyself, a noble advocate !
Come, to thy tools.

La-Writ. I do not say I'll fight.

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La-Writ. If I do fight—
I say, if I do, but don't depend upon't—
(And yet I have a foolish itch upon me)—
What shall become of my writings ?

Cler. Let 'em lie by ;
They will not run away, man.

La-Writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my causes then my business ?
I will not fight ; I cannot fight. My causes —

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand causes ;
Thou art a man to fight for any cause,
And carry it with honour.

La-Writ. Hum ! say you so ? If I should
Be such a coxcomb to prove valiant now !

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

La-Writ. Do you think so ?
I am undone for ever, if it prove so,
I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever ;
For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight ? for I cannot stay,
Nor will not stay ; I've business.

Cler. We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.

La-Writ. Here will I hang my bag then ; it may save
my belly ;
I never lov'd cold iron there.

Cler. You do wisely.

La-Writ. Help me to pluck my sword out then ;
quickly, quickly !
'T has not been fun these ten years.

Cler. How it grumbles ?
This sword is vengeance angry.

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La-Writ. Now I'll put my hat up,
And say my prayers as I go. Away, boy!
If I be kill'd, remember the Little Lawyer! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Beaupre.

Beau. They're both come on; that may be a stubborn rascal.

Enter La-Writ.

Take you that ground; I'll stay here. Fight bravely!

La-Writ. To't chearfully, my boys! You'll let's
have fair play;

None of your foining tricks.

Beau. Come forward, monsieur!

What hast thou there? a pudding in thy belly?

I shall see what it holds.

La-Writ. Put your spoon home then! [*Fight.*]

Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit, Sir!
God-a-mercy bag!

Beau. Nothing but bombast in you?

The rogue winks and fights.

[*Beau. loses his sword; La-Writ treads on it.*]

La-Writ. Now your fine fencing, Sir!

Stand off; thou diest on point else! I have it, I have it!

Yet further off!—I have his sword.

Cler. [*within.*] Then keep it;

Be sure you keep it!

La-Writ. I'll put it in my mouth else.

Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,

And look another way, or I'll be with you!

Is this all? I'll undertake within these two days

To furnish any cutler in this kingdom.

Beau. Pox, what fortune's this! Disarmed by a
puppy?

A snail? a dog?

La-Writ. No more o' these words, gentleman!

Sweet gentleman; no more! Do not provoke me!

Go walk i' th' Horse-fair; whistle, gentleman.—

What must I do now?

Enter

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 199

Enter Cleremont, pursued by Verdone.

Cler. Help me ; I'm almost breathless.

La-Writ. With all my heart. There's a cold pie
for you, Sir ! — *[Strikes Cleremont.*

Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool !

La-Writ. Thou fool, stand further off then.—
Deliver, deliver !

[Strikes up Verdone's heels, and takes his sword too.

Cler. Hold fast.

La-Writ. I ne'er fail in't.

There's twelve-pence ; go, buy you two leaden daggers !
Have I done well ?

Cler. Most like a gentleman.

Beau. And we two basely lost !

Verdone. 'Tis but a fortune.

We shall yet find an hour. *[Exe. Beau. and Verd. sad.*

Cler. I shall be glad on't.

La Writ. Where's my cloak, and my trinkets ? Or,
will you

Fight any longer, for a crash or two ?

Cler. I am your noble friend, Sir.

La-Writ. It may be so.

Cler. What honour shall I do you, for this great
courtesy ?

La-Writ. All I desire of you, is to take
The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more on't ;
(I have no liking to't ; it is a foolish matter)
And help me to put up my sword.

Cler. Most willingly.

But I am bound to gratify you, and I must
Not leave you.

La-Writ. I tell you, I'll not be gratified ;
Nor I will hear no more on't. Take the swords too,
And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own disposal ;
And so, and so—— *[Exit La-Writ.*

Cler. This is a most rare Lawyer ;
I'm sure, most valiant. Well, Dinant, as you satisfy me—
I say no more. I'm laden like an armorer. *[Exit.*

Enter Dinant.

Din. To be dispatch'd upon a sleeveless errand !
To leave my friend engag'd, mine honour tainted !
These are trim things. I am set here like a perdue,
To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress,
A scurvy fellow that must pass this way ;
But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his name be William, or John,
Or Antony, or Dick, or any thing, I know not ;
A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at ;
And there's the office of an ass flung on me.
Sure Cleremont has fought, but how come off,
And what the world shall think of me hereafter !
Well, woman, woman, I must look your rascals,
And lose my reputation ! You've a fine power over us.
These two long hours I've trotted here, and curiously
Survey'd all goers-by, yet find no rascal,

La-Writ sings within, then enters.

Nor any face to quarrel with. What's that ?
This is a rascally voice ; sure it comes this way.

La-Writ. ' He strook so hard ¹⁰, the bason broke,
' And Tarquin heard the sound.'

Din. What mister-thing is this ¹¹ ? let me survey it.

La-Writ. ' And then he struck his neck in two.'

Din. This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad rascal.

¹⁰ *He struck so hard, &c.*] The lines La Writ here sings are taken from an old ballad, called ' The Noble Acts of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.'

R.

¹¹ *What master-thing is this ?*] The idea this gave was, *what master-piece of oddity have we here ?* But Mr. Sympson has hit on a more humorous reading ; *what mister-thing is this ?* *Mister* might being common to Spenser and Chaucer. I am far from approving the insertion of obsolete words in general ; but here, where La-Writ is talking and singing Knight Errantry, a word common in the tales of Knight-Errants is certainly natural and obvious. In the excellent Glossary to Urry's Chaucer, *mister*, from the French *meslier*, a profession or trade. Hence it is us'd for any sort, kind, or condition ; as *mister folk* kind of men, &c.

Seward.

MISTER-thing is the reading of the second folio ; not a variation bit on by Mr. Sympson !

What

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 201

What an alphabet of faces he puts on !
 Hey, how it fences ! If this should be the rogue—
 As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day——

La-Writ. ' Was ever man for lady's sake ? Down,
 down !'

Din. And what are you, good Sir ? Down, down,
 down, down !

La-Writ. What's that to you, good Sir ? Down,
 down !

Din. A pox on you, good Sir ! Down, down, down !
 You with your buckram bag, what make you here ?
 And from whence come you ?—I could fight with my
 shadow now.

La-Writ. Thou fierce man, that like Sir Lancelot
 dost appear,
 I need not tell thee what I am, nor eke what I make
 here ¹².

Din. This is a precious knave.—Stay, stay, good
 Tristram,
 And let me ask thy mightiness a question ;
 Did you ne'er abuse a lady ?

La-Writ. Not ; to abuse a lady's very hard, Sir.

Din. Say you so, Sir ?

Didst thou never abuse her honour ?

La Writ. Not ; to abuse her honour is impossible.

Din. Certain, this is the rascal. What's thy name ?

La-Writ. My name is Cock o' two ; use me respec-
 tively ¹³,

I will be cock of three else.

Din. What's all this ?

You say, you did abuse a lady.

La-Writ. You lie.

¹² *Thou fierce man, &c.*] These two lines also we apprehend to be
 quoted from some old romance, play, or ballad.

¹³ *Use me respectively.*] Here *respectively* is synonymous to *respect-*
fully. We never, I believe, now use it in that sense. *Seward.*

In the Laws of Candy, Annophel says, the Princess *ever for your*
sake most respectively loved me. The word frequently occurs in the
 same sense, in the old writers.

Din.

202 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.

La-Writ. That's two lies.

Speak suddenly, for I am full of business.

Din. What art thou, or what canst thou be, thou
peagoole,
That durst give me the lie thus? thou mak'st me
wonder.

La-Writ. And wonder on, till time makes all this
plain.

Din. You must not part so, Sir. Art thou a gentleman?

La-Writ. Ask those upon whose ruins I am mounted.

Din. This is some Cavalero knight o' th' fun.

La-Writ. I tell thee I'm as good a gentleman as the
duke.

I have atchiev'd——Go, follow thy business!

Din. But for this lady, Sir——

La-Writ. Why, hang this lady, Sir!

And the lady-mother too, Sir! What have I to do
with ladies?

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. 'Tis the Little Lawyer's voice; Has he got
my way?

It should be hereabouts.

Din. You dry biscuit rogue,

I will so swinge you for this blasphemy!

Ha' I found you out?

Cler. That should be Dinant's tongue too.

La-Writ. And I defy thee; do thy worst! 'Oh,
ho, quoth Lancelot tho'!'

And, that thou shalt know I'm a true gentleman,
And speak according to the phrase triumphant,
Thy lady is a scurvy lady, and a shitten lady,
And, tho' I never heard of her, a deboshed lady¹⁴,
And thou a squire of low degree! Will that content
thee?

Dost thou way-lay me with ladies?—A pretty fword, Sir,
A very

¹⁴ *Deboshed.*] In the *Tempest*, act. iii. scene ii. Trinculo uses this
word, speaking to Caliban, upon which Mr. Steevens remarks, 'I meet
' with

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 203

A very pretty sword! I have a great mind to't.

Din. You shall not lose your longing, rogue!

Cler. Hold, hold!

Hold, Dinant, as thou art a gentleman!

La-Writ. As much as you will; my hand is in now.

Cler. I am your friend, Sir.—Dinant, you draw your sword

Upon the gentleman preserv'd your honour:
This was my second, and did back me nobly.
For shame, forbear.

Din. I ask your mercy, Sir,
And am your servant now.

La-Writ. May we not fight then?

Cler. I'm sure you shall not now.

La-Writ. I'm sorry for't;

I'm sure I'll stay no longer then, not a jot longer.
Are there any more on ye afore? I will sing still, Sir.

[*Exit La-Writ, singing.*]

Din. I look now you should chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterness express your anger,
I have deserv'd: Yet, when you know——

Cler. I thank you!

Do you think that the wrong you have offer'd me,
The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong——

Din. I do confess——

Cler. That boyish sleight——

Din. Not so, Sir.

Cler. That poor and base renouncing of your honour,
Can be allay'd with words?

Din. I give you way still.

Cler. Colour'd with smooth excuses? Was it a
friend's part,

* with this word, which I suppose to be the same as *debauch'd*, in
* Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1634,

“ See your house be stor'd

“ With the *deboishest* roarers in this city.”

* When this word was first adopted from the French language, it ap-
* pears to have been spelt according to the pronunciation, and there-
* fore wrongly; but ever since it has been spelt right, it has been ut-
* tered with equal impropriety.

R.

A gentle-

204 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

A gentleman's, a man's that wears a sword,
And stands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head then, when his honour call'd him,
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune?
To halt, and slip the collar? By my life,
I would have giv'n my life I'd never known thee!
Th' hast eaten canker-like into my judgment
With this disgrace, thy whole life cannot heal again.

Din. This I can suffer too; I find it honest.

Cler. Can you pretend an excuse¹⁴ now may absolve
you,

Or any thing like honest, to bring you off?
Engage me, like an ass?

Din. Will you but hear me?

Cler. Expose me like a jade to tug, and hale thro',
Laugh'd at, and almost hooted? Your disgraces
Invite mens' swords and angers to dispatch me?

Din. If you will be patient——

Cler. And be abus'd still? But that I've call'd thee
friend,

And to that name allow a sanctuary,
You should hear further from me; I'd not talk thus:
But henceforth stand upon your own bottom, Sir,
And bear your own abuses; I scorn my sword
Should travel in so poor and empty quarrels.

Din. Ha' you done yet? take your whole swing of
anger;
I'll bear all with content.

Cler. Why were you absent?

Din. You know I am no coward, you have seen that,
And therefore, out of fear forsook you not:
You know I am not false, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend; I have fought for you too;
You know no business, that concern'd my state,
My kindred, or my life——

Cler. Where was the fault then?

Din. The honour of that lady I adore,

¹⁴ *Can you pretend an excuse.*] Mr. Seward's passion for exact
measure induces him to read, *Can you pretend a 'scuse.*

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 205

Her credit, and her name : You know she sent for me,
And with what haste.

Cler. What was he that traduc'd?

Din. The man i' th' moon, I think ; hither I was sent,
But to what end——

Enter Nurse.

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam !

Nurse. I'm glad I've met you, Sir ; I have been
seeking,
And seeking ev'ry where.

Cler. And, now you've found him,
Declare what business, our ambassador¹⁵.

Nurse. What's that to you, goodman Flouter?—Oh,
Sir, my lady——

Din. Prithee, no more of thy lady ; I have too
much on't.

Cler. Let me have a little ; speak to me.

Nurse. To you, Sir ?

'Tis more than time !—All occasions set aside, Sir,
Or whatsoever may be thought a business——

Din. What then ?

Nurse. Repair to me within this hour.

Cler. Where ?

Nurse. What is that to you ? come you, Sir,
When you're sent for.

Cler. God-a-mercy, Mumpsimus !
You may go, Dinant, and follow this old fairy,
'Till you have lost yourself, your friends, your credit,
And honey out your youth in rare adventures :
I can but grieve I've known you.

Nurse. Will you go, Sir ?

I come not often to you with these blessings :

¹⁵ Our *ambassador*.] Mr. Symphon thinks this might probably be
OLD *ambassador*, and then there's a strong reason for her calling him
flouter. It is certainly an improvement, and bids fair for having been
the original. *Seward.*

OUR *ambassador* is *flouting* ; and the old reading should not be al-
tered without authority, while it is intelligible ; though we think the
emendation a good one.

You

206 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

You may believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing!

Cler. Peace, Touchwood!

Din. I will not go.

Go, bid your lady seek some fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienc'd puppy to make sport with;
I've been her mirth too long! Thus I shake from me
The fetters she put on, thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind: No more her beauty——

Nurse. Take heed, Sir, what you say.

Cler. Go forward, Dinant.

Din. The charms shot from her eyes——

Nurse. Be wise.

Cler. Be valiant.

Din. That tongue, that tells fair tales to mens'
destructions

Shall never rack me more¹⁶.

Nurse. Stay there.

Cler. Go forward.

Din. I will now hear her, see her, as a woman,
Survey her, and the power man has allow'd her¹⁷,
As I would do the course of common things,
Unmov'd, unstruck.

Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.

Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud
Is not her own, our eyes bestow it on her;
To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,
A sun-burnt Ethiop's lip's as soft as hers.
Go, bid her stick some other triumph up,

¹⁶ *Shall never rack me more.*] *Rack*, i. e. *Torment*, is certainly good sense here, and I therefore don't change it, though *wrack*, the old way of spelling *wreck*, i. e. *Ship-wreck*, seems much more poetical: For his honour, by her devices, had just before been *wrack'd*, which Dinant a little lower expresses by the same metaphor.

—— like a bold merchant,

—— I've ventur'd all these.

i. e. Time, friends, Honour and life.

And split my bottom.

This confirmation occur'd after the conjecture itself. *Seward.*

¹⁷ *And the power man has allow'd*, Sir.] Former edit. *Seward.*

And

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 207

And take into her favour some dull fool,
That has no precious time to lose, no friends,
No honour, nor no life: Like a bold merchant,
A bold and bankrupt man, I've ventur'd all these,
And split my bottom. Return this answer to her;
I am awake again, and see her mischiefs,
And am not now, on every idle errand,
And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried¹⁸,
And then despis'd again; I have forgot her.

Cler. If this be true——

Nurse. I'm sorry I have troubled you;
More sorry, that my lady has adventur'd
So great a favour in so weak a mind.
This hour you have refus'd That, when you come to
know it,

Will run you mad, and make you curse that fellow!
She is not fair, nor handsome! so I leave you.

Cler. Stay, lady, stay; but is there such a business?

Nurse. You'd break your neck, 'twere yours.

Cler. My back, you would say.

Nurse. But play the friend's part still, Sir, and
undo him;

'Tis a fair office.

Din. I've spoke too liberally.

Nurse. I shall deliver what you say.

Cler. You shall be hang'd first;

You'd fain be prating now! Take the man with you.

Nurse. Not I; I have no power.

Cler. You may go, Dinant.

Nurse. 'Tis in's own will; I had no further charge, Sir,

¹⁸ *And am not now on every idle errand,
And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried,
And then despis'd again.*] Mr. Sympfon suspects the word *hurried*, as making no antithesis to *despis'd*, and therefore proposes to read *boneyed*, a word common to our Authors. But as Dinant had just before been *hurried on an idle errand, and a new-coin'd anger*, I see no sort of reason for the change: Perhaps, indeed, *anger* might have been *danger*, because it was the pretence of that which had induced him to go upon her former errand; but neither is this change necessary.

Seward.

Than

208 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Than to tell him what I did ; which, if I'd thought
It should have been receiv'd so——

Cler. 'Faith, you may ;
You do not know how far it may concern you.
If I perceived any trick in't——

Din. 'Twill end there.

Cler. 'Tis my fault then. There is an hour in fortune¹⁹,
That must be still observ'd: You think I'll chide you,
When things must be. Nay, see, an he will hold his
head up !

Would such a lady fend with such a charge too ?
Say she has play'd the fool, play the fool with her again,
The great fool, the greater still the better.
He shall go with you, woman.

Nurse. As it please him ;
I know the way alone else.

Din. Where's your lady ?

Nurse. I shall direct you quickly.

Din. Well, I'll go ;

But what her wrongs will give me leave to say——

Cler. We'll leave that to yourselves. I shall hear
from you ?

Din. As soon as I come off.

Cler. Come on then bravely.

Farewell 'till then, and play the man !

Din. You're merry ;

All I expect is scorn. I'll lead you, lady.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

¹⁹ *There is an hour in fortune*

That must be still observ'd.] We meet with this sentiment in
Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. The passage is quoted vol. ii. p. 36. of
these Works.

A C T III.

Enter Champernel, Lamira, Beaupre, Verdone, and Charlotte.

Beau. **W**E'LL venture on him.

Champ. Out of my doors! I charge thee,
See me no more!

Lam. Your nephew?

Champ. I disclaim him;
He has no part in me, nor in my blood.
My brother, that kept fortune bound, and left
Conquest hereditary to his issue,
Could not beget a coward.

Verd. I fought, Sir,
Like a good fellow, and a foldier too;
But men are men, and cannot make their fates:
Ascribe you to my father what you please,
I'm born to suffer.

Champ. All disgraces, wretch!

Lam. Good Sir, be patient.

Champ. Was there no tree,
(For to fall by a noble enemy's sword
A coward is unworthy) nor no river²⁰,
To force thy life out backward, and to drown it,
But that thou must survive thy infamy,
And kill me with the sight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget?

Beau. Sir, his misfortune
Deserves not this reproof.

Champ. In your opinion:
'Tis fit you two should be of one belief.
You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely

²⁰ ——— no river,

To force thy life out backward, or to drown it.] The disjunctive
or is surely improper here; for *forcing life out backward* is only an
exceedingly droll description of *drowning*. *Seward.*

210 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

I'th' city with your tongues, but in the field
Have neither spirit to dare, nor power to do ;
Your swords are all lead there.

Beau. I know no duty
(However you may wreak your spleen on him)
That binds me to endure this.

Champ. From Dinant
You'll suffer more ! That ever cursed I
Should give my honour up, to the defence
Of such a thing as he is ! or my lady,
That is all innocent²¹, for whom a dove would
Assume the courage of a daring eagle,
Repose her confidence in one that can
No better guard her ! In contempt of you,
I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay, admire him ;
His valour claims it from me, and with justice.
He that could fight thus, in a cause not honest,
His sword edg'd with defence of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed too,
And kill as deadly.

Verd. You're as far from justice,
In him you praise, as equity in the censure
You load me with.

Beau. Dinant ? he durst not meet us.

Lam. How ! durst not, brother ?

Beau. Durst not ; I repeat it.

Verd. Nor was it Cleremont's valour that disarm'd us ;
I had the better of him. For Dinant,
If that might make my peace with you, I dare
Write him a coward upon ev'ry post,
And with the hazard of my life defend it.

Lam. If 'twere laid at the stake you'd lose it, nephew.

Champ. Came he not, say you ?

Verd. No ; but in his room

²¹ *That is all innocent.* *All-innocent* is poetical, but from no hyphen being added in the former editions, and *innocent* being wrote with a great letter, perhaps the true reading may be, *all innocent*.

Seward.

Surely, there is no need of a *hyphen* ; the expression is equally poetical, and the sense the same, without it.

There

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 211

There was a devil, hir'd from some magician,
I'th' shape of an attorney.

Beau. 'Twas he did it.

Verd. And his the honour.

Beau. I could wish Dinant——

But what talk I of one that stepp'd aside,
And durst not come !

Lam. I'm such a friend to truth,
I cannot hear this. Why do you detract
Thus poorly (I should say to others, basely)
From one of such approv'd worth ?

Champ. Ha ! how's this ?

Lam. From one so excellent in all that's noble,
Whose only weakness is excess of courage ?
That knows no enemies, that he cannot master,
But his affections ; and in them, the worst,
His love to me ?

Champ. To you ?

Lam. Yes, Sir, to me :

I dare (for what is that which innocence dares not)
To you profess it : And he shun'd not the combat
For fear or doubt of these. Blush, and repent,
That you in thought e'er did that wrong to valour !

Beau. Why, this is rare.

Champ. 'Fore Heav'n, exceeding rare !
Why, modest lady, you that sing such encomiums
Of your first suitor——

Verd. How can you convince us
In our reports²² ?

Lam. With what you cannot answer :
'Twas my command that staid him.

Champ. Your command ?

Lam. Mine, Sir ; and, had my will rank'd with my
power

And his obedience, I could have sent him,
With more ease, weaponless to you, and bound,

²² In our reports.] All editions, but the first, read *YOUR reports* :
We think the old reading best ; *convince* signifies *confute*, or *convict*
of falsehood.

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Than have kept him back; so well he loves his honour
Beyond his life:

Champ. Better and better still!

Lam. I wrought with him in private, to divert him
From your assur'd destruction, had he met you.

Champ. In private?

Lam. Yes, and us'd all arts, all charms,
Of one that knew herself the absolute mistress
Of all his faculties.

Champ. Gave all rewards too
His service could deserve? Did not he take
The measure of my sheets?

Lam. Do not look yellow;
I've cause to speak; frowns cannot fright me, Sir.
By all my hopes, as I am spotless to you,
If I rest once assur'd you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me——

Champ. What then?

Lam. I'll not alone abuse your bed, (that's nothing!)
But, to your more vexation, 'tis resolv'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if Dinant
Have courage to defend me.

Champ. Impudent!

Verd. And on the sudden——

Beau. How are you transform'd
From what you were!

Lam. I was an innocent virgin,
And I can truly swear, a wife as pure
As ever lay by husband, and will die so,
Let me live unsuspected: I'm no servant,
Nor will be us'd like one! If you desire
To keep me constant, as I would be, let
Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it:
Unnecessary jealousies make more whores,
Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.

Beau. There's no contesting with her: From a child,
Once mov'd, she hardly was to be pleas'd;
Yet I dare swear her honest.

Champ. So I think too,

On

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 213

On better judgment. I am no Italian,
To lock her up; nor would I be a Dutchman,
To have my wife my sovereign, to command me:
I'll try the gentler way; but, if that fail,
Believe it, Sir, there's nothing but extremes
Which she must feel from me.

Beau. That as you please, Sir.

Char. You've won the breeches, madam! Look up
sweetly;

My lord limps tow'rd you.

Lam. You will learn more manners! [*Strikes her.*

Char. This is a fee, for counsel that's unask'd for!

Champ. Come, I mistook thee, sweet; prithee, for-
give me!

I never will be jealous: Ere I cherish
Such a mechanic humour, I'll be nothing.
I'll say, Dinant is all that thou wouldst have him;
Will that suffice?

Lam. 'Tis well, Sir!

Champ. Use thy freedom
Uncheck'd, and unobserv'd: If thou wilt have it,
These shall forget their honour, I my wrongs;
We'll all dote on him. Hell be my reward,
If I dissemble!

Lam. And that hell take me,
If I affect him! He's a lustful villain,
(But yet no coward) and solicits me
To my dishonour; that's indeed a quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will so revenge,
As it shall fright such as dare only think
To be adulterers.

Champ. Use thine own ways;
I give up all to thee.

Beau. Oh, women, women!

When you are pleas'd you are the least of evils.

Verd. I'll rhyme to't—But provok'd, the worst of
devils! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sampson and three Clients.

Samp. I know monsieur La-Writ.

O 3

1 Client.

214 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

1 Client. 'Would he knew himself, Sir!

Samp. He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,

Of a kind of unable thing.

2 Client. A fine lawyer, Sir,
And would have firk'd you up a business!
And out of this court into that!

Samp. You are too forward;
Not so fine, my friends; something he could have done,
But short, short!

1 Client. I know your worship's favour;
You're nephew to the judge, Sir.

Samp. It may be so,
And something may be done, without trotting i' th' dirt, friends:

It may be I can take him in his chamber,
And have an hour's talk; it may be so;
And tell him that in's ear—there are such courtesies;
I will not say, I can.

3 Client. We know you can, Sir.

Samp. Peradventure ay, peradventure no.—But where's La-Writ?

Where's your sufficient lawyer?

1 Client. He's blown up, Sir.

2 Client. Run mad, and quarrels with the dog he meets:

He is no Lawyer of this world now.

Samp. Your reason?

Is he defunct? is he dead?

2 Client. No, he's not dead yet, Sir;
But I would be loth to take a lease on's life for two hours:
Alas, he is possess'd, Sir, with the spirit of fighting,
And quarrels with all people; but how he came to it—

Samp. If he fight well, and like a gentleman,
The man may fight; for 'tis a lawful calling.
Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentleman,
And my lord my uncle loves me.

3 Client. We all know it, Sir.

Samp.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 215

Samp. I think he does, Sir; I have business too,
much business,

Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a week:

Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my friends; a little does well;
I would be loath to learn to fight.

1 Client. But, an't please you, Sir,
His fighting has neglected all our business:
We are undone, our causes cast away, Sir;
His not appearance——

Samp. There he fought too long;
A little, and fight well; he fought too long, indeed,
friends:

But, ne'ertheless, things must be as they may,
And there be ways——

1 Client. We know, Sir, if you please——

Samp. Something I'll do. Go, rally up your causes.

Enter La-Writ, and a Gentleman, at the door.

2 Client. Now you may behold, Sir,
And be a witness, whether we lie or no.

La-Writ. I'll meet you at the ordinary, sweet gentlemen,

And if there be a wench or two——

Gent. We'll have 'em.

La-Writ. No handling any duels before I come;
We'll have no going less²³; I hate a coward!

Gent. There shall be nothing done.

La-Writ. Make all the quarrels
You can devise before I come, and let's all fight;
There's no sport else.

Gent. We'll see what may be done, Sir.

1 Client. Ha! monsieur La-Writ!

La-Writ. Baffled in way of business,
My causes cast away, judgment against us!

²³ *We'll have no going less.*] So first folio; but the other editions read, *we'll have no going ELSE.* We think the old reading is the best sense, and much more characteristick. *To go less* too, is a phrase often used by our Authors.

216 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Why, there it goes.

2 *Client*. What shall we do the whilst, Sir?

La-Writ. Breed new dissentions; go hang yourselves!
'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of living.

1 *Client*. Do you hear what he says, Sir?

Samp. The gentleman speaks finely.

La-Writ. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my
occupation,

If you find yourselves aggriev'd.

Samp. A complete gentleman!

La-Writ. Avant, thou buckram budget of petitions!
Thou spital of lame causes²⁴! I lament for thee;
And, till revenge be taken——

Samp. 'Tis most excellent.

La-Writ. There, every man chuse his paper, and
his place:

I'll answer ye all; I'll neglect no man's business,
But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.

The judge may do and not do; he's but a monsieur.

Samp. You have nothing of mine in your bag, Sir.

La-Writ. I know not, Sir;

But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing.

Samp. It is sufficient; you may hear hereafter.

La-Writ. I rest your servant, Sir!

Samp. No more words, gentlemen,

But follow me; no more words, as you love me.

The gentleman's a noble gentleman!

I shall do what I can, and then——

Clients. We thank you, Sir.

Samp. Not a word to disturb him; he's a gentleman.

[*Exeunt Sampson and Clients.*]

²⁴ *Thou spittle of 'lame causes.*] To call a *pettyfogger* a person spit out of lame causes seems very stiff, and the common cant term *splitter* is so near the trace of the letters, that there can be little doubt of its being the original. There are few characters, either in Shakespeare, Jonson, or Moliere, that surpass *La-writ* in comic humour. *Seward*.

Mr. Seward totally misapprehends this. *SPITTLE* [OR *SPITAL*] of *lame causes*, is most ridiculously interpreted a person spit out of lame causes. It means an hospital of lame causes; a figurative expression, quite agreeable to the usual stile of our Authors.

La-Writ.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 217

La-Writ. No cause go o' my side? the judge cast all?
And, because I was honourably employ'd in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,
'Tis well, faith! 'tis well, judge!

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. Who have we here?
My Little furious Lawyer?

La-Writ. I say, 'tis well!
But mark the end!

Cler. How he is metamorphos'd!
Nothing of Lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No soliciting face now: This is no simple conversion.
Your servant, Sir, and friend!

La-Writ. You come in time, Sir.

Cler. The happier man, to be at your command then.

La-Writ. You may wonder to see me thus; but
that's all one;
Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a Lawyer,
But I have mew'd that coat; I hate a Lawyer;
I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking.
I did you the office of a man?

Cler. I must confess it.

La-Writ. And budg'd not; no, I budg'd not?

Cler. No, you did not.

La-Writ. There's it then; one good turn requires
another.

Cler. Most willing, Sir; I'm ready at your service.

La-Writ. There, read, and understand, and then
deliver it.

Cler. This is a challenge, Sir.

La-Writ. 'Tis very like, Sir;
I seldom now write sonnets.

Cler. O, *admirantis*²⁵!

‘ To

²⁵ O *admirantis*.] An ingenious friend suspects this Latin word to have been a marginal note crept into the text. That Cleremont saying only O, somebody wrote against it *admirantis*, to shew that a note of admiration was omitted; and that this was the expression of one under
a very

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Why, there it goes.

2 *Client.* What shall we do the whilst, Sir?

La-Writ. Breed new diffentions; go hang yourselves!
'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of living.

1 *Client.* Do you hear what he says, Sir?

Samp. The gentleman speaks finely.

La-Writ. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my occupation,

If you find yourselves aggriev'd.

Samp. A complete gentleman!

La Writ. Avant, thou buckram budget of petitions!
Thou spital of lame causes²⁴! I lament for thee;
And, till revenge be taken——

Samp. 'Tis most excellent.

La-Writ. There, every man chuse his paper, and his place:

I'll answer ye all; I'll neglect no man's business,
But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.

The judge may do and not do; he's but a monsieur.

Samp. You have nothing of mine in your bag, Sir.

La-Writ. I know not, Sir;

But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing.

Samp. It is sufficient; you may hear hereafter.

La-Writ. I rest your servant, Sir!

Samp. No more words, gentlemen,

But follow me; no more words, as you love me.

The gentleman's a noble gentleman!

I shall do what I can, and then——

Clients. We thank you, Sir.

Samp. Not a word to disturb him; he's a gentleman.

[*Exeunt Sampson and Clients.*]

²⁴ *Thou spittle of 'lame causes.*] To call a *pettyfogger* a person spit out of lame causes seems very stiff, and the common cant term *splitter* is so near the trace of the letters, that there can be little doubt of its being the original. There are few characters, either in Shakespeare, Jonson, or Moliere, that surpass *La-writ* in comic humour. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward totally misapprehends this. *SPITTLE* [OR *SPITAL*] of *lame causes*, is most ridiculously interpreted a *person spit out of lame causes*. It means an *hospital of lame causes*; a figurative expression, quite agreeable to the usual stile of our Authors.

La-Writ.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 217

La-Writ. No cause go o' my side? the judge cast all?
And, because I was honourably employ'd in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,
'Tis well, faith! 'tis well, judge!

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. Who have we here?
My Little furious Lawyer?

La-Writ. I say, 'tis well!
But mark the end!

Cler. How he is metamorphos'd!
Nothing of Lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No foliciting face now: This is no simple conversion.
Your servant, Sir, and friend!

La-Writ. You come in time, Sir.

Cler. The happier man, to be at your command then.

La-Writ. You may wonder to see me thus; but
that's all one;
Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a Lawyer,
But I have mew'd that coat; I hate a Lawyer;
I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking.
I did you the office of a man?

Cler. I must confess it.

La-Writ. And budg'd not; no, I budg'd not?

Cler. No, you did not.

La-Writ. There's it then; one good turn requires
another.

Cler. Most willing, Sir; I'm ready at your service.

La-Writ. There, read, and understand, and then
deliver it.

Cler. This is a challenge, Sir.

La-Writ. 'Tis very like, Sir;
I seldom now write sonnets.

Cler. O, *admirantis*²⁵!

‘ To

²⁵ O *admirantis*.] An ingenious friend suspects this Latin word to have been a marginal note crept into the text. That Cleremont saying only O, somebody wrote against it *admirantis*, to shew that a note of admiration was omitted; and that this was the expression of one under
a very

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' To Monsieur Vertaign, the President.'

La-Writ. I chuse no fool, Sir.

Cler. Why, he's no swordman, Sir.

La-Writ. Let him learn, let him learn;
Time that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.

Cler. Why, he's a judge, an old man!

La-Writ. Never too old

To be a gentleman; and he that is a judge
Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.
There are my griefs, he has cast away my causes,
In which he has bow'd my reputation:
And therefore, judge, or no judge——

Cler. Pray be rul'd, Sir!

This is the maddest thing——

La-Writ. You will not carry it?

Cler. I do not tell you so; but, if you may be persuaded——

La-Writ. You know how you us'd me when I would
not fight;

Do you remember, gentleman?

Cler. The devil's in him.

La-Writ. I see it in your eyes, that you dare do it;
You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it.

Cler. The least is banishment.

La-Writ. Be banish'd then;

'Tis a friend's part: We'll meet in Africa,
Or any corner of the earth.

Cler. Say, he will not fight?

La-Writ. I know then what to say; take you no
care, Sir.

Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,
And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre;
'Till when, my service.

a very comic astonishment. I hope the reader will assent to the conjecture, and have therefore discarded the word. *Seward.*

We do not think *admirantis* to have been a marginal note, but that the word, or some near it, was really given by the writers to Cleremont to express his astonishment. The old text should not be discarded; and the word completes the measure, an argument to which Mr. Seward often pays too much regard.

La-Writ.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 219

La-Writ. A judge, or no judge, no judge! [*Exit.*

Cler. This is the prettiest rogue that e'er I read of;
None to provoke to th' field, but the old president?
What face shall I put on? If I come in earnest,
I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets.
This may make some sport yet; I will deliver it.
Here comes the president.

Enter Vertaign, with two Gentlemen.

Vert. I shall find time, gentlemen,
To do your causes good. Is not that Cleremont?

1 Gent. 'Tis he, my lord.

Vert. Why does he smile upon me?
Am I become ridiculous? Has your fortune, Sir,
Upon my son, made you contemn his father?
The glory of a gentleman is fair bearing.

Cler. Mistake me not, my lord; you shall not find
that:

I come with no blown spirit to abuse you;
I know your place, and honour due unto it,
The reverence to your silver age and virtue.

Vert. Your face is merry still.

Cler. So is my business;
And I beseech your honour mistake me not.
I have brought you, from a wild, or rather mad-man,
As mad a piece of——You were wont to love mirth,
In your young days; I've known your honour woo it:
This may be made no little one; 'tis a challenge, Sir—
Nay, start not, I beseech you; it means you no harm,
Nor any man of honour, or understanding;
'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little laughter,
I am bold to bring it to your lordship.

Vert. 'Tis to me, indeed.
Do they take me for a swordman at these years?

Cler. 'Tis only worth your honour's mirth, that's
all, Sir;
It had been in me else a saucy rudeness.

Vert. From one *La-Writ*, a very punctual challenge.

Cler. But, if your lordship mark it, no great matter.

Vert.

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Vert. I have known such a wrangling advocate,
Such a little figent thing. Oh, I remember him;
A notable talking knave! Now, out upon him,
H'has challeng'd me downright, defied me mortally!
I do remember too, I cast his causes.

Cler. Why, there's the quarrel, Sir, the mortal quarrel.

Vert. Why, what a knave is this! As you're a gentleman,

Is there no further purpose but mere mirth?
What a bold man of war! he invites me roundly.

Cler. If there should be, I were no gentleman,
Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred.
And, tho' I'm sure your lordship hates my person,
Which time may bring again into your favour,
Yet, for the manners——

Vert. I am satisfied:
You see, Sir, I've out-liv'd those days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat him
myself;

But I have a kinsman much of his ability,
His wit and carriage²⁶, (for this, call him fool)
One that will spit as senseless fire as this fellow.

Cler. And such a man to undertake, my lord?

Vert. Nay, he's too forward; these two pitch-barrels together——

Cler. Upon my soul, no harm.

Vert. It makes me smile.

Why, what a stinking smother will they utter!
Yes, he shall undertake, Sir, as my champion,
(Since you propound it mirth, I'll venture on it)
And shall defend my cause: But, as you're honest,
Sport not with blood!

Cler. Think not so basely, good Sir.

Vert. A squire shall wait upon you from my kinsman;
To-morrow morning make your sport at full;
You want no subject: But, no wounds!

²⁶ *His wit and carriage.*] So first folio; and the character of Sampson proves this the right reading, though all the other copies say, *wit and COURAGE*. The following words too, *FOR THIS call him fool*, confirm it.

Cler.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 221

Cler. That's my care.

Vert. And so, good day! [*Exe. Vert. and Gent.*]

Cler. Many unto your honour!

This is a noble fellow, of a sweet spirit.
Now must I think how to contrive this matter,
For together they shall go.

Enter Dinant.

Din. Oh, Cleremont!

I am glad I have found thee.

Cler. I can tell thee rare things.

Din. Oh, I can tell thee rarer:

Dost thou love me?

Cler. Love thee?

Din. Dost thou love me dearly?

Dar'st thou for my sake——

Cler. Any thing that's honest.

Din. Tho' it be dangerous?

Cler. Pox o' dangerous!

Din. Nay, wondrous dangerous?

Cler. Wilt thou break my heart?

Din. Along with me then.

Cler. I must part to-morrow.

Din. You shall, you shall. Be faithful for this night,
And thou hast made thy friend!

Cler. Away, and talk not! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lamira and Nurse.

Lam. Oh, Nurse, welcome! Where's Dinant?

Nurse. He's at my back.

'Tis the most liberal gentleman—This gold
He gave me for my pains! Nor can I blame you,
If you yield up the fort.

Lam. How! yield it up?

Nurse. I know not; he that loves, and gives so largely,
And a young lord to boot, (or I am cozen'd)
May enter every where.

Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.

Enter

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Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

Nurse. Why, if you are, I hope here's one will please you;
Look on him with my eyes. Good luck go with you!
Were I young for your sake——

Din. I thank thee, *Nurse.*

Nurse. I would be tractable; and, as I am——

Lam. Leave the room!

So old, and so immodest! And be careful,
Since whispers will wake sleeping jealousies,
That none disturb my lord. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Cler. Will you dispatch?

'Till you come to the matter, be not rapt thus.
Walk in, walk in; I am your scout for once;
You owe me the like service.

Din. And will pay it.

Lam. As you respect our lives, speak not so loud.

Cler. Why, do it in dumb show then; I am silenc'd.

Lam. Be not so hasty, Sir! The golden apples
Had a fell dragon for their guard; your pleasures
Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,
Or never to be gotten.

Din. Speak the means.

Lam. Thus, briefly: My lord sleeps now—and, alas,
Each night he only sleeps.

Cler. Go, keep her stirring.

Lam. Now, if he wake, as sometimes he does,
He only stretches out his hand, and feels
Whether I am a-bed, which being assur'd of,
He sleeps again; but, should he miss me, valour
Could not defend our lives.

Din. What's to be done then?

Lam. Servants have servile faiths, nor have I any
That I dare trust; on noble Cleremont
We safely may rely.

Cler. What man can do
Command, and boldly.

Lam. Thus then; in my place

You

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 223

You must lie with my lord.

Cler. With an old man?

Two beards together? that's preposterous!

Lam. There is no other way; and, tho' 'tis dangerous,
He having servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fed to act all that his jealousy
And rage command them, yet a true friend should not
Check at the hazard of a life.

Cler. I thank you!

I love my friend, but know no reason why
To hate myself. To be a kind of pandar,
You see, I am willing;

But, to betray mine own throat you must pardon.

Din. Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated!
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You should find, Cleremont——

Cler. You shall not out-do me;
Fall what may fall, I'll do't.

Din. But, for his beard——

I am. To cover that, you shall have my night-linen:
And, you dispos'd of, my Dinant and I
Will have some private conference.

Enter Champernel privately.

Cler. Private doing,
Or I'll not venture.

Lam. That's as we agree. [*Exeunt omnes præter Champ.*

*Nurse and Charlotte pass over the stage with pillows,
night-cloaths, and such things.*

Champ. What can this woman do, preserving her
honour?

I have given her all the liberty that may be.
I will not be far off tho', nor I will not be jealous,
Nor trust too much: I think she is virtuous;
Yet, when I hold her best, she's but a woman,
As full of frailty as of faith, a poor slight woman,
And her best thoughts but weak fortifications;
There may be a mine wrought. Well, let 'em work
then;

I shall

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I shall meet with it; 'till the signs be monstrous,
And stick upon my head, I will not believe it,

[*Stands private.*]

She may be, and she may not. Now to my observation.

Enter Dinant and Lamira.

Din. Why do you make me stay so? If you love me—

Lam. You are too hot and violent.

Din. Why do you shift thus
From one chamber to another?

Lam. A little delay, Sir,
Like fire a little sprinkled o'er with water,
Makes the desires burn clear, and ten times hotter.

Din. Why do you speak so loud? I pray go in,
Sweet mistress. I am mad! Time steals away,
And when we would enjoy——

Lam. Now, fy, fy, servant!
Like sensual beasts shall we enjoy our pleasures?

Din. Pray do but kiss me then²⁷.

Lam. Why, that I will,
And you shall find anon, servant——

Din. Softly, for Heaven's sake!
You know my friend's engag'd. A little; now, now!
Will you go in again?

Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Din. Why do you laugh so loud, precious?
Will you betray me? have my friend's throat cut?

Lam. Come, come, I'll kiss thee again.

Champ. Will you so? You're liberal!
If you do cozen me——

²⁷ *Pray do not kiss me then.*] Dinant's answer and Lamira's reply seem to have lost all their humour by this pointing. The former being eager with expectation, she asks him tauntingly, *whether they should enjoy their pleasure like sensual beasts?* He smartly answers, *by no means, don't let us do so; and for that reason kiss me.* Kissing being the distinction between the fondness of human creatures and that of beasts: She immediately complies, but speaks and smacks so loud, that she puts him into a panick instead of a rapture. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *Pray do not kiss me then.* The error originated from the second folio, which reads *not* for *but*; and even that is preferable to Seward's variation, which we took for an error of the press, before we were aware of his note.

Enter

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 225

Enter Nurse, with wine.

Din. What's this?

Lam. Wine, wine; a draught or two.

Din. What does this woman here?

Lam. She shall not hinder you.

Din. This might have been spar'd;

'Tis but delay, and time lost. Pray send her softly off.

Lam. Sit down, and mix your spirits with wine;
I will make you another Hercules.

Din. I dare not drink.

Fy, what delays you make! I dare not;
I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things then.

Lam. Not drink a cup with your mistress! Oh, the
pleasure!

Din. Lady, why this? [Musick.

Lam. We must have mirth to our wine, man.

Din. Plague o' the musick.

Champ. God-a-mercy, wench!

If thou dost cuckold me, I shall forgive thee.

Din. The house will all rise now; this will disturb all.
Did you do this?

Lam. Peace, and sit quiet, fool!

You love me; come, sit down, and drink.

Enter Cleremont above.

Cler. What a devil ail you?

How cold I sweat! A hog's pox stop your pipes!

[Musick.

The thing will wake. Now, now, methinks I find
His sword just gliding thro' my throat. What's that?
A vengeance choak your pipes! Are you there, lady?
Stop, stop those rascals! Do you bring me hither
To be cut into minc'd meat? Why, Dinant!

Din. I cannot do withal;

I have spoke, and spoke; I am betray'd and lost too.

Cler. Do you hear me? do you understand me?

Plague damn your whistles! [Musick ends.

Lam. 'Twas but an over-sight;

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They've

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They've done; lie down.

Cler. 'Would you had done too; you know not
In what a misery and fear I lie:
You have a lady in your arms.

Din. I would have. [*The recorders again.*

Champ. I'll watch you, Goodman Would-have!

Cler. Remove, for Heaven's sake,
And fall to that you come for.

Lam. Lie you down;
'Tis but an hour's endurance now.

Cler. I dare not;
Softly, sweet lady. God's heart ²⁸!

Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear; he sleeps still
soundly.

Lie gently down.

Cler. Pray make an end.

Din. Come, madam.

Lam. These chambers are too near.

Champ. I shall be nearer. [*Exe. Din. and Lam.*

Well, go thy ways; I'll trust thee thro' the world,
Deal how thou wilt: That that I never feel,
I'll never fear. Yet, by the honour of a soldier,
I hold thee truly noble. How these things will look,
And how their bloods will curdle! Play on, children;
You shall have pap anon. Oh, thou grand fool,
That thou knew'st but thy fortune! [*Musick done.*

Cler. Peace, good madam!

Stop her mouth, Dinant. It sleeps yet; pray be wary;
Dispatch; I can't endure this misery; I can
Hear nothing more; I'll say my prayers, and down
again. [*Whistle within.*

A thousand larums ²⁹ fall upon my quarters!

Heav'n

²⁸ *Softly sweet lady*——heart?] Former copies. We must either read *bark!* for *heart?* or rather believe there has been some omission from delicacy.

²⁹ *A thousand alarms fall upon my quarters.*] *Larums* are often used by our Authors for *alarms*, and the verse requires it here. They are both derived from the Italian *al arme*, i. e. *To arms*. Without knowing this, the metaphor will be probably misunderstood; his quarters seems

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 227

Heav'n send me off! When I lie keeping coarſes³⁰—
 Plague o' your fumbling, Dinant! How I ſhake!
 'Tis ſtill again. 'Would I were in the Indies! [*Exit.*]

Enter Dinant and Lamira : A light within.

Din. Why do you uſe me thus? thus poorly, baſely?
 Work me into a hope, and then deſtroy me?
 Why did you ſend for me? this new way train me?

Lam. Madman, and fool, and falſe man, now I'll
 ſhew thee!

Din. Pray put your light out.

Lam. Nay, I'll hold it thus,
 That all chaſte eyes may ſee thy luſt, and ſcorn it!
 Tell me but this, when you firſt doted on me,
 And made ſuit to enjoy me as your wife,
 Did you not hold me honeſt?

Din. Yes, moſt virtuous.

Lam. And did not that appear the only luſtre,
 That made me worth your love and admiration?

Din. I muſt confeſs.

Lam. Why would you deal ſo baſely?
 So like a thief, a villain——

Din. Peace, good madam!

Lam. I'll ſpeak aloud too!—Thus maliciously,
 Thus breaking all the rules of honeſty,
 Of honour and of truth (for which I lov'd you,
 For which I call'd you ſervant, and admir'd you)
 To ſteal that jewel purchas'd by another,
 Piously ſet in wedlock, even that jewel,

ſeems to mean the odd poſt he was *quarter'd in*, and he had a thouſand
alarms beating on every ſide of him. *Seward.*

Muſt not every Reader ſuppoſe *larums* was introduced to the text by
 this *ingenious* Commentator? Indeed, it was not, as the old folio
 proves.

³⁰ *When I lie keeping courſes.*] I know no idea to *keeping courſes*
 that will at all ſuit the occaſion it is here ſpoke upon; I therefore read,
keeping coarſes, or *watching of dead bodies*. Dinant had before call'd
 Champernel *Lamira's grave*, and Cleremont may in the ſame ſpirit
 call him a *dead corps*, and his own ſtation, like that of perſons ſet to
 watch one, generally attended with fears and horrors. This receives
 ſtill additional humour from the ſtrange miſtake he is under. *Seward.*

228 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER:

Because it had no flaw, you held unvaluable?
Can he that has lov'd good, dote on the devil?
(For he that seeks a whore, seeks but his agent)
Or am I of so wild and low a blood,
So nurs'd in infamies——

Din. I do not think so,
And I repent.

Lam. That will not serve your turn, Sir.

Din. It was your treaty drew me on.

Lam. But it was your villainy
Made you pursue it. I drew you but to try
How much a man, and nobly you durst stand,
How well you had deserv'd the name of virtuous:
But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
Beastly and base affections, came floating on,
Swelling your poison'd billows——

Din. Will you betray me?

Lam. To all the mis'ries a vex'd woman may.

Din. Let me but out,
Give me but room to toss my sword about me,
And I will tell you, you're a treacherous woman!
Oh, that I had but words——

Lam. They will not serve you.

Din. But two-edg'd words, to cut thee! A lady-
traitor?

Perish by a proud puppet? I did you too much honour
To tender you my love; too much respected you,
To think you worthy of my worst embraces.
Go, take your groom, and let him dally with you,
Your greasy groom! I scorn to imp your lame stock;
You are not fair, nor handsome; I lied loudly,
This tongue abus'd you, when it spoke you beauteous.

Lam. 'Tis very well, 'tis brave!

Din. Put out your light;
Your lascivious eyes are flames enough
For fools to find you out. A lady-plotter?
Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief?
I and my friend, the first-fruits of that blood
You and your honourable husband aim at?

Crooked

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 229

Crooked and wretched you are both !

Lam. To you, Sir ;

Yet, to the eye of Justice, straight as truth.

Din. Is this a woman's love ? a woman's mercy ?
Do you profess this seriously ? Do you laugh at me ?

Lam. Ha, ha !

Din. Plague light upon your scorns, upon your
flatteries !

Upon your tempting faces, all destructions !

A bed-rid winter hang upon your cheeks,
And blast, blast, blast those buds of pride that paint you !
Death in your eyes, to fright men from these dangers,
Raise up your trophy ! Cleremont !

Cler. What a vengeance ail you ? [*Noise within.*]

Din. What dismal noise ³¹ ! Is there no honour in
you ?

Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, fold by a woman !
Deal bravely for thyself.

Cler. This comes of rutting !

Are we made stales ³² to one another ?

Din. Yes ;

We are undone, lost.

Cler. You shall pay for't, greybeard !

Up, up ! you sleep your last else !

[*Lights above, two Servants and Anabel.*]

1 Serv. No, not yet, Sir.

Lady, look up. Would you have wrong'd this beauty ?
Wake so tender a virgin with rough terms ?

You wear a sword ; we must entreat you leave it.

2 Serv. Fy, Sir ! so sweet a lady ?

Cler. Was this my bedfellow ?

Pray, give me leave to look ! I am not mad yet ;
I may be by and by. Did this lie by me ?

³¹ *Din.* *What dismal noise ?*] Either this is a continuation of *Cleremont's* speech, or some marginal direction, as *noises within*, is left out ; the latter seems most probable to me, the former to Mr. Symphon.

Seward.

We think with Mr. Seward here.

³² *Are we made stales to one another.*] *Stales* is a technical name for decoy-ducks.

Seward.

Did

230 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Did I fear this? Is this a cause to shake at?
Away with me, for shame! I am a rascal.

*Enter Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira, Anabel,
Cleremont, and two Servants.*

Din. I am amaz'd too.

Beau. We'll recover you.

Verdone. You walk like Robin Good-fellow, all the
house over,
And every man afraid of you.

Din. 'Tis well, lady!
The honour of this deed will be your own;
The world shall know your bounty.

Beau. What shall we do with 'em?

Cler. Geld me;
For 'tis not fit I should be a man again;
I am an afs, a dog!

Lam. Take your revenges;
You know my husband's wrongs and your own losses.

Ana. A brave man, an admirable brave man!
Well, well, I would not be so tried again.
A very handsome proper gentleman!

Cler. Will you let me lie by her but one hour more,
And then hang me?

Din. We wait your malice; put your swords home
bravely!
You have reason to seek blood.

Lam. Not, as you are noble!

Champ. Hands off, and give them liberty; only dis-
arm 'em.

Beau. We have done that already.

Champ. You are welcome, gentlemen!
I am glad my house has any pleasure for you.
I keep a couple of ladies here, they say fair,
And you are young and handsome gentlemen:
Have you any more mind to wenches?

Cler. To be abus'd too! Lady, you might have
help'd this.

Ana. Sir, now 'tis past; but it may be I may stand
Your

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 231

Your friend hereafter, in a greater matter.

Cler. Never whilst you live.

Ana. You cannot tell.

Now, Sir, a parting hand.

Cler. Down and roses!

Well, I may live to see you again. A dull rogue!
No revelation in thee?

Lam. Were you well frightened?

Were your fits from the heart? of all colds and
colours?

That's all your punishment.

Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a blockhead undertaken it.

Champ. Your swords you must leave to these gentlemen.

Verdone. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even ice again.

Din. 'Tis well.

To be a mistress, is to be a monster³⁵!

And so I leave your house, and you, for ever.

Lam. Leave your wild lusts, and then you are a master.

Champ. You may depart too.

Cler. I had rather stay here.

Champ. Faith, we shall fright you worse.

Cler. Not in that manner;

There's five hundred crowns, fright me but so again.

³⁵ *To be a mistress, is to be a monster.*] Lamira's answer plainly shews, that Dinant call'd himself, not her, a monster; *i. e.* a monstrous fool, as he afterwards says more plainly. Mr. Sympson concurr'd with me in pointing out the corruption, and in the sense that ought to be restored. He reads,

To be a mistress's, is to be a monster;

but as this gives a harshness to the measure, I have ventur'd to prefer the correction I had made before the receipt of his. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

To have a mistress, is to be a monster.

Lamira's reply seems to argue for the old reading. Dinant says, *to be a mistress, is to be a monster.*—'Leave your lusts, says she, and you will not be influenced by a mistress; you will be a master.' This passage, however, may be classed among the doubtful ones.

J. N.

Din.

232 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Din. Come, Cleremont, this is the hour of fool.

Cler. Wiser the next shall be, or we'll to school.

[*Exeunt Cler. and Din.*]

Champ. How coolly these hot gallants are departed!
Faith, cousin, 'twas unconscionably done,
To lie so still, and so long.

Ana. 'Twas your pleasure;
If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.

Champ. Oh, my best wife,
Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what life.

Lam. The more trust you commit, the more care
still,
Goodness and virtue shall attend my will.

Champ. Let's laugh this night out now, and count
our gains.

We have our honours home, and they their pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Cleremont and Dinant.

Din. **I**T holds, they will go thither.

Cler. To their summer-house?

Din. Thither i' th' evening; and, which is the most
infliction,

Only to insult upon our miseries.

Cler. Are you provided?

Din. Yes, yes.

Cler. Thoroughly?

Din. Thoroughly.

Cler. Basta, enough³⁶! I have your mind; I will
not fail you.

Din. At such an hour.

Cler.

³⁶ Basta, enough.] Mr. Symphon observes that *enough*, here, was
a marginal

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 233

Cler. Have I a memory ?

A cause, and will to do?—Thou art so fullen——

Din. And shall be, till I have a fair reparation.

Cler. I have more reason, for I'scap'd a fortune,
Which, if I come so near again—I say nothing ;
But if I sweat not in another fashion——

Oh, a delicate wench !

Din. 'Tis certain a most handsome one.

Cler. And, methought, the thing was angry with
itself too,

It lay so long conceal'd. But I must part with you ;
I have a scene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,
And my hour is come.

Din. Miss not your time.

Cler. I dare not.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Sampson and a Gentleman.

Gent. I presume, Sir, you now need no instruction,
But fairly know what belongs to a gentleman :
You bear your uncle's cause.

Samp. Do not disturb me ;
I understand my cause, and the right carriage.

Gent. Be not too bloody.

Samp. As I find my enemy ; if his sword bite,
If it bite, Sir, you must pardon me.

Gent. No doubt he is valiant ;
He durst not undertake else.

Samp. He's most welcome,
As he's most valiant ; he were no man for me else.

Gent. But say he should relent.

Samp. He dies relenting,
(I cannot help it) he must die relenting ;

a marginal explanation of the Italian word *bastia* ; and adds nothing
to the text but a tautology in sense, and a redundancy in measure.

Seward.

Mr. Seward therefore omits the word *enough*. We cannot think that
the old transcribers were very solicitous to give *marginal explanations*.
Many passages have been mistaken for want of them. Repetitions in
familiar conversation are common, and often graceful, rather than
tautology.

If

234 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

If he pray, praying, *ipso facto*, praying;
(Your honourable way admits no prayer)
And if he fight, he falls; there's his *quietus*.

Gent. You're nobly punctual. Let's retire and meet
'em;

But still, I say, have mercy!

Samp. I say, honour!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Champernel, Lamira, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone,
Charlotte, and a Servant.*

Lam. Will not you go, sweetheart?

Champ. Go? I'll fly with thee!

I stay behind?

Lam. My father will be there too,
And all our best friends.

Beau. And if we be not merry,
We have hard luck, lady.

Verdone. Faith, let's have a kind of play.

Champ. What shall it be?

Verdone. The story of Dinant.

Lam. With the merry conceits of Cleremont,
His fits and fevers.

Ana. But I'll lie still no more.

Lam. That, as you make the play. 'Twill be rare
sport;

And how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it!
Have you giv'n order for the coach?

Char. Yes, madam.

Champ. My easy nag, and pad?

Serv. 'Tis making ready.

Champ. Where are your horses?

Beau. Ready at an hour, Sir.

We'll not be last.

Champ. Fly! what a night shall we have³⁷?

³⁷ *Champ.* Fly, *what a night shall we have.*] As Champernel promotes and not discourages the scheme of mirth, *fy* is surely wrong. It might be *fly*, in answer to Beaupre, but I rather think it was a note of joy instead of disapprobation; as *hey!* or something to that effect.

Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, *hey!* We prefer his other conjecture, *fly*, which the next speech seems to countenance.

A roaring

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 235

A roaring merry night !

Lam. We'll fly at all, Sir.

Champ. I'll fly at thee too, finely, and so ruffle thee !
I'll try your art upon a country pallet.

Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I should expect it ;
Then, if you fail——

Champ. Thou say'st too true ; we all talk,
But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner
Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.

Lam. He that's sad,
A crab-fac'd mistress cleave to him for this year !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cleremont and La-Writ.

La-Writ. Since it cannot be the judge——

Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.

La-Writ. You are sure he is his kinsman ? a gentleman ?

Cler. As arrant a gentleman, and a brave fellow,
And so near to his blood——

La-Writ. It shall suffice :

I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove
Shall quit his kindred ; I'll lop him.

Cler. Will you kill him ?

La-Writ. An there were no more cousins in the
world, I kill him !

I do mean, Sir, to kill all my lord's kindred ;
For every cause a cousin.

Cler. How if he have no more cousins ?

La-Writ. The next a-kin then to his lordship's favour ;

The man he smiles upon.

Cler. Why, this is vengeance,
Horrid, and dire.

La-Writ. I love a dire revenge :

' Give me the man that will all others kill,

' And last himself ³⁸.'

³⁸ Give me the man that will all others kill,

And last himself.] There is certainly great humour in this quotation, if we knew from whence it was taken. Such a sentiment, or something

236 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Cler. You stole that resolution.

La-Writ. I had it in a play; but that's all one, I would see it done.

Cler. Come, you must be more merciful.

La-Writ. To no lord's cousins in the world; I hate 'em!

A lord's cousin to me is a kind of cockatrice; If I see him first, he dies³⁹.

Cler. A strange antipathy!

What think you of their nieces?

La-Writ. If I like 'em,

They may live, and multiply.—'Tis a cold morning.

Cler. 'Tis sharp indeed. You've broke your fast?

La-Writ. No, verily.

Cler. Your valour would have ask'd a good foundation.

La-Writ. Hang him, I'll kill him fasting.

Enter Sampson and the Gentleman.

Cler. Here they come.

Bear yourself, in your language, smooth and gently; When your swords argue——

La-Writ. Pray, Sir, spare your precepts.

Gent. I have brought you, Sir——

La-Writ. 'Tis very well; no words.

You're welcome, Sir!

Samp. I thank you, Sir; few words.

La-Writ. I'll kill you for your uncle's sake.

thing like this sentiment, had probably been introduced as a piece of serious sublimity; for had it been before comic only, there would be no humour in the quotation. Whoever reads *Almanzor*, wrote by so eminent a poet as Mr. Dryden, will not wonder to find sentiments as ridiculous as this in tragedies of some note.

Seward.

³⁹ *If I see him first he dies.*

A strange antipathy.] Did the latter part belong to *La-Writ*, the line would have been continued, for the three first monosyllables being contracted by the reader into two, (a liberty the old Poets often use) the verse is complete. This, together with the humour the sentiment receives, by making it the observation of *Cleremont* upon what *La-Writ* had said, seems to prove sufficiently that it belongs to him.

Seward.

Samp.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 237

Samp. I love you ;
I'll cut your throat for your own sake.

La-Writ. I esteem of you ⁴⁰.

Cler. Let's render 'em honest and fair gentlemen.
Search my friend, I'll search yours.

Gent. That's quickly done.

Cler. You come with no spells, nor witchcrafts ?

Samp. I come fairly, to kill him honestly.

La-Writ. Hang spells and witchcrafts !

I come to kill my lord's nephew like a gentleman ;
And so I kifs his hand.

Gent. This doublet is too stiff.

La-Writ. Off with 't ; I hate it, [He strips.
And all such fortifications : Feel my skin ;
If that be stiff, flea that off too.

Gent. 'Tis no soft one.

La-Writ. Off with 't, I say !
I'll fight with him like a flead cat.

Gent. You're well, you're well.

Cler. You must uncase too.

Samp. Yes, Sir.

But tell me this, why should I mix mine honour
With a fellow that has ne'er a lace in's shirt ?

Gent. That's a main point ; my friend has two.

Cler. That's true, Sir.

La-Writ. Base and degen'rate cousin, dost not thou
know,

An old and tatter'd colours to the enemy
Is of more honour, and shews more ominous ?
This shirt five times victorious I have fought under,
And cut thro' squadrons of your curious cut-works,
As I will do thro' thine. Shake, and be satisfied !

⁴⁰ *I esteem of you.*] The *of* seems here only to hurt both sense and measure. This is a fine continuation of the banter on the French politeness in duelling. And I doubt not but our Poets who so often, and with such infinite variety of humour, have banter'd the shocking fashion of their age, of fighting for every trifle, did not little contribute to the reformation of their countrymen in that particular. *Seward.*

There is a stiff complaisant formality in the *of* ; and it is perfectly in the stile, not only of the character, but of the times.

Cler.

238 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Cler. This is unanswerable.

Samp. But may I fight
With a foul shirt?

Gent. Most certain, so it be
A fighting shirt, let it be ne'er so foul, or lousy:
Cæsar wore such a one.

Samp. Saint Denis, then!
I accept your shirt.

Cler. Not so forward; first, you must talk;
(It is a main point of the French method)
Talk civilly, and make your cause authentic.

Gent. No weapon must be near you, nor no anger.

Cler. When you have done, then stir your resolutions;
Take to your weapons bravely.

La-Writ. 'Tis too cold:
This for a summer fight.

Cler. Not for a world
You should transgress the rules——

Samp. 'Tis peevish weather;
I'd rather fight without.

Gent. An 'twere in a river——

Cler. Where both stood up to th' chins!

La Writ. Then let's talk quickly.
Plague o' this circumstance!

Cler. Are the horses come yet?

Gent. Yes, certain.—Give your swords to us; now,
civilly.

Cler. We'll stand a while off.—Take the things,
and leave 'em—

You know when—and let the children play:
This is a dainty time of year for puppies.
'Would the old lord were here!

Gent. He'd die with laughter.

Cler. I'm sorry I've no time to see this game out;
Away, away!

Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight.
Call when ye're fit.

[*Exeunt Cler. and Gent.*

La-Writ. Why, look you, Sir, you seem to be a
gentleman,

And

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And you come in honour of your uncle—Boh, boh,
'tis very cold!—

Your uncle has offer'd me some few affronts,
Past flesh and blood to bear—Boh, boh, wondrous
cold!

Samp. My lord, mine uncle, is an honourable man,
And what he offers—Boh, boh, cold indeed!—
Having made choice of me (an unworthy kinsman,
Yet take me with you)—Boh, boh, pestilence cold!—
Not altogether——

La-Writ. Boh, boh—I say altogether.

Samp. You say you know not what then—Boh,
boh—Sir.

La-Writ. Sir me with your sword in your hand. You
have

A scurvy uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,
And you are—Boh, boh!

Samp. Boh, boh—What?

La-Writ. A shitten scurvy cousin!

Samp. Our swords, our swords!

Thou art a dog; and, like a dog—Our swords!

La-Writ. Our weapons, gentlemen!—Ha! where's
your second?

Samp. Where's yours?

La-Writ. So ho! our weapons!

Samp. Wa, ha, ho! our weapons!

Our doublets, and our weapons!—I am dead.

La-Writ. First, second, third—A plague be wi' you,
gentlemen!

Samp. Are these the rules of honour? I am starv'd.

La-Writ. They're gone, and we are here. What
shall we do?

Samp. Oh, for a couple of faggots!

La-Writ. Hang a couple of faggots!

Dar'ft thou take a killing cold with me?

Samp. I have it already.

La-Writ. Rogues, thieves—Boh, boh—Run away
with our doublets!

To fight at buffets now, 'twere such a may-game!

Samp.

240 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Samp. There were no honour in't; plague on't, 'tis scurvy!

La-Writ. Or to revenge my wrongs at fifty-cuffs?

Samp. My lord mine uncle's cause depend on boxes?

La-Writ. Let's go in quest. If ever we recover 'em—

Samp. Ay, come, our colds together, and our doublets.

La-Writ. Give me thy hand; thou art a valiant gentleman!

I say, if ever we recover 'em——

Samp. Let's get into a house, and warm our hearts.

La-Writ. There's ne'er a house within this mile.
Beat me,

Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,
To keep us warm. If ever we recover 'em——

Kick hard; I'm frozen. So so; now I feel it.

Samp. I am dull yet.

La-Writ. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee—Gentlemen!
Rogues, thieves, thieves! Run now; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira,
Anabel, Charlotte, and Nurse.*

Vert. Use legs, and have legs.

Champ. You that have legs say so;
I put my one to too much stress.

Verd. Your horse, Sir,
Will meet you within half a mile.

Lam. I like
The walk so well, I should not miss my coach,
Tho' it were further. Anabel, thou'rt sad:
What ails my niece?

Beau. She is still musing, sister,
How quietly her late bedfellow lay by her.

Nurse. Old as I am, he would have startled me;
Nor can you blame her.

Char. Had I ta'en her place,
I know not, but I fear, I should ha' shriek'd,
Tho' he had never offer'd——

Ana. Out upon thee;

Thou

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 241

Thou wouldst have taught him.

Char. I think, with your pardon,
That you wish now you had.

Ana. I am glad I yield you
Such ample scope of mirth. [Cornet.
[Musick within.]

Vert. Nay, be not angry;
There's no ill meant. Ha! musick? and choice musick?

Champ. 'Tis near us in the grove. What courteous
bounty

Bestows it on us? My dancing days are done;
Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.

Verdone. 'Tis, questionless, some one of your own
village,

That, hearing of your purpos'd journey thither,
Prepares it for your entertainment, and
The honour of my lady.

Lam. I think rather,
Some of your lordship's clients.

Beau. What say you, cousin,
If they should prove your suitors?

Verdone. That's most likely!

Nurse. I say, if you are noble, be't who will,
Go presently, and thank 'em. I can jump yet,
Or tread a measure.

Lam. Like a miller's mare.

Nurse. I warrant you, well enough to serve the
country.

I'll make one, and lead the way. [Exit.]

Char. Do you note
How zealous the old crone is?

Lam. And you titter
As eagerly as she. Come, sweet, we'll follow;
No ill can be intended. [Musick ends.]

Champ. I ne'er fear'd yet. [Exeunt.]

SONG IN THE WOOD.

This way, this way come, and hear,
You that hold these pleasures dear;
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
Whilst we melt the frozen ground.

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Q

This

242 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

This way come ; make hafte, oh, fair !
 Let your clear eyes gild the air ;
 Come, and blefs us with your fight ;
 This way, this way, feek delight !

Enter a company of Gentlemen, like ruffians.

1 *Gent.* They are ours ; but draw them on a little further

From the foot-path into the neighb'ring thicket,
 And we may do't as fafe as in a caſtle.

2 *Gent.* They follow ſtill ; the preſident Vertaigne
 Comes on apace, and Champernel limps after ;
 The women, as if they had wings, and walk'd
 Upon the air, fly to us.

1 *Gent.* They are welcome ;
 We'll make 'em ſport. Make a ſtand here. All know
 How we are to proceed ?

2 *Gent.* We are inſtructed. [*Mufick continues within.*

*Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira,
 Anabel, Nurſe, and Charlotte.*

1 *Gent.* One ſtrain or two more.—Excellent ; they're
 come.

Nurſe. We cannot miſs ; in ſuch a buſineſs, yet
 Mine ear ne'er fail'd me.

Char. 'Would we were at it once !
 I do not walk, but dance.

1 *Gent.* You ſhall have dancing !
 Begin ; and when I give the word——

2 *Gent.* No more :
 We are inſtructed. [*Dance ; after which, the Gentle-
 men ruſh on Beaupre and company.*] Now !

Beau. But win us fairly !

1 *Gent.* Oh, Sir, we do not come to try your valour,
 But to poſſeſs you ; yet we uſe you kindly,
 In that, like Engliſh thieves, we kill you not,
 But are contented with the ſpoil.

Vert. Oh, Heav'n !
 How hath mine age deſerv'd this ?

Champ. Hell confound it !

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 243

This comes of walking! Had I kept my legs,
Or my good horse, my armour on,
My staff in my rest, and this good sword to friend ⁴¹,
How I would break and scatter these!

All Gent. Ha, ha, ha!

Champ. Do you scorn me, rogues?

Nurse. Nay, gentlemen, kind gentlemen,
Or honest keepers of these woods! but hear me;
Be not so rough! If you are taken with
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private;
You shall not find me squeamish.

Char. Do not kill me,
And do your worst; I'll suffer.

Lam. Peace, vile creatures!

Vert. D'you know me, or my place, that you pre-
sume not

To touch my person?

Gent. If you are well, rest so;
Provoke not angry wasps.

Vert. You're wasps indeed,
Never created to yield wax or honey,
But for your country's torment. Yet, if you are men,
(As you seem such in shape) if true-born Frenchmen,
However want compels you to these courses,
Rest satisfied with what you can take from us,
(These ladies' honours, and our liberties safe)
We freely give it.

Gent. You give but our own.

Vert. Look on these grey hairs, as you would be old!
Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy
When justice shall o'ertake you!

Champ. Look on me,
Look on me, rascals, and learn of me too,

⁴¹ *And this good sword too, friend.*] Mr. Sympson has undoubtedly
it on the true reading here,

— *my sword to friend,*

e. to befriend me: Is an expression common to the best writers.

Seward.

244 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

That have been in some part of your profession,
Before that most of you e'er suck'd, I know it;
I have rode hard, and late too.

Vert. Take heed, Sir.

Champ. Then use me like a brother of the trade,
For I have been at sea, as you on land are.
Restore my matrimony undefil'd,
Wrong not my niece, and, for our gold or silver,
If I pursue you, hang me!

Nurse. 'Tis well offer'd;
And, as I said, sweet gentlemen with four faces,
If you are high, and want some sport, or so,
(As living without action here, you may do)
Forbear their tender gristles; they are meat
Will wash away, there is no substance in it;
We that are expert in the game, and tough too,
Will hold you play.

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

1 Gent. This hen longs to be trodden.

Din. Lacquey, my horse!

Cler. This way, I heard the cries
Of distress'd women.

2 Gent. Stand upon your guard!

Din. Who's here? my witty, scornful lady-plot,
I' th' hands of ruffians?

Cler. And my fine cold virgin,
That was insensible of man, and woman?

Din. Justice too, without a sword to guard itself?

Cler. And valour with its hands bound?

Din. And the great soldier dull?
Why, this is strange.

Lam. Dinant, as thou art noble——

Ana. As thou art valiant, Cleremont——

Lam. As ever I
Appeared lovely——

Ana. As you ever hope
For what I would give gladly——

Cler. Pretty conjurations!

Lam.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 245

Lam. All injuries a little laid behind you——

Ana. Shew yourselves men, and help us.

Din. Tho' your many

And gross abuses of me should more move me
To triumph in your mis'ries than relieve you,
Yet, that hereafter you may know that I,
The scorn'd and despis'd Dinant, know what does
Belong to honour, thus——

Cler. I will say little ; [*Fight.*
Speak thou for me !

Champ. 'Tis bravely fought.

Vert. Brave tempers,
To do thus for their enemies !

Champ. They're lost yet.

1 *Gent.* You that would rescue others, shall now feel
What they were born to.

2 *Gent.* Hurry them away ! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vertaigne and Champernel.

Champ. That I could follow them !

Vert. I only can
Lament my fortune, and desire of Heaven
A little life for my revenge.

Champ. The provost
Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out :
No cave, no rock, nor hell, shall keep them from
My searching vengeance !

Enter La-Writ and Sampson.

La-Writ. Oh, cold ! oh, fearful cold ! Plague of all
seconds.

Samp. Oh, for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip
Of aquafortis !

Champ. The rogues have met with these two,
Upon my life, and robb'd 'em.

La-Writ. As you are honourable gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants——

Samp. My lord mine uncle, as I live !

La-Writ. Pox take him !

Q 3

How

246 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

How that word has warm'd my mouth !

Vert. Why, how now, cousin ?

Why, why—and where, man, have you been ? at a
poulter's,

That you are cas'd thus like a rabbit ? I could laugh
now,

And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my children,
Laugh monstrously.

Champ. What are they ?

Vert. Give me leave, Sir ;
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing !

Champ. Why, Sir ?

Vert. Why, 'tis such a thing, (I smell it, Sir, I smell it)
Such a ridiculous thing !——

La-Writ. Do you laugh at me, my lord ?
I'm very cold, but that should not be laugh'd at.

Champ. What art thou ?

La Writ. What art thou ?

Samp. If he had his doublet,
And his sword by his side, as a gentleman ought to
have——

Vert. Peace, monsieur Sampson !

Champ. Come hither, little gentleman.

La-Writ. Base is the slave commanded : Come to me.

Vert. This is the Little Advocate.

Champ. What Advocate ?

Vert. The Little Advocate that sent me a challenge,
I told you that my nephew undertook it,

And what 'twas like to prove : Now you see the issue,

Champ. Is this the Little Lawyer ?

La-Writ. You have a sword, Sir,
And I have none ; you have a doublet too,
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry,

Samp. If your lordship knew
The nature and the nobleness of the gentleman,
Tho' he shew flight here, and at what gusts ⁴² of danger

⁴² *And at what gusts of danger*
His manhood has arrived.] Mr. Seward, disliking the word *gusts*,
reads,

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 247

His manhood has arriv'd, but that mens' fates are
foolish,

And often headlong over-run their fortunes——

La-Writ. That Little Lawyer would so prick his
ears up,

And bite your honour by the nose——

Champ. Say you so, Sir?

La-Writ. So niggle about your grave shins, lord
Vertaigne, too——

Samp. No more, sweet gentleman; no more of that,
Sir.

La-Writ. I will have more, I must have more.

Vert. Out with it.

Samp. Nay, he is as brave a fellow——

Champ. Have I caught you? [*Strikes him down.*]

Vert. Do not kill him, do not kill him.

Champ. No, no, no, I will not.

D'you peep again? Down, down, proud heart!

Samp. Oh, valour!

Look up, bravefriend. I have no means to rescue thee.

My kingdom for a sword⁴³!

Champ. I'll sword you presently;

—— at what justs of danger

His manhood has arrived,

'i. e. says he, *What dangerous tournaments his manhood has been engaged in.* It is a technical word in knight-errantry, and perfectly suitable to the errant knight that utters it.' The conjecture is probable; but we see no difficulty in *GUSTS of danger.*

⁴³ *My kingdom for a sword.*] Mr. Sympfon thinks this a stupid sneer at Shakespeare, and Mr. Theobald always us'd to look on every such jocular quotation from him, as so many sneers. For my part, I think it no more a sneer upon Shakespeare, than the Battle of the Frogs and Mice is upon the Iliad, or the Splendid Shilling upon Paradise Lost. Every sentiment, or expression of *dignity* and *sublimity*, when applied to a *ridiculous* subject, serves only by its *contrast* to render the subject more *ridiculous.* Thus, *et tu Brute* below, cannot possibly be a sneer upon Shakespeare, who does nothing but transcribe the very expression Cæsar made use of at his death; at least the Latin translation of it. But Sampson assuming the distress of Richard the Third, and La-Writ the dignity of Cæsar in his fall, extremely heighten the comic drollery of their characters. Thus again, in an emendation of Mr. Sympfon's, note 11, in this very play, [*a pretended emendation!*]

What mister thing is this?

As Spenser had stamp'd a dignity upon the obsolete word *mister*, it is
with

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I'll claw your skin-coat too.

Vert. Away, good Sampson;
You go to grafs else instantly.

Samp. But do not murder my brave friend.

Vert. Not one word.

Champ. If you do, firrah——

Samp. Must I go off dishonour'd?
Adversity tries valour; so I leave thee! [Exit.

Champ. Are you a Lawyer, Sir?

La-Writ. I was, I was, Sir.

Champ. Nay, never look; your Lawyer's pate is
broken,

And your litigious blood about your ears, firrah!
Why do you fight and snarl?

La-Writ. I was possess'd.

Champ. I'll dispossess you.

Vert. Ha, ha, ha!

La-Writ. *Et tu, Brute?*

Vert. Beat him no more.

Champ. Alas, Sir, I must beat him,
Beat him into his business again; he will be lost else.

Vert. Then, take your way.

Champ. Lie still, and do not struggle.

La-Writ. I am patient.

I never saw my blood before; it jades me:
I have no more heart now than a goose.

Champ. Why, firrah,
Why do you leave your trade, your trade of living⁴⁴,
And send your challenges like thunderbolts,
To men of honour'd place?

with great humour applied to La-Writ. But is Spenser *sneer'd* by the application? No; Fletcher was so far from sneering, that he almost *idoliz'd* him; as is shewn in note 76 on the Faithful Shepherdess.

Seward.

After all, it cannot be denied that our Poets, as well as Ben Jonson, have certainly more than once indulged themselves in sneering allusions to the Works of Shakespeare.

⁴⁴ *Your trade, your trade of living.*] i. e. Your trade by which you are to get your livelihood, and without which you must starve. I add this explanation because Mr. Symphon, taking *trade of living* only for *way of living*, thought it a strange tautology.

Seward.

La.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 249

La Writ. I understand, Sir ;
I never understood before your beating.

Champ. Does this
Work on you ?

La-Writ. Yes.

Champ. D'you thank me for't ?

La-Writ. As well
As a beaten man can.

Champ. And d'you promise me,
To fall close to your trade again ? leave brawling ?

La-Writ. If you will give me leave and life.

Champ. And ask this nobleman forgiveness ?

La-Writ. Heartily.

Champ. Rise then, and get you gone ; and let me
hear of you

As of an advocate new vamp'd. No more words ;
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs ;
I shall pursue you else.

La-Writ. I have done, sweet gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Vert. But we forget ourselves, our friends, and
children.

Champ. We'll raise the country first, then take our
fortunes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter First Gentleman and Lamira.

1 Gent. Shall I entreat for what I may command ?

Lam. Think on my birth.

1 Gent. Here I am only noble,
A king, and thou in my dominions, fool,
A subject, and a slave.

Lam. Be not a tyrant,
A ravisher of honour, gentle Sir,
And I will think you such ; and on my knees,
As to my sov'reign, pay a subject's duty,
With prayers and tears.

1 Gent. I like this humble carriage :
I will walk by ; but kneel you still, and weep too,
(It shews well) while I meditate on the prey,
Before I seize it.

Lam. Is there no mercy, Heav'n ?

Enter

250 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Enter Second Gentleman and Anabel.

2 *Gent.* Not kifs you? I will kifs, and kifs again.

Ana. Savage villain!

My innocence be my strength! I do defy thee,
Thus scorn and spit at thee. Will you come on,
Sir?

You're hot; there is a cooler.

2 *Gent.* A virago?

Ana. No, loathsome goat, more, more; I am that
goddeſs,

That here with whips of ſteel, in hell hereafter,
Scourge rape and theft.

2 *Gent.* I'll try your deity.

Ana. My chaſtity, and this knife held by a virgin,
Againſt thy luſt, thy ſword, and thee a beaſt,
Call on for the encounter.

2 *Gent.* Now what think you?

Are you a goddeſs? [*Throws her and takes her knife.*]

Ana. In me their pow'r ſuffers
That ſhould protect the innocent,

1 *Gent.* I am

All fire, and thou ſhalt quench it, and ſerve my
pleaſures.

Come, partner in the ſpoil and the reward,
Let us enjoy our purchaſe.

Lam. Oh, Dinant!

Oh, Heav'n! oh, huſband!

Ana. Oh, my Cleremont!

1 *Gent.* Two are our ſlaves they call on; bring 'em
forth,

As they are chain'd together; let them ſee,
And ſuffer in the object.

*Enter Dinant and Cleremont, bound, and the reſt of the
Gentlemen.*

2 *Gent.* While we ſit
And without pity hear 'em.

Cler. By my life,
I ſuffer more for thee than for myſelf.

Din.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 251

Din. Be a man, Cleremont, and look upon 'em
As such that not alone abus'd our service,
Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion,
But, when love fail'd, to draw on further mischief,
The baits they laid for us were our own honours,
Which thus hath made us slaves too, worse than slaves.

2 Gent. He dies.

1 Gent. Pray hold ; give him a little respite.

Din. I see you now beyond expression wretched,
The wit you bragg'd of fool'd, that boasted honour,
(As you believ'd, compass'd with walls of brass,
To guard it sure) subject to be o'erthrown
With the least blast of lust.

Lam. A most sad truth.

Din. That confidence, which was not to be shaken,
In a perpetual fever, and those favours,
Which, with so strong and ceremonious duty,
Your lover and a gentleman long sought for,
Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must you yield up
To a licentious villain, that will hardly
Allow you thanks for't.

Cler. Something I must say too,
And to you, pretty one, tho' crying one.
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful benchers
please,

(Tho' I know not their faces that condemn me)
A little startles me ; but a man is nothing,
A maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at.
Do not you wish now, and wish from your heart too,
When, scarce sweet with my fears, I long lay by you,
(Those fears you and your good aunt put upon me,
To make you sport) you'd given a little hint,
A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,
And by a mortal woman ?

Ana. Pray you no more !

Cler. If I had loos'd that virgin zone, observe me,
I would have hir'd the best of all our poets
To've sung so much, and so well, in the honour
Of that night's joy, that Ovid's Afternoon,

Nor

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Nor his Corinna, should again be mention'd.

Ana. I do repent, and wish I had.

Cler. That's comfort.

But now——

2 Gent. Another, that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it !

Cler. A rogue, a ruffian ?

2 Gent. As you love your throat——

1 Gent. Away with them.

Ana. Oh, Cleremont !

Lam. Oh, Dinant !

Din. I can but add your sorrows to my sorrows,
Your fears to my fears.

Cler. To your wishes mine,
This slave may prove unable to perform,
'Till I perform the task that I was born for.

Ana. Amen, amen !

1 Gent. Drag the slaves hence. For you,
A while I'll lock you up here: Study all ways
You can to please me, or, the deed being done,
You are but dead.

2 Gent. This strong vault shall contain you ;
There think how many for your maidenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to lose it
With penitence.

1 Gent. No human help can save you.

Ladies. Help, help !

2 Gent. You cry in vain ; rocks cannot hear you,

A C T

A C T V.

A horrid noise of musick within. Enter one and opens the door, within which Lamira and Anabel were shut, they in fear.

Lam. **O**H, cousin, how I shake all this long night!
What frights and noises we have heard!
Still they encrease.

The villains put on shapes to torture us ⁴⁵,
And, to their devils, form such preparations
As if they were a-hatching new dishonours,
And fatal ruin, past dull man's invention.
Go not too far, and pray, good cousin Anabel!
Hark, a new noise!

[A strange musick, sackbut, and troop-musick.

Ana. They're exquisite in mischief.

I will go on; this room gives no protection,
More than the next. What's that? How sad and hollow,
The sound comes to us! *[Gent. peeping.*

Lam. Groaning, or singing, is it? *[Louder noise.*

Ana. The wind, I think, murmuring amongst old
rooms.

Lam. Now it grows louder; sure some sad presage
Of our foul loss.—*[Peep.]*—Look, now they peep.

Ana. Pox peep 'em!

Lam. Oh, give them gentle language.

Ana. Give 'em rats-bane. *[Peep above.*

Lam. Now they're above.

Ana. I would they were i' th' centre.

⁴⁵ *The villains put on shapes to torture us,*

And to their devils form such preparations

As if they were, &c.] The former editors, by their pointing and making *devils* the plural number instead of the *genitive singular*, seem to have taken *form* for a verb; but then they leave *and to their devils* without any sense at all.

Seward.

The old pointing gives, we think, the same sense with *Seward's*, and avoids the hardness of *PUT ON preparation*. *To their devils*, signifies *BESIDES their devils*, like which they were disguised.

Lam.

254 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Lam. Thou art so foolish desperate.

Ana. Since we must lose——

Lam. Call 'em brave fellows, gentlemen.

Ana. Call 'em rogues,

Rogues as they are, rude rogues, uncivil villains!

Lam. Look, an thou woo't beware; dost thou feel the danger?

Ana. 'Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk still,
And worse when that comes too; they cannot eat me.
This is a punishment upon our own prides
Most justly laid: We must abuse brave gentlemen,
Make 'em tame fools, and hobby-horses; laugh and
jeer at

Such men too, and so handsome and so noble,
That, howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it——

'Would 'twere to do again!

Lam. I do confess, cousin,
It was too harsh, too foolish.

Ana. Do you feel it?

D'you find it now? take heed o' th' punishment.

We might have had two gallant gentlemen,

Proper, and young; oh, how it tortures me!

Two devils now, two rascals, two and twenty——

Lam. Oh, think not so.

Ana. Nay, an we 'scape so modestly——

Lam. May we be worthy any eyes, or knowledge,
When we are us'd thus?

Ana. Why not? why d'you cry?

Are we not women still? what were we made for?

Lam. But thus, thus basely——

Ana. 'Tis against our wills;

And if there come a thousand, so——

Lam. Out on thee!

Ana. You are a fool: What we cannot resist,
Why should we grieve and blush for? There be women,
And they that bear the name of excellent women,
Would give their whole estates to meet this fortune.

Lam. Hark, a new noise! [New sound within.

Ana. Let 'em go on; I fear not.

If

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 255

If wrangling, fighting and scratching cannot preserve me,
Why, so be it, cousin. If I be ordain'd
To breed a race of rogues——

*Enter four over the stage, with Beaupre and Verdone
bound, and balters about their necks.*

Lam. They come.

Ana. Be firm;
They're welcome.

Lam. What mask of death is this? Oh, my dear
brother!

Ana. My coz too? why, now you're glorious villains!

Lam. Oh, shall we lose our honours?

Ana. Let 'em go;
When death prepares the way, they are but pageants.
Why must these die?

Beau. Lament your own misfortunes;
We perish happily before your ruins.

Ana. Has mischief ne'er a tongue?

Gent. Yes, foolish woman,
Our captain's will is death.

Ana. You dare not do it.
Tell thy base boistrous captain what I say,
Thy lawless captain, that he dares not do it!
D'you laugh, you rogue? you pamper'd rogue?

Lam. Good Sir,
(Good cousin, gently!) as you're a gentleman——

Ana. A gentleman? A slave, a dog, the devil's
harbinger!

Lam. Sir, as you had a mother——

Ana. He a mother?
Shame not the name of mother! A she-bear,
A bloody old wolf-bitch! A woman-mother?
Looks that rude lump, as if he had a mother?
Intreat him? Hang him! Do thy worst; thou dar'st not,
Thou dar'st not wrong their lives; thy captain dares
not;

They're persons of more price.

Verdone. Whate'er we suffer,

Let

256 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Let not your angers wrong you.

Ana. You cannot suffer;
The men that do this deed must live i'th' moon,
Free from the gripe of justice.

Lam. Is it not better——

Ana. Is it not better? Let 'em go on like rascals,
And put false faces on? they dare not do it!
Flatter such scabs of nature?

Gent. Woman, woman,
The next work is with you.

Ana. Unbind those gentlemen,
And put their fatal fortunes on our necks.

Lam. As you have mercy, do!

Ana. As you are monsters!

Lam. Fright us no more with shipwreck of our
honours;

Nor, if there be a guilt by us committed,
Let it endanger those.

Ana. I say, they dare not.
There be a thousand-gallowses, ye rogues!
Tortures, ye bloody rogues! wheels!

Gent. Away.

Lam. Stay.

Ana. Stay;

Stay, and I'll flatter too. Good sweet-fac'd gentlemen,
You excellent in honesty!—Oh, kinsmen!
Oh, noble kinsmen!

Gent. Away with 'em! [*Exe. Verd. Beau. and Gent.*]

Ana. Stay yet.——

The devil and his lovely dam walk with you!
Come, fortify yourself; if they do die,
(Which all their ruggedness can't rack into me)
They cannot find an hour more innocent,
Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

Enter Cleremont, disguised.

Lam. Now stand constant;
For now our trial's come.

Cler. This beauty's mine;

Your

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 257

Your minute moves not yet.

Lam. She sinks !——If Christian,
If any spark of noble heat——

Cler. Rise, lady,
And fearless rise ; there's no dishonour meant you.
D' you know my tongue ?

Ana. I've heard it.

Cler. Mark it better.
I'm one that loves you ; fairly, nobly loves you.
Look on my face.

Ana. Oh, Sir !

Cler. No more words ; softly,
Hark, but hark wisely how, understand well,
Suspect not, fear not.

Ana. You have brought me comfort.

Cler. If you dare think me worthy of your husband⁴⁶,
I am no rogue nor beggar, if you dare do thus——

Ana. You're monsieur Cleremont ?

Cler. I am the same.
If you dare venture, speak ; if not, I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of these villains,
That will not wooe you much.

Ana. Save my reputation,
And free me from these slaves !

Cler. By this kiss, I'll do it,
And from the least dishonour they dare aim at you.
I have a priest too shall be ready.

Ana. You are forward.

Lam. Is this my constant cousin ? How she whispers,
Kisses and hugs the thief !

Ana. You'll offer nothing ?

Cler. 'Till all be tied, not, as I am a gentleman.

Ana. Can you relieve my aunt too ?

Cler. Not yet, mistress,
But fear nothing ; all shall be well. Away quickly ;
It must be done : ' th' moment, or——

⁴⁶ If you think me worthy of your husband.] The word *dare* being twice repeated afterwards, in repeating this question, and the want of a syllable in the verse, seem to prove it accidentally dropt from this line.

Seward.

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Ana. I'm with you.

Cler. I'll know now who sleeps by me.—Keep your standing. [*Exeunt Cler. and Anabel.*]

Lam. Well, go thy way, and thine own shame dwell with thee!

Is this the constancy she shew'd, the bravery?
The dear love and the life she ow'd her kinsmen?
Oh, brave tongue-valiant⁴⁷, and vain-glorious woman!
Is this the noble anger you arriv'd at?
Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues you rail'd at,

The scabs and scums of nature? Oh, fair modesty,
Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled?
What hand of Heav'n is over us⁴⁸, when strong virgins
Yield to their fears, and to their fears their fortunes?
Never, Belief, come near me more! Farewell, wench,
A long farewell from all that ever knew thee!
My turn is next; I am resolv'd. It comes;
But in a nobler shape! Ha!

⁴⁷ *O brave tongue, valiant glorious woman!*] Mr. Symphon concurr'd with me in reading *tongue-valiant*. It is highly probable that Milton read it so, for he seems to imitate it in his *Samson Agonistes*: Samson calls Harapha, *tongue-doughty giant*; and this is not the first time in this play that Milton, in that very scene, seems to have imitated our Authors. What Champernel says in the second scene of the first act,

—[*Oh, that I had thee
In some close vault, that only would yield room
To me to use my sword, to thee no hope
To run away.*]

Milton puts, with a small change of expression, into Samson's mouth,
' Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
' Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give thee,
' Or rather flight, no great advantage of me.'

But beside the corruption of *tongue-valiant*, the word *glorious* seems to have lost its proper consort, which both the sense and verse require to be restor'd: I read therefore,

O brave tongue-valiant, and vain-glorious woman!

Dinant says, a little below, to Lamira,

*That spring of chastity that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vain-glory.*

This confirms the conjecture above.

Seaward.

⁴⁸ *What hand O Heav'n is over us.*] Thus read all editions but the first.

Enter

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 259

Enter Dinant.

Din. Bless you, lady!

Lam. Indeed, Sir, I had need of many blessings;
For all the hours I have had since I came here,
Have been so many curses. How got you liberty?
For I presume you come to comfort me.

Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis most true;
My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness,
And every hour my death.

Lam. Heav'n was your comfort.

Din. 'Till the last evening, sitting full of sadness,
Wailing, sweet mistress, your unhappy fortunes,
(Mine own I'd the least care of) round about me
The captain and the company stood gaping,
When I began the story of my love
To you, fair saint, and with so full a sorrow
Follow'd each point, that, e'en from those rude eyes,
That never knew what pity meant, or mercy,
There stole down soft relentings: (Take heed, mistress,
And let not such unholy hearts out-do you!
The soft-plum'd god will see again!) Thus taken,
As men transform'd with the strange tale I told,
They stood amaz'd; then bid me rise and live,
Take liberty and means to see your person,
And wish'd me prosperous in your love: Wish you so;
Be wise and loving, lady; shew but you so!

Lam. Oh, Sir, are these fit hours to talk of love in?
Shall we make fools of our afflictions?
Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears,
Where all the noise of bloody horror is?
My brother, and my cousin, they are dead, Sir,
Dead, basely dead! Is this an age to fool in?
And I myself, I know not what I shall be!
Yet I must thank you; and if happily
You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were living,
And my fears less, I might have hearken'd to you.

Din. Peace to your grief! I bind you to your word.

R 2

Enter

260 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Enter Cleremont, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone, Charlotte, Nurse, and the two Gentlemen.

Lam. How ! do you conjure ?

Din. Not to raise dreadful apparitions, madam,
But such as you would gladly see.

Lam. My brother,
And nephew living ?

Beau. And both owe their lives
To the favour of these gentlemen.

Verdone. Who deserve
Our service, and, for us, your gracious thanks.

Lam. Which I give freely, and become a suitor,
To be hereafter more familiar [Kiss.]
With such great worth and virtue.

I Gent. Ever think us
Your servants, madam.

Cler. Why, if thou wilt needs know
How we are freed, I will discover it,
And with laconic brevity. These gentlemen
This night encountring with those outlaws that
Yesterday made us prisoners, and, as we were,
Attempted by 'em, they with greater courage,
(I'm sure with better fortune) not alone
Guarded themselves, but forc'd the bloody thieves,
Being got between them and this hellish cave,
For safety of their lives, to fly up higher
Into the woods, all left to their possession :
This sav'd your brother and your nephew from
The gibbet, this redeem'd me from my chains,
And gave my friend his liberty ; this preserv'd
Your honour, ready to be lost.

Din. But that [Aside.]
I know this for a lie, and that the thieves
And gentlemen are the same men, by my practice
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
With such a constant brow, that, I am doubtful,
I should believe him too.

I Gent. If we did well,
We are rewarded.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 261

2 *Gent.* Thanks but take away
From what was freely purpos'd.

Cler. Now, by this hand, [To the Gentlemen.
You have so cunningly discharg'd your parts,
That, while we live, rest confident you shall
Command Dinant and Cleremont. Nor Beaupre
Nor Verdone scents it; for the ladies, they
Were easy to be gull'd.

1 *Gent.* 'Twas but a jest;
And yet the jest may chance to break our necks,
Should it be known.

Cler. Fear nothing.

Din. Cleremont,
Say, what success?

Cler. As thou wouldst wish; 'tis done, lad!
The grove will witness with me, that this night
I lay not like a block. But how speed you?

Din. I yet am in suspense; devise some means
To get these off, and speedily.

Cler. I have it.—
Come, we are dull; I think that the good fellows,
Our predecessors in this place, were not
So foolish and improvident husbands, but
'Twill yield us meat and wine.

1 *Gent.* Let's ransack it;
'Tis ours now by the law.

Cler. How say you, sweet one,
Have you an appetite?

Ana. To walk again
I' th' woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.

Cler. A little respite, prithee. Nay, blush not;
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable.
*Monfieur Beaupre, Verdone, what think you of the
motion?*

Verdone. Lead the way.

Beau. We follow willingly.

Cler. When you shall think fit,
We will expect you. [Exeunt all but Din. and Lam.

Din. Now be mistress of

R 3

Your

262 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Your promise, lady.

Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.

Din. But that word hearing did include a grant,
And you must make it good,

Lam. Must?

Din. Must and shall!

I will be fool'd no more: You had your tricks,
Made properties of me and of my friend,
Presum'd upon your power, and whipp'd me with
The rod of mine own dotage: Do not flatter
Yourself with hope, that any human help
Can free you; and, for aid by miracle,
A base unthankful woman is unworthy.

Lam. You will not force me?

Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your consent, because I will torment you;
I'll make you feel th' effects of abus'd love,
And glory in your torture!

Lam. Brother! nephew!

Help, help, for Heav'n's sake!

Din. Tear your throat, cry louder;
Tho' every leaf these trees bear were an echo,
And summon'd in your best friends to redeem you,
It should be fruitless: 'Tis not that I love you,
Or value those delights you prize so high,
That I'll enjoy you; a French crown will buy
More sport, and a companion to whom
You in your best trim are an Ethiop.

Lam. Forbear me then.

Din. Not so; I'll do't in spite,
And break that stubborn disobedient will,
That hath so long held out; that boasted honour
I will make equal with a common whore's;
The spring of chastity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vainglory,
I will defile with mud, the mud of lust,
And make it loathsome ev'n to goats!

Lam. Oh, Heaven!
No pity, Sir?

Din.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. 263

Din. You taught me to be cruel,
And dare you think of mercy? I will tell thee, fool;
Those that surpris'd thee were my instruments:
I can plot too, good madam, (you shall find it)
And, in the stead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling and whining like a boy new-breech'd,
To get a toy, forsooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with authority
Command what I would have.

Lam. I'm lost for ever!
Good Sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,
And yield myself up, miserable guilty!
Thus kneeling I confess, you cannot study
Sufficient punishments to load me with;
I'm in your power, and I confess again,
You cannot be too cruel. If there be,
Besides the loss of my long-guarded honour,
Any thing else to make the balance even,
Pray put it in; all hopes, all helps have left me;
I am girt round with sorrow, hell's about me,
And ravishment the least that I can look for!
Do what you please.

Din. Indeed I will do nothing,
Nor touch nor hurt you, lady; nor had ever
Such a lewd purpose.

Lam. Can there be such goodness,
And in a man so injur'd?

Din. Be confirm'd in't;
I seal it thus. I must confess you vex'd me,
In fooling me so often, and those fears
You threw upon me call'd for a requital,
Which now I have return'd. All unchaste love
Dinant thus throws away! Live to mankind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your virtue, and no more think of your beauty.

Lam. All I possess comes short of satisfaction.

Din. No compliments. The terrors of this night
Imagine but a fearful dream, and so
With ease forget it: For Dinant, that labour'd

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To blast your honour, is a champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.

Lam. 'Tis as safe then,
As if a complete army undertook it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter La-Writ, Sampson, and Clients.

La-Writ. Do not persuade me, gentle monsieur
Sampson ;

I am a mortal man again, a Lawyer ;
My martial part I have put off.

Samp. Sweet monsieur,
Let but our honours teach us.

La-Writ. Monsieur Sampson,
My honourable friend, my valiant friend,
Be but so beaten—Forward, my brave clients ;
I am yours, and you are mine again—be but so thrashed,
Receive that castigation with a cudgel——

Samp. Which calls upon us for a reparation.

La-Writ. I have, it cost me half a crown, I bear it,
All over me I bear it, monsieur Sampson ;
The oils, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten body.

Samp. It concerns you,
You have been swing'd.

La-Writ. Let it concern thee too ;
Go, and be beaten, speak scurvy words, as I did ;
Speak to that lion lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred bastinadoes, do ;
Three broken pates, thy teeth knock'd out, do, Sampson,
Thy valiant arms and legs beaten to poultices,
Do, silly Sampson, do.

Client. You wrong the gentleman,
To try to put him out of his right mind thus :
You wrong us, and our causes.

La-Writ. Down with him, gentlemen,
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our peace.
Then when thou hast been lam'd, thy small guts pe-
rish'd,
Then talk to me ; before, I scorn thy counsel ;

Feel

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Feel what I feel, and let my lord repair thee.

Samp. And can the brave La-Writ——

2 Client. Tempt him no further;

Be warn'd, and say no more!

La-Writ. If thou dost, Sampson,
Thou seest my myrmidons (I'll let 'em loose)
That in a moment——

Samp. I say nothing, Sir;
But I could wish——

La-Writ. They shall destroy thee wishing!
There's ne'er a man of these but have lost ten causes,
Dearer than ten mens' lives; tempt, and thou diest!
Go home, and smile upon my lord, thine uncle,
Take money of the men thou mean'st to cozen,
Drink wine, and eat good meat, and live discreetly;
Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating;
Keep thy hand from thy sword, and from thy laun-
drels' placket,
And thou'lt live long.

1 Client. Give ear, and be instructed.

La-Writ. I find I'm wiser than a justice of peace now:
Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man!
That sticks still by him. Art thou a new man?

Samp. Yes, yes,
Thy learned precepts have enchanted me.

La-Writ. Go, my son Sampson, I have now begot
thee;

I'll send thee causes; speak to thy lord, and live,
And lay my share by; go, and live in peace,
Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place:
That man neglects his living, is an ass. [*Exit Samp.*
Farewell!—Come, chearly, boys, about our business!
Now, welcome tongue again, hang swords!

1 Client. Sweet Advocate! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nurse and Charlotte.

Nurse. I know not, wench; they may call 'em what
they will,
Outlaws, or thieves, but, I am sure, to me
One was an honest man; he us'd me well;

What

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What I did, 'tis no matter ; he complain'd not.

Char. I must confess there was one bold with me too,
Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no matter ;
I was to pay a waiting-woman's ransom,
And I have done't ; and I would pay't again,
Were I ta'en to-morrow.

Nurse. Alas, there was no hurt !
If't be a sin for such as live at hard meat,
And keep a long Lent in the woods, as they do,
To taste a little flesh —

Char. God help the courtiers,
That lie at rack and manger !

Nurse. I shall love
A thief the better for this while I live ;
They are men of a charitable vocation,
And give where there is need, and with discretion,
And put a good speed-penny in my purse,
That has been empty twenty years.

Char. Peace, Nurse ;
Fare well ⁴⁹, and cry not roast meat. Methinks Cleremont

And my lady Anabel are in one night
Familiarly acquainted.

Nurse. I observe it ;
If she have got a penny too !

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, and Provost.

Char. No more ;
My lord monsieur Vertaign ; the provost too !
Haste, and acquaint my lady. [*Exeunt Nurse and Char.*]

Pro. Wondrous strange !

Vert. 'Tis true, Sir, on my credit.

Champ. On mine honour.

Pro. I have been provost-marshal twenty years,
And have truss'd up a thousand of these rascals ;
But so near Paris yet I never met with
One of that brotherhood.

Champ. We to our cost have.

⁴⁹ Farewel, and cry not roast meat.] The proverb proves, as well as the sense, that we should read, *fare well*. The corruption was easy.

But,

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But, will you search the wood ?

Pro. It is beset ;

They cannot 'scape us. Nothing makes me wonder
So much, as, having you within their power,
They let you go ; it was a courtesy,
That French thieves use not often. I much pity
The gentle ladies ; yet, I know not how,
I rather hope than fear. Are these the prisoners ?

*Enter Dinant, Cleremont, Verdone, Beaupre, Lamira,
Anabel, Charlotte, and Nurse.*

Din. We were such.

Vert. Kill me not, excess of joy !

Champ. I see thou liv'st ; but hast thou had no foul
play ?

Lam. No, on my soul ; my usage hath been noble,
Far from all violence.

Champ. How were you freed ?

But, kiss me first ; we'll talk of that at leisure ;
I'm glad I have thee. Niece, how you keep off,
As you knew me not !

Ana. Sir, I am where
I owe most duty.

Cler. 'Tis indeed most true, Sir ;
The man that should have been your bedfellow,
Your lordship's bedfellow, that could not smell out
A virgin of sixteen, that was your fool
To make you merry ; this poor simple fellow
Has met the maid again, and now she knows
He is a man.

Champ. How ! is she dishonour'd ?

Cler. Not unless marriage be dishonourable :
Heav'n is a witness of our happy contract,
And the next priest we meet shall warrant it
To all the world. I lay with her in jest ;
'Tis turn'd to earnest now.

Champ. Is this true, niece ?

Din. Her blushing silence grants it. Nay, Sir, storm
not ;

He

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He is my friend, and I can make this good,
His birth and fortunes equal hers; your lordship
Might have sought out a worse; we are all friends too,
All differences end thus. Now, Sir, unless
You would raise new dissensions, make perfect
What is so well begun.

Vert. That were not manly.

Lam. Let me persuade you.

Champ. Well, God give you joy!

She shall not come a beggar to you, Sir.
For you, monsieur Dinant, ere long I'll shew you
Another niece, to this not much inferior;
As you shall like, proceed.

Din. I thank you, Sir.

Champ. Back then to Paris. Well that travel ends
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O G U E.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM sent forth to enquire what you decree
Of us, and of our Poets; they will be
This night exceeding merry, so will we,
If you approve their labours. They profess
You are their patrons, and we say no less:
Resolve us then; for you can only tell
Whether we have done idly, or done well,



Act V.

The TRAGEDY of VALENTINIAN.



*More drink!
A thousand April showers fall in my bosom.*

J.J. Barraud delin

C. Frignien sculp

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
VALENTINIAN.

The Commendatory Verses by Lovelace and Stanley speak of Fletcher singly as Author of this Tragedy. Its first publication was in the folio of 1647. About the year 1685, the Earl of Rochester made some considerable alterations in Valentinian, with which it was performed.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Valentinian, *emperor of Rome.*

Æcius, *the emperor's loyal general.*

Balbus, }
Proculus, } *four noble pandars, and flatterers to the*
Chilax, } *emperor.*
Licinius, }

Maximus, *a great soldier, husband to Lucina.*

Lycias, *an eunuch.*

Pontius, *an honest cashier'd centurion.*

Phidias, } *two bold and faithful eunuchs, servants to*
Aretus, } *Æcius.*

Afranius, *an eminent captain.*

Paulus, *a poet.*

Licippus, *a courtier.*

W O M E N.

Eudoxia, *empress, wife to Valentinian.*

Lucina, *the chaste abused wife of Maximus.*

Claudia, }
Marcellina, } *Lucina's waiting-women.*

Ardelia, }
Phorba, } *two of the emperor's bawds.*

Three Senators, Physicians, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

SCENE, R O M E.

T H E

T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
V A L E N T I N I A N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, and Licinius.

Balbus. **I** NEVER saw the like; she's no more stirr'd,
No more another woman, no more alter'd
With any hopes or promises laid to her,
Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own legs.

Proc. Chilax,
You are a stranger yet in these designs,
At least in Rome. Tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you e'er know, in all your course of practice,
In all the ways of woman you have run thro'——
(For I presume you have been brought up, Chilax,
As we, to fetch and carry.)

Chi. True; I have so.

Proc. Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
Ever discover such a piece of beauty,

Ever

Ever so rare a creature, and, no doubt,
 One that must know her worth too, and affect it,
 Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none; and honest?
 Honest, against the tide of all temptations?
 Honest to one man, to her husband only,
 And yet not eighteen, not of age to know
 Why she is honest?

Cbi. I confess it freely,
 I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall:
 For all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,
 (And sure I have tried a hundred, if I say two,
 I speak within my compass) all these beauties,
 And all the constancy of all these faces,
 Maids, widows, wives, of what degree or calling,
 So they be Greeks, and fat, (for there's my cunning)
 I'd undertake, and not sweat for it, Proculus,
 Were they to try again, say twice as many,
 Under a thousand pound, to lay 'em bed-rid:
 But this wench staggers me.

Licin. D'you see these jewels?
 You'd think these pretty baits; now, I'll assure you,
 Here's half the wealth of Asia.

Bal. These are nothing
 To the full honours I propounded to her:
 I bid her think, and be, and presently,
 Whatever her ambition, what the counsel
 Of others would add to her, what her dreams
 Could more enlarge, what any precedent
 Of any woman rising up to glory,
 And standing certain there, and in the highest,
 Could give her more; nay, to be empress.

Proc. And cold at all these offers?

Bal. Cold as crystal,
 Ne'er to be thaw'd again.

Cbi. I tried her further,
 And so far, that I think she is no woman,
 At least as women go now.

Licin. Why, what did you?

Cbi. I offer'd that, that had she been but mistress
 Of

Of as much spleen as doves have, I had reach'd her:
A safe revenge of all that ever hate her,
The crying-down for ever of all beauties
That may be thought come near her.

Proc. That was pretty.

Chi. I ne'er knew that way fail¹; yet I will tell ye
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a saint start, well consider'd;
The law to be her creature, she to make it,
Her mouth to give it, every creature living
From her aspect² to draw their good or evil,
Fix'd in 'em, spite of fortune; a new nature
She should be call'd, and mother of all ages;
Time should be hers; and what she did lame Virtue
Should bless to all posterities: Her air
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us;
And last, to none but to the emperor,
(And then but when she pleas'd to have it so)
She should be held for mortal.

Licin. And she heard you?

Chi. Yes, as a sick man hears a noise, or he
That stands condemn'd his judgment. Let me perish,
But, if there can be virtue, if that name
Be any thing but name and empty title,
If it be so as fools have been pleas'd to feign it,

¹ *Chi.* I ne'er knew that way fail; yet I'll tell ye
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours.] *Chilax* had before men-
tion'd his temptations; and had this speech been his, he would have
said, *beyond all these*. *Proculus* was the only one that had not men-
tion'd what he had done; there seems therefore no doubt of this and
the following speech belonging to him. *Seaward.*

This change seems as improper as arbitrary; there being no reason
to suppose *Proculus* had attempted to seduce *Lucina*. So far from it,
he is surpriz'd at the accounts the others give: *And cold at all these
offers?*

² *Aspect.*] In the time of our Authors, and long after, this word
was always accented on the last syllable: Many instances might be
produced of it; and from this circumstance, Mr. Farmer appears con-
vinced that the play called *Double Falshood*, ascribed by Theobald to
Shakespeare, was the production of an Author who lived at a later
period. See Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare, p. 26.

R.

A power that can preserve us after ashes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This woman has a god of virtue in her!

Bal. I would the emperor were that god,

Cbi. Sh' has in her

All the contempt of glory and vain-seeming
Of all the Stoicks, all the truth of Christians,
And all their constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended. When she blushes,
It is the holiest thing to look upon;
The purest temple of her sect, that ever
Made Nature a blest'd founder.

Proc. Is there no way
To take this phenix?

Licin. None but in her ashes.

Cbi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
Proud to be seen and worshipp'd, 'twere a venture;
But, on my soul, she's chaster than cold camphire.

Bal. I think so too; for all the ways of woman,
Like a full sail, she bears against. I ask'd her,
After my many offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If th' emperor, grown mad with love, should force her?
She pointed to a Lucrece³, that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot vestal fire against me, she departed.

³ *She pointed to a Lucrece.*] This is extremely poetical, and a very eminent modern has imitated it in the very best Tragedy that the English stage has produced for many years past: I have not Mr. Fenton's *Mariamne* by me, but the lines, as I remember, are,

' ——— Frowning, with a victor's haughty air,

' He pointed to a picture on the wall,

' Whose silent eloquence too plainly spoke

' His fix'd resolve against the suit I urg'd.

' *Mar.* What picture?

' *Her.* Perseus led in chains thro' Rome.'

The reader will observe, that Mr. Fenton is not so concise and striking as our Authors: He rises into beauty like the gradual opening of a fair morning; our Poets break out at once in full lustre, like the sun bursting from an eclipse.

Seward.

Proc.

Proc. This is the first wench I was ever pos'd in;
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two-and-thirty years.

Cbi. I find, by this wench,
The calling of a bawd to be a strange,
A wife, and subtle calling, and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding people:
And, as the tutor to great Alexander
Would say, a young man should not dare to read
His moral books, 'till after five-and-twenty;
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted)
If they will rise, and gain experience,
Well steep'd in years, and discipline, begin it;
I take it, 'tis no boys' play.

Bal. Well, what's thought of;

Proc. The emperor must know it.

Licin. If the women
Should chance to fail too?

Cbi. As 'tis ten to one.

Proc. Why, what remains, but new nets for the
purchase?

Cbi. Let's go consider then; and if all fail,
This is the first quick eel, that sav'd her tail. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lucina, Ardelia, and Phorba.

Ard. You still insist upon that idol, honour⁴:
Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth
That takes off wrinkles? can it draw mens' eyes
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour,
That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
And, look'd into, bears no reward but danger)
Leave you the most respected person living?

⁴ *You still insist, &c.*] The reader who will compare this scene with
the persuasives against Chastity, introduced by Milton into the cha-
racter of Comus, will readily see how much that excellent Author
has been indebted to this play.

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Or can the common kisses of a husband,
(Which to a sprightly lady is a labour)
Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd;
The honour of a woman is her praises;
The way to get these, to be seen, and fought too,
And not to bury such a happy sweetness
Under a smoaky roof.

Lucina. I'll hear no more.

Phorba. That white and red, and all that blessed
beauty,

Kept from the eyes, that make it so, is nothing:
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it.
The phenix, were she never seen, were doubted,
That most unvalued horn the unicorn
Bears to oppose the huntsman, were it nothing
But tale, and mere tradition, would help no man;
But when the virtue's known, the honour's doubled.
Virtue is either lame, or not at all,
And love a sacrilege, and not a saint,
When it bars up the way to mens' petitions.

Ard. Nay, you shall love your husband too; we come
not

To make a monster of you.

Lucina. Are ye women?

Ard. You'll find us so, and women you shall thank
too,

If you have grace to make your use.

Lucina. Fy on ye!

Phorba. Alas, poor bashful lady! By my soul,
Had you no other virtue but your blushes,
And I a man, I should run mad for those.
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!

Ard. Come, goddess, come; you move too near
the earth;

It must not be! a better orb stays for you:
Here; be a maid, and take him^s.

^s Come goddess, come, you move too near the earth,
It must not be, a better orbe staies for you:

Here: be a mayd, and take'en,] So first folio. The second folio
varies

Lucina. Pray leave me.

Phorba. That were a sin, sweet lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your melancholy ;
You must not be alone ; in conversation
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the conscience
Made easy, and allowable.

Lucina. Ye are devils !

Ard. That you may one day blefs for your damnation.

Lucina. I charge ye, in the name of Chastity,
Tempt me no more ! How ugly ye seem to me !
There is no wonder men defame our sex,
And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the names of women !
If ye had eyes to see yourselves, or sense
Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for ;
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
Tho' many regions off, as men hear thunder ;
If ever ye had fathers⁶, and they souls ;
If ever mothers, and not such as you are ;
If ever any thing were constant in you,
Beside your sins, or common but your curses⁷ ;
If ever any of your ancestors

varies in the third line, where it says, *take 'EM*, and is copied in the subsequent editions. We have no doubt of *take'en* meaning *take*

HIM.

⁶ *If ever ye had mothers, and they souls ;*

If ever fathers, and not such as you are.] The necessity of the transposition of *mothers* and *fathers* in these two lines must be self-evident.

Seward.

⁷ *If ever any thing were constant in you,*

Beside your sins, or coming but your curses.] The old folio reads, *COMMING but your CURSES*. In attempting to correct this, the latter editions make something worse than nonsense. Before I saw the old folio I conjectured, *or comely but your dresses*, but was unsatisfied with it. *Common* being exceeding near the old word *comming*, I now keep nearer the trace of the letters than the late editions, and read, *or common but your curses*; i. e. If you have even any thing in *common* with the rest of woman-kind, except the *curses* that are entailed on all.

Seward.

We think Mr. Seward's reading right, but his explanation of that reading wrong. The simple meaning is, ' If there is any essential ingredient in your composition beside your sins, or any thing *common* to you all beside the *curses* that attend those sins, &c.'

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Died worth a noble deed, that would be cherish'd;
Soul-frighted with this black infection,
You'd run from one another, to repentance,
And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins,
That made ye blind, and beasts!

Phorba. You speak well, lady;
A sign of fruitful education,
If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.

Ard. This lady was ordain'd to bless the empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.

Phorba. I believe you.

Ard. If any thing redeem the emperor
From his wild flying courses, this is she:
She can instruct him, if ye mark; she's wise too.

Phorba. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her;
And so religious, that I well believe,
Tho' she would sin she cannot.

Ard. And besides,
She has the empire's cause in hand, not love's;
There lies the main consideration,
For which she's chiefly born.

Phorba. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her; and, believe it,
I look by her means for a reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried,
That all the world shall wonder at.

Ard. 'Tis true.
I never thought the emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his country,
'Till he profess'd this love: God's give 'em children,
Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal!
I look to see a Numa from this lady,
Or greater than Octavius.

Phorba. Do you mark too,
(Which is a noble virtue) how she blushes,
And what a flowing modesty runs thro' her,
When we but name the emperor?

Ard. But mark it?
Yes, and admire it too; for she considers,

Tho' she be fair as Heav'n, and virtuous
 As holy truth, yet to the emperor
 She is a kind of nothing but her service,
 Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;
 And when her country's cause commands affection,
 She knows obedience is the key of virtues:
 Then fly the blushes out, like Cupid's arrows;
 And tho' the tie of marriage to her lord
 Would fain cry, 'Stay, Lucina!' yet the cause,
 And general wisdom of the prince's love,
 Makes her find surer ends, and happier;
 And if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.

Phorba. Her tartness unto us too——

Ard. That's a wise one——

Phorba. I rarely like; it shews a rising wisdom,
 That chides all common fools as dare enquire
 What princes would have private.

Ard. What a lady
 Shall we be bless'd to serve?

Lucina. Go, get ye from me!
 Ye are your purses' agents, not the prince's.
 Is this the virtuous lore ye train'd me out to?
 Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?
 But that I had a mother, and a woman,
 Whose ever-living fame turns all it touches
 Into the good itself is, I should now
 Ev'n doubt myself, I have been search'd so near
 The very soul of honour. Why should you two,
 That happily have been as chaste as I am,
 (Fairer I think by much, for yet your faces,
 Like ancient well-built piles, shew worthy ruins)
 After that angel-age, turn mortal devils?
 For shame, for woman-hood, for what ye have been,
 (For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches)
 If ye have hope of any Heav'n, but court,
 Which, like a dream, you'll find hereafter vanish,
 Or at the best, but subject to repentance,
 Study no more to be ill spoken of!
 Let women live themselves; if they must fall,

Their own destruction find 'em, not your fevers.

Ard. Madam, you are so excellent in all,
And I must tell it you with admiration,
So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear,
And, when you come to anger, 'tis so noble,
That, for mine own part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry: Women that want that,
And your way guided (else I count it nothing)
Are either fools or cowards.

Phorba. She were a mistress for no private greatness,
Could she not frown a ravish'd kiss from anger:
And such an anger as this lady learns us,
Stuck with such pleasing dangers, gods, I ask ye,
Which of ye all could hold from?

Lucina. I perceive ye;
Your own dark sins dwell with ye! and that price
You sell the chastity of modest wives at,
Run^s to diseases with your bones! I scorn ye;
And all the nets ye've pitch'd to catch my virtues,
Like spiders' webs, I sweep away before me.
Go, tell the emperor, ye've met a woman,
That neither his own person, which is god-like,
The world he rules, nor what that world can purchase,
Nor all the glories subject to a Cæsar,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No, not to be the mother of the empire,
And queen of all the holy fires he worships,
Can make a whore of!

Ard. You mistake us, lady.

Lucina. Yet, tell him this has thus much weaken'd me,
That I have heard his knaves, and you his matrons,
(Fit nurses for his sins) which gods forgive me!
But, ever to be leaning to his folly,
Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
And from her mouth whose life shall make it certain,

^s Runs to diseases.] Former editions.

Seward.

I never

I never can! I have a noble husband,
(Pray tell him that too) yet a noble name,
A noble family, and, last, a conscience.
Thus much for your answer: For yourselves,
Ye've liv'd the shame of women, die the better!

[*Exit.*

Phorba. What's now to do?

Ard. Ev'n as she said, to die;—

For there's no living here, and women thus,
I'm sure, for us two.

Phorba. Nothing stick upon her?

Ard. We've lost a mass of money. Well, dame
Virtue,

Yet you may halt, if good luck serve.

Phorba. Worms take her!

She has almost spoil'd our trade.

Ard. So godly!

This is ill-breeding, *Phorba.*

Phorba. If the women

Should have a longing now to see this monster,
And she convert 'em all!

Ard. That may be, *Phorba*;

But if it be, I'll have the young men gelded.

Come, let's go think; she must not 'scape us thus:

There is a certain season, if we hit,

That women may be rid without a bit. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Maximus and Æcius.

Max. I cannot blame the nations, noble friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild man;
When (under our allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tie of our affections)
The world's weight groans beneath him. Where
lives virtue,

Honour, discretion, wisdom? Who are call'd
And chosen to the steering of the empire,

But

But bawds, and singing-girls? Oh, my Aecius!
 The glory of a soldier, and the truth
 Of men, made up for goodness-fake, like shells¹⁰,
 Grow to the ragged walls, for want of action:
 Only your happy self, and I that love you,
 Which is a larger means to me than favour——

Aecius. No more, my worthy friend; tho' these be
 truths,

And tho' these truths would ask a reformation,
 At least, a little squaring, yet remember,
 We are but subjects, Maximus; obedience
 To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
 Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
 Are like the temples of the gods; pure incense,
 Until unhallow'd hands defile those offerings,
 Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,
 Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked;
 We dare not, dearest friend, nay more, we cannot,
 (Whilst we consider who we are, and how,
 To what laws bound, much more to what law-giver;
 Whilst majesty is made to be obey'd,
 And not enquir'd into; whilst gods and angels
 Make but a rule as we do, tho' a stricter)

⁹ *Oh, my Aecius.*] Our Authors always make three syllables of
Aecius, I therefore divide the diphthong. *Seward.*

The first folio sometimes exhibits *Aecius*, sometimes *Aecius*, which
 we follow; tho' the measure commonly warrants the *diæresis* adopted
 by Mr. Seward; and which was used first, we believe, by Lovelace,
 in his Commendatory Verses.

¹⁰ ————like shells,

Grow to the ragged walls for want of action.] The shell-fish that
 grows to stones seems to have the least motion, sense and life of any
 known animal, and therefore a state of inaction might be beautifully
 represented by these; but then *rocks* would be a much properer word
 than *walls* for them to grow to. I therefore believe the true word
 to be *shields* instead of *shells*. A soldier without action is very perti-
 nently compared to the rusty shields which were, in our Authors time,
 the customary ornaments of the ragged walls of all the old mansion-
 houses in the kingdom. There is another sense of *shells*, viz. such
 as snails often leave on walls; but *shield*, being a much more soldier-
 like metaphor, I believe it the original. *Seward.*

We think *shells* right. It would have been a ridiculous pursuit of
 the metaphor to have substituted *rocks* for *walls*.

Like

Like desp'rate and unseason'd fools, let fly
Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.

Max. My noble friend; (from whose instructions
I never yet took surfeit) weigh but thus much,
Nor think I speak it with ambition,
For, by the gods, I do not! Why, Aecius,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?

Aecius. You'll fall again into your fit.

Max. I will not.—

Or, are we now no more the sons of Romans,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd Gauls, or quivers for the Parthians?
Why is this emperor, this man we honour,
This god that ought to be——

Aecius. You are too curious.

Max. Good, give me leave.—Why is this author
of us——

Aecius. I dare not hear you speak thus.

Max. I'll be modest.—

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders? Misconceive me not;
I sow no danger in my words. But wherefore,
And to what end, are we the sons of fathers
Famous, and fast to Rome? Why are their virtues
Stamp'd in the dangers of a thousand battles,
For goodness-sake? their honours time out-daring?
I think, for our example.

Aecius. You speak nobly.

Max. Why are we seeds of these then, to shake hands
With bawds and base informers, kiss discredit,
And court her like a mistress?—Pray, your leave yet.—
You'll say, the emperor is young, and apt
To take impresson rather from his pleasures,
Than any constant worthiness¹¹: It may be.

¹¹ ——— young, and apt

To take impresson rather from his pleasures,

Than any constant worthiness.] Mr. Seward thinks the last line
obscure, and asks, 'Does it mean, that the emperor, being young,
'took impressions more from his pleasures than from virtue and
'worthiness?' This is certainly the obvious meaning; but as that
gentleman

But, why do these, the people call his pleasures,
Exceed the moderation of a man?

Nay, to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with foreign nations?

Æcius. You search the sore too deep, and I must
tell you,

In any other man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded. Pray depress your spirit;
For tho' I constantly believe you honest,
(You were no friend for me else) and what now
You freely spake, but good you owe to th' empire,
Yet take heed, worthy Maximus; all ears
Hear not with that distinction mine do, few
You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heaviest, friend: And pray consider,
We are but shadows, motions others give us;
And tho' our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot. Make me worthy
To be your ever friend in fair allegiance,
But not in force: For, durst mine own soul urge me
(And, by that soul, I speak my just affections)
To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,
Tho' I had both the blessings of the Bruti,
And both their instigations, tho' my cause
Carried a face of justice beyond theirs,
And, as I am, a servant to my fortunes,
That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,
Should feel the first example. Say the prince,
As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours?
Or, say he be an ill prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him? No, my dearest friend,
The elephant is never won with anger,

gentleman conceives it to be *stiffly expressed*, that it is *but a poor apology* for Valentinian, and that *the natural apology should be*, 'That the emperor was apt to take impressions from his pleasures, but was not *habitually vicious*,' he chuses to read,

Than any constant worthlessness.

'*Worthlessness*, says he, is certainly a beautiful word.'

Nor

Nor must that man that would reclaim a lion,
Take him by th' teeth.

Max. I pray mistake me not.

Æcius. Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a prince back; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When subjects' christal souls are glasses to him.

Max. My ever-honour'd friend, I'll take your counsel.
The emperor appears; I'll leave you to him;
And as we both affect him, may he flourish! [*Exit.*

Enter Valentinian and Chilax.

Val. Is that the best news?

Chi. Yet the best we know, Sir.

Val. Bid Maximus come to me, and be gone then.
Mine own head be my helper; these are fools.
How now, Aecius? are the soldiers quiet?

Æcius. Better, I hope, Sir, than they were.

Val. They're pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extremely for my pleasures;
Shortly, they'll fight against me.

Æcius. Gods defend, Sir!

And, for their censures, they are such shrewd judges,
A donative of ten sesterties,
I'll undertake, shall make 'em ring your praises,
More than they sang your pleasures.

Val. I believe thee.

Art thou in love, Aecius, yet?

Æcius. Oh, no, Sir!

I am too coarse for ladies; my embraces,
That only am acquainted with alarums,
Would break their tender bodies.

Val. Never fear it;

They're stronger than you think; they'll hold the
hammer.

My emprefs swears thou art a lusty soldier;
A good one, I believe thee.

Æcius. All that goodness

Is

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Is but your grace's creature.

Val. Tell me truly—
For thou dar'st tell me.

Æcius. Any thing concerns you,
That's fit for me to speak, and you to pardon.

Val. What say the soldiers of me? and the same
words;

Mince 'em not, good Aecius, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.

Æcius. I'll tell your grace; but, with this caution,
You be not stirr'd: For should the gods live with us,
Ev'n those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but drink, they'd censure them too.

Val. Forward.

Æcius. Then, to begin, they say you sleep too much,
By which they judge your majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures;
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruins;
And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye wench much,
Which, they affirm, first breaks your understanding,
Then takes the edge of honour, makes us seem
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)
Fencers, and beaten fools, and so regarded.
But I believe 'em not; for, were these truths,
Your virtue can correct them.

Val. They speak plainly.

Æcius. They say moreover (since your grace will
have it;

For they will talk their freedoms, tho' the sword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,
And with the same forgetfulness of glory,
You've got a vein of fidling; so they term it.—

Val. Some drunken dreams, Aecius.

Æcius. So I hope, Sir.—

And that you rather study cruelty,
And to be fear'd for blood, than lov'd for bounty,
(Which makes the nations, as they say, despise you)
Telling your years and actions by their deaths.

Whose

Whose truth and strength of duty made you Cæsar.
They say besides, you nourish strange devourers,
Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call bawds,
Lazy and lustful creatures, that abuse you;
A people, as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's monies
Are seal'd and sent a-working¹².

Val. What sin's next?

For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.

Æcius. Nor hurt ye, o' my soul, Sir! But such people
(Nor can the power of man restrain it) when
They're full of meat and ease, must prattle.

Val. Forward.

Æcius. I've spoke too much, Sir.

Val. I'll have all.

Æcius. It fits not

Your ears should hear their vanities; no profit
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,
Unless you were guilty of those crimes.

Val. It may be

I am so; therefore forward.

Æcius. I have ever

Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it.

Val. No more apologies.

Æcius. They grieve besides, Sir,
To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring life subdued,
Fall from their fair obedience, and e'en murmur
To see the warlike eagles mew their honours
In obscure towns, that wont to prey on princes.
They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,
'The fruits of Italy are luscious; give us Egypt,
'Or sandy Africk, to display our valours,
'There where our swords may make us meat, and danger

¹² ——— made of paper,

In which the secret sins of each man's monies

Are seal'd and sent a-working.] This passage Mr. Seward pronounces extremely obscure, and for *monies* substitutes *body*. We find no difficulty; it means simply, 'The sins purchased by money.'

'Digest

' Digest our well-got viands. Here our weapons,
 ' And bodies that were made for shining bras,
 ' Are both unedg'd and old with ease and women.'
 And then they cry again, ' Where are the Germans,
 ' Lin'd with hot Spain, or Gallia? Bring 'em on,
 ' And let the son of war, steel'd Mithridates,
 ' Lead up his winged Parthians like a storm,
 ' Hiding the face of Heav'n with show'rs of arrows:
 ' Yet we dare fight like Romans!' Then, as soldiers,
 Tir'd with a weary march, they tell their wounds,
 E'en weeping-ripe they were no more, nor deeper,
 And glory in those scars that make 'em lovely.
 And, sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims,
 They reckon up the times, and living labours,
 Of Julius or Germanicus; and wonder
 That Rome, whose turrets once were topt with honours,
 Can now forget the custom of her conquests:
 And then they blame your grace, and say, ' Who
 leads us?

' Shall we stand here like statues? were our fathers
 ' The sons of lazy Moors? our princes Persians?
 ' Nothing but silks and softness? Curses on 'em
 ' That first taught Nero wantonness and blood,
 ' Tiberius doubts, Caligula all vices!
 ' For, from the spring of these, succeeding princes——'
 Thus they talk, Sir.

Val. Well,

Why do you hear these things?

Æcius. Why do you do 'em?

I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow,
 And more vexation, do I hear these taintures,
 Than were my life dropt from me thro' an hour-glass!

Val. Belike then you believe 'em, or at least
 Are glad they should be so. Take heed! you were
 better

Build your own tomb, and run into it living,
 Than dare a prince's anger!

Æcius. I am old, Sir,

And ten years more addition, is but nothing:

Now,

Now, if my life be pleasing to you, take it!
 Upon my knees, if ever any service,
 (As, let me brag, some have been worthy notice)
 If ever any worth, or trust you gave me,
 Deserv'd a fair respect; if all my actions,
 The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
 For you and for the empire, be not vices;
 By that stile you have stamp't upon me, Soldier;
 Let me not fall into the hands of wretches!

Val. I understand you not.

Æcius. Let not this body,
 That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar,
 And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,
 After the 'scape of swords, spears, slings, and arrows,
 ('Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour)
 The seas, and thirsty desarts, now be purchase
 For slaves, and base informers. I see anger
 And death look thro' your eyes; I'm mark'd for
 slaughter,

And know the telling of this truth has made me
 A man clean lost to this world: I embrace it;
 Only my last petition, sacred Cæsar,
 Is, I may die a Roman!

Val. Rise, my friend still,
 And worthy of my love. Reclaim the soldier;
 I'll study to do so upon myself too. Go;
 Keep your command, and prosper.

Æcius. Life to Cæsar!

[*Exit.*

Enter Cbilar.

Cbi. Lord Maximus attends your grace.

Val. Go tell him,
 I'll meet him in the gallery.
 The honesty of this Æcius
 (Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)
 Has div'd so deep into me, that of all
 The sins I covet, but this woman's beauty,
 With much repentance, now I could be quit of:
 But she is such a pleasure, being good,
 That, tho' I were a god, she'd fire my blood. [*Exe.*

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T

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Valentinian, Maximus, Licinius, Proculus, and Chilax,
as at dice.*

Val. **N**AY, ye shall set my hand out ; 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis pro-
sperous.

Licin. If I have any thing to set your grace,
But cloaths, or good conditions, let me perish !
You've all my money, Sir.

Proc. And mine.

Cbi. And mine too.

Max. Unless your grace will credit us.

Val. No bare board.

Licin. Then, at my garden-house.

Val. The orchard too ?

Licin. An't please your grace.

Val. Have at 'em.

Proc. They are lost.

Licin. Why, farewell, fig-trees !

Val. Who sets more ?

Cbi. At my horse, Sir.

Val. The dappled Spaniard ?

Cbi. He.

Val. He's mine.

Cbi. He is so.

Max. Your short horse is soon curried.

Cbi. So it seems, Sir ;

So may your mare be too, if luck serve.

Max. Ha ?

Cbi. Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my fortune.

Val. Come, Maximus, you were not wont to flinch
thus.

Max. By Heaven, Sir, I've lost all !

Val. There's a ring yet.

Max. This was not made to lose, Sir.

Val.

Val. Some love-token ?

Set it, I say !

Max. I do beseech your grace,
Rather name any house I have.

Val. How strange,
And curious you are grown of toys ! Redeem't,
If so I win it, when you please ; to-morrow,
Or next day, as you will, I care not ;
But only for my luck sake : 'Tis not rings
Can make me richer.

Max. Will you throw, Sir ? There 'tis.

Val. Why then, have at it fairly.—Mine.

Max. Your grace
Is only ever fortunate. To-morrow,
An't be your pleasure, Sir, I'll pay the price on't.

Val. To-morrow you shall have it without price, Sir,
But this day 'tis my victory. Good Maximus,
Now I bethink myself, go to Aecius,
And bid him muster all the cohorts presently ;
(They mutiny for pay, I hear) and be you
Assistant to him. When you know their numbers,
Ye shall have monies for 'em, and above
Something to stop their tongues withal.

Max. I will, Sir :
And gods preserve you in this mind still !

Val. Shortly,
I'll see 'em march myself.

Max. Gods ever keep you ! [Exit.

Val. To what end do you think this ring shall serve
now ?

For you are fellows only know by rote,
As birds record their lessons.

Cbi. For the lady.

Val. But how for her ?

Cbi. That I confess I know not.

Val. Then pray for him that does. Fetch me an eunuch
That never saw her yet ; and you two see [Exit *Cbilax*.
The court made like a Paradise.

Licin. We will, Sir.

Val. Full of fair shows and musicks ; all your arts
T 2 (As

(As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main piece is now a-doing: And, for fear
You should not take, I'll have another engine,
Such as, if virtue be not only in her,
She shall not chuse but lean to. Let the women
Put on a graver show of welcome.

Proc. Well, Sir.

Val. They are a thought too eager.

Enter Cbilax and Lycias.

Cbi. Here's the eunuch.

Lycias. Long life to Cæsar!

Val. I must use you, Lycias:

Come, let's walk in, and then I'll shew you all.
If women may be frail, this wench shall fall. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Claudia and Marcellina.

Clau. Sirrah, what ails my lady, that of late
She never cares for company?

Marc. I know not,
Unless it be that company causes cuckolds.

Clau. That were a childish fear.

Marc. What were those ladies
Came to her lately? from the court?

Clau. The same, wench.
Some grave instructors, on my life; they look
For all the world like old hatch'd hilts.

Marc. 'Tis true, wench.
For here and there (and yet they painted well too)
One might discover, where the gold was worn,
Their iron ages.

Clau. If my judgment fail not,
They have been sheath'd, like rotten ships——

Marc. It may be.

Clau. For, if ye mark their rudders, they hang weakly.

Marc. They have past the line belike. Wouldst
live, Claudia,

'Till thou wert such as they are?

Clau.

Clau. Chimney-pieces?

Now Heav'n have mercy on me, and young men!
I'd rather make a drallery 'till thirty¹³.

While I were able to endure a tempest,
And bear my fights out bravely, 'till my tackle
Whistled i' th' wind, and held against all weathers,
While I were able to bear with my tires,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, Marcellina; not 'till barnacles
Bred in my sides.

Marc. Thou art i' th' right, wench:
For who would live, whom pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at mark, and cry, 'a bow short, signior?'
Were there not men came hither too?

Clau. Brave fellows;
I fear me, bawds of five i' th' pound.

Marc. How know you?

Clau. They gave me great lights to it.

Marc. Take heed, Claudia!

Clau. Let them take heed; the spring comes on.

Marc. To me now,
They seem'd as noble visitants.

Clau. To me now,
Nothing less, Marcellina; for I mark'd 'em,
And, by this honest light, (for yet 'tis morning)

¹³ *I had rather make a drallery till thirty.*] What the word *drallery* signifies, if genuine; or if corrupt, what may be the true one, is beyond Mr. Sympson's and my reach. The context requires the name of some ship. *Seward.*

Drallery.] No English Dictionary, or Author that we know, exhibits the word *drallery*. That it is corrupt, therefore, is scarcely to be doubted; but we do not think with Mr. Seward, that the context absolutely requires the name of some ship. Marcellina asks, 'Wouldst thou live till thou wert such as they are?' to which Claudia replies, 'She had rather have a short life and a merry one,' and then recurs to the sea-metaphors in which they had been conversing before. In this sense, might we not venture to read, not being able to make sense of the present text,

I'd rather make a drollery till thirty?

Drolierie, and *droleffe*, are French words, both frequently applied to women, and signifying (according to Le Roux's *Dictionnaire Comique*) pleasant things, and gay ladies; *plaisanterie*, *passetems réjouissant*; *une réjouie, qui est gaye, de bonne humeur.*

Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets
And Milan skins——

Marc. Thou art a strange wench, Claudia.

Clau. Ye are deceiv'd.—They shew'd to me directly
Court-crabs, that creep a side-way for their living:
I know 'em by the breeches that they begg'd last.

Marc. Peace;

My lady comes. What may that be?

Enter Lucina and Lycias.

Clau. A sumner,
That cites her to appear.

Marc. No more of that, wench.

Lycias. Madam, what answer to your lord?

Lucina. Pray tell him,
I'm subject to his will.

Lycias. Why weep you, madam?
Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you.

Lucina. I do beseech you tell me, Sir——

Lycias. What, lady?

Lucina. Serve you the emperor?

Lycias. I do.

Lucina. In what place?

Lycias. In's chamber, madam.

Lucina. Do you serve his will too?

Lycias. In fair and just commands.

Lucina. Are you a Roman?

Lycias. Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan.

Lucina. What office bore your parents?

Lycias. One was pretor.

Lucina. Take heed then how you stain his reputation.

Lycias. Why, worthy lady?

Lucina. If you know, I charge you,
Aught in this message but what honesty,
The trust and fair obedience of a servant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.

Lycias. Madam, I am no broker——

Clau. I'll be hang'd then.

Lycias. Nor base procurer of mens' lusts. Your
husband

Pray'd

Pray'd me to do this office; I have done it;
It rests in you to come, or no.

Lucina. I will, Sir.

Lycias. If you mistrust me, do not.

Lucina. You appear
So worthy, and to all my sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign you've brought me,
That I believe.

Lycias. Why should I cozen you?
Or, were I brib'd to do this villainy,
Can money prosper, or the fool that takes it,
When such a virtue falls?

Lucina. You speak well, Sir;
'Would all the rest that serve the emperor
Had but your way!

Clau. And so they have, *ad unguem.*

Lucina. Pray tell my lord, I have receiv'd his token,
And will not fail to meet him. Yet, good Sir, thus
much

Before you go; I do beseech you too,
As little notice as you can, deliver
Of my appearance there.

Lycias. It shall be, madam;
And so I wish you happiness!

Lucina. I thank you!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Tumult and noise within. Enter Æcius, pursuing Pontius,
and Maximus following.*

Max. Temper yourself, Aecius!

Pont. Hold, my lord!
I am a Roman, and a soldier.

Max. Pray, Sir!

Æcius. Thou art a lying villain, and a traitor!—
Give me myself, or, by the gods, my friend,
You'll make me dangerous!—How dar'st thou pluck
The soldiers to sedition, and I living?
And sow rebellion in 'em, and ev'n then
When I am drawing out to action?

T 4

Pont.

Pont. Hear me.

Max. Are you a man?

Æcius. I am true-hearted, Maximus,
And if the villain live, we are dishonour'd.

Max. But hear him what he can say.

Æcius. That's the way
To pardon him: I am so easy-natur'd,
That, if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.

Pont. I do beseech you, noble general——

Æcius. H' has found the way already! Give me room;
One stroke; and if he 'scape me then, h' has mercy.

Pont. I do not call you noble, that I fear you;
I never car'd for death! If you will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do.
'Tis true, I know you for my general,
And by that great prerogative may kill;
But do it justly then.

Æcius. He argues with me:
By Heav'n, a made-up rebel!

Max. Pray consider,
What certain grounds you have for this.

Æcius. What grounds?
Did I not take him preaching to the soldiers
How lazily they liv'd? and what dishonours
It was to serve a prince so full of woman?
Those were his very words, friend.

Max. These, Aecius,
Tho' they were rashly spoke, (which was an error,
A great one, Pontius!) yet, from him that hungers
For wars, and brave employment, might be pardon'd.
The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make traitors,
Not spleeny speeches.

Æcius. Why should you protect him?
Go to¹⁴; it shews not honest.

Max. Taint me not;
For that shews worse, Aecius! All your friendship,
And that pretended love you lay upon me,
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour

¹⁴ Go too.] So all former editions.

You do your slave to-day, to-morrow hang him.
Was I your bosom-piece for this?

Æcius. Forgive me:

The nature of my zeal, and for my country,
Makes me sometimes forget myself; for know,
Tho' I most strive to be without my passions,
I am no god. For you, Sir, whose infection
Has spread itself like poison thro' the army,
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,
First thank this noble gentleman; you had died else:
Next, from your place, and honour of a foldier,
I here seclude you——

Pont. May I speak yet?

Max. Hear him.

Æcius. And, while Aecius holds a reputation,
At least command, you bear no arms for Rome, Sir.

Pont. Against her I shall never. The condemn'd man
Has yet that privilege to speak, my lord;
Law were not equal else.

Max. Pray hear, Aecius;
For happily the fault he has committed,
Tho' I believe it mighty, yet, consider'd,
(If mercy may be thought upon) will prove
Rather a hasty sin, than heinous.

Æcius. Speak.

Pont. 'Tis true, my lord, you took me tir'd with
peace,
My words almost as ragged as my fortunes¹⁵:
'Tis true, I told the soldier whom we serv'd,
And then bewail'd, we had an emperor
Led from us by the flourishes of fencers;
I blam'd him too for women.

Æcius. To the rest, Sir!

Pont. And like enough, I blest'd him then as soldiers
Will do sometimes: 'Tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home, to shew our country

¹⁵ *My words almost as ragged as my fortunes.*] *Ragged* is a very strong metaphor, and possibly corrupt. Some men of taste would chuse to read *rugged*, which is equally applicable to his words and his fortunes.

We durst go naked, durst want meat, and money;
 And, when the slave drinks wine, we durst be thirsty:
 I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots
 Were our best pay-masters; the charity
 Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
 Our beds, fires, taylors, nurses; nay, I told 'em,
 (For you shall hear the greatest sin I said, Sir)
 By that time there be wars again, our bodies,
 Laden with scars and aches, and ill lodgings,
 Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers,
 And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches:
 'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn
 Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their sure targets
 And swords, hatch'd with the blood of many nations,
 To spades and pruning knives, (for those get money)
 Their warlike eagles into daws, or starlings,
 To give an *Ave Cæsar* as he passes,
 And be rewarded with a thousand drachmas;
 For thus we get but years and beets.

Æcius. What think you,
 Were these words to be spoken by a captain?
 One that should give example?

Max. 'Twas too much.

Pont. My lord, I did not wooe 'em from the empire,
 Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst Cæsar;
 The gods for ever hate me, if that motion
 Were part of me! Give me but employment, Sir,
 And way to live; and, where you hold me vicious,
 Bred up in mutiny, my sword shall tell you,
 (And, if you please, that place I held maintain it,
 'Gainst the most daring foes of Rome) I'm honest,
 A lover of my country, one that holds
 His life no longer his, than kept for Cæsar.
 Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)
 What my rude tongue discover'd; 'twas my want,
 No other part of Pontius. You have seen me,
 And you, my lord, do something for my country,
 And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
 Not like a backward traitor.

Æcius.

Æcius. All this language
Makes but against you, Pontius; you are cast,
And, by mine honour and my love to Cæsar,
By me shall never be restor'd: In my camp
I will not have a tongue, tho' to himself,
Dare talk but near sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey; and when they want, their duty
And ready service shall redress their needs,
Not prating what they would be.

Pont. Thus I leave you;
Yet shall my prayers still, altho' my fortunes
Must follow you no more, be still about you:
Gods give you, where you fight, the victory!
You cannot cast my wishes.

Æcius. Come, my lord,
Now to the field again.

Max. Alas, poor Pontius!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Chilax at one door, Licinius and Balbus at another.

Licin. How now?

Cbi. She's come.

Bal. Then I'll to th' emperor.

[*Exit.*]

Cbi. Do. Is the music plac'd well?

Licin. Excellent.

Cbi. Licinius, you and Proculus receive her
In the great chamber; at her entrance,
Let me alone; and, do you hear, Licinius?
Pray let the ladies ply her further off,
And with much more discretion. One word more.

Licin. Well?

Cbi. Are the jewels, and those ropes of pearl,
Laid in the way she passes?

Enter Valentinian, Balbus, and Proculus.

Licin. Take no care, man.

[*Exit.*]

Val. What, is she come?

Cbi.

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Cbi. She is, Sir; but 'twere best
Your grace were seen last to her.

Val. So I mean.

Keep the court empty, Proculus.

Proc. 'Tis done, Sir.

Val. Be not too sudden to her.

Cbi. Good your grace,
Retire, and man yourself; let us alone;
We are no children this way. Do you hear, Sir?
'Tis necessary that her waiting-women
Be cut off in the lobby by some ladies;
They'd break the business else.

Val. 'Tis true; they shall.

Cbi. Remember your place, Proculus.

Proc. I warrant you. [*Exe. Val. Bal. and Proc.*]

Enter Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Cbi. She enters.—Who are waiters there? The
emperor
Calls for his horse to air himself.

Lucina. I'm glad
I come so happily to take him absent;
This takes away a little fear. I know him;
Now I begin to fear again. Oh, honour,
If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,
And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,
Hold me fast now, and help me!

Cbi. Noble madam,
You're welcome to the court, most nobly welcome!
You are a stranger, lady.

Lucina. I desire so.

Cbi. A wondrous stranger here; nothing so strange:
And therefore need a guide, I think.

Lucina. I do, Sir,
And that a good one too.

Cbi. My service, lady,
Shall be your guide in this place. But, pray tell me,
Are you resolv'd a courtier?

Lucina. No, I hope, Sir.

Claudia.

Clau. You are, Sir.

Cbi. Yes, my fair one.

Clau. So it seems,

You are so ready to bestow yourself.
Pray what might cost those breeches?

Cbi. Would you wear 'em?—

Madam, you have a witty woman.

Marc. Two, Sir,

Or else you underbuy us.

Lucina. Leave your talking.

But is my lord here, I beseech you, Sir?

Cbi. He is, sweet lady, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,
You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.

Lucina. Whither?

Cbi. Why, to your lord.

Lucina. Is it so hard, Sir,

To find him in this place without a guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.

Cbi. It will be so for you that are a stranger:
Nor can it be a trouble to do service
To such a worthy beauty; and besides——

Marc. I see he will go with us.

Clau. Let him amble.

Cbi. It fits not that a lady of your reckoning,
Should pass without attendants.

Lucina. I have two, Sir.

Cbi. I mean, without a man. You'll see the em-
peror?

Lucina. Alas, I am not fit, Sir.

Cbi. You are well enough;
He'll take it wondrous kindly. Hark!

Lucina. You flatter:

Good Sir, no more of that.

Cbi. Well, I but tell you.

Lucina. Will you go forward? Since I must be
man'd,

Pray take your place.

Clau. Cannot you man us too, Sir?

Cbi.

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Cbi. Give me but time.

Marc. And you'll try all things?

Cbi. No;

I'll make you no such promise.

Clau. If you do, Sir,

Take heed you stand to't.

Cbi. Wondrous merry ladies!

Lucina. The wenches are dispos'd! Pray keep your way, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Licinius, Proculus, and Balbus.

Licin. She's coming up the stairs. Now, the music;
And, as that stirs her, let's set on. Perfumes there!

Proc. Discover all the jewels!

Licin. Peace!

[*Music.*

S O N G.

Now the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lillies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
'Ladies, if not pluck'd we die.'

Yet the lusty spring hath staid,
Blushing red and purest white,
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
'Ladies, if not pluck'd we die.'

S E C O N D

S E C O N D S O N G.

Hear ye, ladies that despise,
 What the mighty love has done;
 Fear examples, and be wise:
 Fair Calisto was a nun;
 Leda, sailing on the stream
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doated on a silver swan;
 Danaë, in a brazen tower,
 Where no love was, lov'd a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
 What the mighty love can do;
 Fear the fierceness of the boy:
 The chaste moon he makes to wooe;
 Vesta, kindling holy fires,
 Circled round about with spies,
 Never dreaming loose desires,
 Doating at the altar dies;
 Ilion, in a short hour ¹⁶, higher
 He can build, and once more fire.

Enter Chilax, Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Lucina. Pray Heav'n my lord be here! for now I
 fear it.

Well, ring, if thou be'st counterfeit, or stolen,
 As by this preparation I suspect it,
 Thou hast betray'd thy mistress. Pray, Sir, forward;
 I would fain see my lord.

Chi. But tell me, madam,
 How do you like the song?

Lucina. I like the air well,
 But, for the words, they are lascivious,
 And over-light for ladies.

Chi. All ours love 'em.

¹⁶ *Ilion in a short tower higher.] First folio.*

Lucina.

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Lucina. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving ladies.

Licin. Madam, you're welcome to the court. Who waits ?

Attendants for this lady !

Lucina. You mistake, Sir ;

I bring no triumph with me.

Licin. But much honour.

Proc. Why, this was nobly done, and like a neighbour,

So freely of yourself to be a visitant :

The emperor shall give you thanks for this.

Lucina. Oh, no, Sir ;

There's nothing to deserve 'em.

Proc. Yes, your presence.

Lucina. Good gentlemen, be patient, and believe

I come to see my husband, on command too ;

I were no courtier else.

Licin. That's all one, lady ;

Now you are here, you're welcome : And the emperor,
Who loves you but too well——

Lucina. No more of that, Sir ;

I came not to be catechiz'd.

Proc. Ah, firrah !

And have we got you here ? Faith, noble lady,
We'll keep you one month courtier.

Lucina. Gods defend, Sir !

I never lik'd a trade worse.

Proc. Hark you.

[*Whispers.*

Lucina. No, Sir !

Proc. You're grown the strangest lady !

Lucina. How !

Proc. By Heav'n,

'Tis true I tell you ; and you'll find it.

Lucina. I ?

I'll rather find my grave, and so inform him.

Proc. Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with you, yet not hurt you)
Should live alone, and give such heav'nly beauty
Only to walls and hangings ?

Lucina.

Lucina. Good Sir, patience !

I am no wonder, neither come to that end.
You do my lord an injury to stay me,
Who, tho' you are the prince's, yet dare tell you,
He keeps no wife for your ways.

Bal. Well, well, lady,
However you are pleas'd to think of us,
You're welcome, and you shall be welcome.

Lucina. Shew it
In that I come for then, in leading me
Where my lov'd lord is, not in flattery. [*Jewels shewn.*
Nay, you may draw the curtain ; I have seen 'em,
But none worth half my honesty.

Clau. Are these, Sir,
Laid here to take ?

Proc. Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman.

Marc. We had been doing else.

Bal. Meaner jewels
Would fit your worths.

Clau. And meaner cloaths your bodies.

Lucina. The gods shall kill me first !

Licin. There's better dying
I' th' emperor's arms. Go to ; but be not angry !
These are but talks, sweet lady.

Enter Phorba and Ardelia.

Phorba. Where is this stranger ? Rushes¹⁷, ladies,
rushes !

Rushes as green as summer, for this stranger !

Proc. Here's ladies come to see you.

Lucina. You are gone then ?
I take it, 'tis your cue.

Proc. Or rather manners :
You're better fitted, madam ; we but tire you,

¹⁷ *Rushes.*] In the Second Part of Henry IV. act v. scene v. one of the Grooms calls out for more *rushes* ; upon which passage Dr. Johnson observes, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the custom to strew the floor with *rushes* ; and for a proof refers to *Caius de Ephemera*. The same observation and reference are made on a passage in Cymbeline, act ii. scene ii.

R.

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Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and bring
Your much-lov'd lord unto you. [Exeunt.]

Lucina. Then I'll thank you.

I am betray'd, for certain! Well, *Lucina*,
If thou dost fall from virtue, may the earth,
That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodness into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot sun find thy vices!

Phorba. You are a welcome woman.

Ard. Bless me, Heav'n!

How did you find the way to court?

Lucina. I know not;

'Would I had never trod it!

Phorba. Prithee tell me,

Good noble lady, (and, good sweetheart, love us,
For we love thee extremely) is not this place
A Paradise to live in?

Lucina. To those people

That know no other Paradise but pleasure:
That little I enjoy contents me better.

Ard. What, heard you any musick yet?

Lucina. Too much.

Phorba. You must not be thus froward: What! this
gown

Is one o' th' prettiest, by my troth, *Ardelia*,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in, lady,
You put this gown on when you came.

Ard. How do you?

Alas, poor wretch, how cold it is!

Lucina. Content you;

I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If you will let me be so. Where's my lord?
For there's the business that I came for, ladies.

Phorba. We'll lead you to him; he is in the gallery.

Ard. We'll shew you all the court too.

Lucina. Shew me him,

And you have shew'd me all I come to look on.

Phorba. Come on; we'll be your guides, and, as
you go,

We

We have some pretty tales to tell you, lady,
Shall make you merry too. You come not here,
To be a sad Lucina.

Lucina. 'Would I might not! [Exeunt.

Enter Chilax and Balbus.

Chi. Now the soft musick! Balbus, run!

Bal. I fly, boy. [Exit.

Chi. The women by this time are worming of her;
If she can hold out them, the emperor [Musick.
Takes her to task. He has her. Hark, the musick!

Enter Valentinian and Lucina.

Lucina. Good your grace!
Where are my women, Sir?

Val. They're wise, beholding
What you think scorn to look on, the court's bravery.
Would you have run away so sily, lady,
And not have seen me?

Lucina. I beseech your majesty,
Consider what I am, and whose.

Val. I do so.

Lucina. Believe me, I shall never make a whore, Sir.

Val. A friend you may, and to that man that loves
you,
More than you love your virtue.

Lucina. Sacred Cæsar!

Val. You shall not kneel to me, sweet.

Lucina. Look upon me,
And, if you be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the gods will take it! Does this beauty
Afflict your soul? I'll hide it from you ever;
Nay more, I will become so leprous,
That you shall curse me from you. My dear lord
Has serv'd you ever truly, fought your battles,
As if he daily long'd to die for Cæsar;
Was never traitor, Sir, nor never tainted
In all the actions of his life.

Val. I know it.

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Lucina. His fame and family have grown together,
And spread together, like to sailing cedars¹⁸,
Over the Roman diadem: Oh, let not,
(As you have any flesh that's human in you)
The having of a modest wife decline him!
Let not my virtue be the wedge to break him!
I do not think you are lascivious;
These wanton men belie you: You are Cæsar,
Which is the father of the empire's honour;
You are too near the nature of the gods,
To wrong the weakest of all creatures, women.

Val. I dare not do it here.—Rise, fair Lucina,
I did but try your temper; you are honest;
And, with the commendations wait on that,
I'll lead you to your lord, and give you to him¹⁹.
Wipe your fair eyes.—He that endeavours ill,
May well delay, but never quench his hell. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Chilax, Licinius, Proculus, and Balbus.

Chi. **T**HIS done, Licinius.

Licin. How?

Chi. I shame to tell it.
If there be any justice, we are villains,
And must be so rewarded!

Bal. If it be done,
I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it;
Let's make the best o' th' trade.

Proc. Now vengeance take it!
Why should not he have settled on a beauty,

¹⁸ *Like to sailing cedars.*] Mr. Sympfon justly reads two sailing cedars, as answering to his fame and family. *Seaward.*

The old reading being sense, we have retained it.

¹⁹ *I'll lead you to your lord, and you to him.*] Thus nonsensically read all editions but the second folio, which we have followed.

Whose

Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,
Or one a ring might rule, or such a one
That had an itching husband to be honourable,
And groan'd to get it ²⁰? If he must have women,
And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the mystery ²¹, and are best able
To play again with judgment? Such as she is,
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travel,
And brought to opportunity with millions,
Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue
Keeps 'em like cakes of ice: I'll melt a chrystal,
And make a dead flint fire himself, ere they
Give greater heat than now-departing embers
Give to old men that watch 'em.

Licin. A good whore
Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholesome,
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought of;
But this same chastity forsooth——

Proc. A pox on't!
Why should not women be as free as we are?
They are, (but not in open) and far freer,
And the more bold ye bear yourself, more welcome;
And there is nothing ye dare say, but truth,
But they dare hear.

Enter Valentinian and Lucina.

Chi. The emperor! Away;
And, if we can repent, let's home and pray. [*Exeunt.*]

Val. Your only virtue now is patience;
Take heed, and save your honour. If you talk——

Lucina. As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice!

Val. Justice shall never hear you; I am justice!

Lucina. Wilt thou not kill me, monster, ravisher?
Thou bitter bane o' th' empire, look upon me,
And, if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruins

²⁰ *And ground to get it.*] The variation proposed by Mr. Symphon.

²¹ *That know the misery.*] Corrected in 1750.

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Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of this temple,
The mother of thy black sins would have blush'd at,
Behold, and curse thyself! The gods will find thee,
(That's all my refuge now) for they are righteous:
Vengeance and horror circle thee! The empire,
In which thou liv'st a strong continued surfeit,
Like poison will disgorge thee; good men raze thee
For ever being read again, but vicious²²;
Women, and fearful maids, make vows against thee;
Thy own slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee;
And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee;
And, if thou let'st me live, the foldier,
Tir'd with thy tyrannies, break thro' obedience,
And shake his strong steel at thee!

Val. This prevails not,
Nor any agony you utter, lady.
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me,
Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that abus'd me,
Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heav'nly beauty,
And curse your being good too.

Lucina. Glorious thief,
What restitution canst thou make to save me?

Val. I'll ever love, and honour you.

Lucina. Thou canst not,
For that which was mine honour, thou hast murder'd;
And can there be a love in violence?

²² *For ever being read again,——but vicious*

Women, and fearful maids, make vows against thee.] Thus stood the old text, and, I believe, whoever considers it will agree that by an odd confusion of ideas, the word *vicious* is put instead of its reverse, *virtuous*. *Seward,*

Mr. Seward reads,

For ever being read again; all virtuous

Women, and fearful maids, &c.

The old reading requires nothing but proper punctuation to make it good sense, and the line following will be stronger. We should read,

——good men raze thee

For ever being read again, but vicious;

that is, 'good men will prevent your ever being recorded, but as an example of vice and villainy.'

Val,

Val. You shall be only mine.

Lucina. Yet I like better

Thy villainy, than flattery ; that's thine own,
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me,
Or, for thy safety-sake and wisdom, kill me !
For I am worse than thou art : Thou may'st pray,
And so recover grace ; I'm lost for ever !
And, if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thyself too.

Val. I fear no loss but love ; I stand above it.

Lucina. Call in your lady bawds, and gilded pandars,
And let them triumph too, and sing to Cæsar,
Lucina's fall'n, the chaste Lucina's conquer'd !
Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made me !
For I am now no wife for Maximus,
No company for women that are virtuous,
No family I now can claim, nor country,
Nor name, but Cæsar's whore. Oh, sacred Cæsar,
(For that should be your title) was your empire ;
Your rods, and axes, that are types of justice ;
Those fires that ever burn, to beg you blessings ;
The peoples' adoration ; fear of nations ;
What victory can bring you home ; what else
The useful elements can make your servants,
Even light itself, and suns of light, truth, justice,
Mercy, and star-like piety²³ ; sent to you,
And from the gods themselves, to ravish women ?
The curses that I owe to enemies,
Ev'n those the Sabines sent, when Romulus
(As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble maids,
Made more, and heavier, light on thee !

²³ *Even light itself, and suns of light, Truth, Justice, Mercy, and star-like Piety.*] This noble passage seems, if I may be allow'd the expression, obscur'd by too much light ; part of which, I believe, is not genuine. To call Truth, Justice, and Piety *suns* may be allow'd, but *suns of light* is both stiff and tautological ; and after they are call'd *suns*, the additional epithet of *star-like* is an useless anticlimax. I doubt not but that the true reading was *sons of light*.

Seward.

We doubt it much ; *light, and suns of light*, is a natural amplification ; but *star-like piety* succeeding must be confessed to be anticlimax.

Val. This helps not.

Lucina. The sins of Tarquin be remember'd in thee!
And where there has a chaste wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaughter,
And last, for ever thine the fear'd example!
Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fall'n?
What can your honours now, and empire make me,
But a more glorious whore?

Val. A better woman:

But if you will be blind, and scorn it, who can help it?
Come, leave these lamentations; they do nothing,
But make a noise. I am the same man still:
Were it to do again, (therefore be wiser)
By all this holy light, I should attempt it!
You are so excellent, and made to ravish,
(There were no pleasure in you else)——

Lucina. Oh, villain!

Val. So bred for man's amazement, that my reason,
And every help to hold me right, has lost me!
The god of love himself had been before me,
Had he but power to see you; tell me justly,
How can I chuse but err then? If you dare,
Be mine, and only mine, (for you're so precious,
I envy any other should enjoy you,
Almost look on you; and your daring husband
Shall know h' has kept an offering from the empire,
Too holy for his altars) be the mightiest;
More than myself I'll make it. If you will not,
Sit down with this, and silence (for which wisdom,
You shall have use of me, and much honour ever,
And be the same you were): If you divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I do,
And those I do I'm able to forgive too;
And where your credit, in the knowledge of it,
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
Is as mine own command shall make it. Princes,
Tho' they be sometimes subject to loose whispers,
Yet wear they two-edg'd swords for open censures.
Your husband cannot help you, nor the soldier;

Your

Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid 'em, strike; I feed 'em.
Nor can the gods be angry at this action;
For, as they make me most, they mean me happiest,
Which I had never been without this pleasure.
Consider, and farewell! You'll find your women
At home before you; they have had some sport too,
But are more thankful for it. [Exit.

Lucina. Destruction find thee!
Now which way must I go? my honest house
Will shake to shelter me; my husband fly me;
My family,
Because they're honest, and desire to be so,
Must not endure me; not a neighbour know me!
What woman now dare see me without blushes,
And, pointing as I pass, 'There, there, behold her;
'Look on her, little children; that is she,
'That handsome lady, mark?' Oh, my sad fortunes!
Is this the end of goodness? this the price
Of all my early prayers to protect me?
Why then, I see there is no god but power,
Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or sensual!
How had I been thus wretched else!

Enter Maximus and Æcius.

Æcius. Let Titius
Command the company that Pontius lost,
And see the fosses deeper.

Max. How now, sweetheart?
What make you here, and thus?

Æcius. Lucina weeping?
This must be much offence.

Max. Look up, and tell me,
Why are you thus?—My ring? oh, friend, I've found it!
You are at court, sweet!

Lucina. Yes; this brought me hither.

Max. Rise, and go home.—I have my fears, Æcius:
Oh, my best friend, I'm ruin'd!—Go, Lucina;
Already

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Already in thy tears I've read thy wrongs,
Already found a Cæsar. Go, thou lily,
Thou sweetly-drooping flow'r! Go, silver swan,
And sing thine own sad requiem! Go, Lucina,
And, if thou dar'st, out-live this wrong!

Lucina. I dare not.

Æcius. Is that the ring you lost?

Max. That, that, Aecius,
That cursed ring, myself, and all my fortunes.
'T has pleas'd the emperor, my noble master,
For all my services, and dangers for him,
To make me mine own pandar. Was this justice,
Oh, my Aecius? have I liv'd to bear this?

Lucina. Farewell for ever, Sir!

Max. That's a sad saying;
But such a one becomes you well, Lucina:
And yet, methinks, we should not part so lightly;
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter.
Kiss me. I find no Cæsar here²⁴; these lips
Taste not of ravisher, in my opinion.
Was it not so?

Lucina. Oh, yes!

Max. I dare believe thee;
For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness.
Indeed she was, Aecius.

Æcius. So she is still.

Max. Once more!—Oh, my Lucina, oh, my comfort,
The blessing of my youth, the life of my life!

Æcius. I've seen enough to stagger my obedience;
Hold me, ye equal gods! this is too sinful.

Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a whore of?
To me thou wert too chaste. Fall, christal fountains,
And ever feed your streams, you rising sorrows,
'Till you have dropt your mistress into marble.
Now, go for ever from me.

²⁴ I find no Cæsar here; these lips

Taste not of ravisher.]

'I found not Cæsar's kisses on her lips.'

Shakespeare.

Lucina.

Lucina. Long farewell, Sir!
And as I have been loyal, gods, think on me!

Max. Stay; let me once more bid farewell, Lucina.
Farewell²⁵, thou excellent example of us!
Thou starry virtue, fare thee well! seek Heav'n,
And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory!
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.

Æcius. Nay, I must kiss too. Such a kiss again,
And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,
Æcius must not take. Farewell, thou Phenix,
If thou wilt die, Lucina! which, well weigh'd,
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.

Lucina. No.

Æcius. Mistake not.
I would not stain your honour, for the empire,
Nor any way decline you to discredit:
'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's.
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
And am the same Æcius, still as honest,
The same life I have still for Maximus,
The same sword wear for you, where justice wills me,
And 'tis no dull one: Therefore, misconceive not;
Only I'd have you live a little longer,
But a short year.

Max. She must not.

Lucina. Why so long, Sir?
Am I not grey enough with grief already?

Æcius. To draw from that wild man a sweet re-
pentance,
And goodness in his days to come.

Max. They are so,
And will be ever coming, my Æcius.

Æcius. For who knows, but the sight of you, pre-
sented
His swol'n sins at the full, and your fair virtues,

²⁵ Farewell, thou excellent example of us! The two last words of this line are very flat, and perhaps corrupt. The turn of the speech would warrant our reading,

Farewell, thou excellent example! Leave us.

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May like a fearful vision fright his follies,
 And once more bend him right again? which blessing
 (If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
 Is more than death, and the reward more glorious:
 Death only eases you; this, the whole empire.
 Besides, compell'd, and forc'd with violence,
 To what you've done, the deed is none of yours,
 No, nor the justice neither: You may live,
 And still a worthier woman, still more honour'd;
 For are those trees the worse we tear the fruits from?
 Or, should th' eternal gods desire to perish,
 Because we daily violate their truths,
 Which is the chastity of Heav'n? No, lady;
 If you dare live, you may: And as our sins
 Make them more full of equity and justice,
 So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect:
 The empire too will bless you.

Max. Noble Sir,

If she were any thing to me but honour,
 And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
 Not to be worn away without my being;
 Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,
 Or both our wrongs, not tied to after-issues,
 Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,
 I would desire her live; nay more, compel her:
 But since it was not youth, but malice did it,
 And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses,
 Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it,
 Ev'n those to come, and when they read she liv'd,
 Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
 And make a doubt she lov'd that more than wedlock?
 Therefore she must not live.

Æcius. Therefore she must live,
 To teach the world such deaths are superstitious.

Lucina. The tongues of angels cannot alter me;
 For could the world again restore my credit,
 As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
 That world I should not trust again. The empire
 By my life can get nothing but my story,
 Which whilst I breathe must be but his abuses.

And

And where you counsel me to live, that Cæsar
May see his errors, and repent, I'll tell you,
His penitence is but encrease of pleasures,
His prayers never said but to deceive us ;
And when he weeps, as you think for his vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees,
That rot their honest neighbour. If he can grieve,
As one that yet desires his free conversion,
And almost glories in his penitence,
I'll leave him robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.

Æcius. The farewells then of happy souls be with
thee,

And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant lady !
This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tears
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
Full of thy noble self, with tears untold yet,
Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin !

Max. All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall flourish,
All living epitaphs be thine : Time's story²⁶,
And what is left behind to piece our lives,
Shall be no more abus'd with tales and trifles,
But, full of thee, stand to eternity !

Æcius. Once more, farewell ! Go, find Elysium,
There where the happy souls are crown'd with blessings,
There where 'tis ever spring, and ever summer !

Max. There where no bed-ridden justice comes ! truth,
honour,
Are keepers of that blessed place : Go thither ;
For here thou liv'st chaste fire in rotten timber.

Æcius. And so, our last farewells !

Max. Gods give thee justice ! [Exit Lucina.

Æcius. His thoughts begin to work ; I fear him : Yet
He ever was a noble Roman ; but,
I know not what to think on't ; he hath suffer'd
Beyond a man, if he stand this.

Max. Aecius !

Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seiz'd me ?

²⁶ *Time, story.*] We apprehend we should read *Time's story*, an expression often used by our Authors, and more agreeable to the context.

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It was my wife the emperor abus'd thus!
And I must say, 'I'm glad I had her for him;'
Must I not, my Aecius?

Aecius. I am stricken
With such a stiff amazement, that no answer
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort.
Will you go home, or go to my house?

Max. Neither:
I have no home; and you are mad, Aecius,
To keep me company! I am a fellow
My own sword would forsake, not tied unto me.
A pandar is a prince, to what I'm fallen!
By Heav'n, I dare do nothing.

Aecius. You do better.

Max. I'm made a branded slave, Aecius,
And yet I bless the maker.
Death o' my soul! must I endure this tamely?
Must Maximus be mention'd for his tales?
I am a child too; what should I do railing?
I cannot mend myself; 'tis Cæsar did it,
And what am I to him?

Aecius. 'Tis well consider'd;
However you are tainted, be no traitor:
Time may out-wear the first, the last lives ever.

Max. Oh, that thou wert not living, and my friend!

Aecius [*aside*]. I'll bear a wary eye upon your actions:
I fear you, Maximus; nor can I blame thee
If thou break'st out; for, by the gods, thy wrong
Deserves a general ruin!—Do you love me?

Max. That's all I have to live on.

Aecius. Then go with me;
You shall not to your own house.

Max. Nor to any;
My griefs are greater far than walls can compass!
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous; and, o' my conscience,
Should I now see the emperor i' th' heat on't²⁷,

²⁷ *Should I now see the Emperor, &c.]* The doctrine of passive obedience, so often inculcated in the Works of our Authors, (but particularly in this play and the Maid's Tragedy) are a strong and

unpleasing

I should not chide him for't: An awe runs thro' me,
I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it;
'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.

Æcius [*aside*]. This is a mask to cozen me: I know
you,

And how far you dare do; no Roman further,
Nor with more fearless valour; and I'll watch you.—
Keep that obedience still.

Max. Is a wife's loss
(For her abuse, much good may do his Grace;
I'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh colours?
More than a lusty spring lost?

Æcius. No more, Maximus,
To one that truly lives.

Max. Why then, I care not;
I can live well enough, *Æcius*:
For look you, friend, for virtue, and those trifles,
They may be bought, they say.

Æcius. He's craz'd a little;
His grief has made him talk things from his nature.

Max. But chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in Rome, unless it be bespoken
A hundred years before, (is it, *Æcius*?)
By'r lady, and well handled too i' th' breeding.

Æcius. Will you go any way?

Max. I'll tell thee, friend;
If my wife, for all this, should be a whore now,
A kind of kicker-out of sheets, 'twould vex me;
For I'm not angry yet. The emperor
Is young and handsome, and the woman flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?

Æcius. Alas, my noble friend!

Max. Alas not me!
I am not wretched; for there's no man miserable
But he that makes himself so.

unpleasing mark of the complection of the times in which they wrote.
Such sentiments would not be endured on the present stage. In this
place, however, it is not the real sentiment of the speaker.

Æcius.

Æcius. Will you walk yet?

Max. Come, come, she dare not die, friend; that's the truth on't;

She knows th' enticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young prince's pleasures, and, I thank her,
Sh' has made a way for Maximus to rise by:
Will't not become me bravely? Why do you think
She wept, and said she was ravish'd? Keep it here,
And I'll discover to you.

Æcius. Well?

Max. She knows

I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contriv'd this knavery.
Was it not monstrous, friend?

Æcius. Does he but seem so,
Or is he mad indeed?

Max. Oh, gods, my heart!

Æcius. 'Would it would fairly break!

Max. Methinks I'm somewhat wilder than I was;
And yet, I thank the gods, I know my duty!

Enter Claudia.

Clau. Nay, you may spare your tears; she's dead,
she is so.

Max. Why, so it should be. How?

Clau. When first she enter'd

Into her house, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the sun-set, as we saw her ²⁸,
'Dare I, said she, defile this house with whore,
'In which his noble family has flourish'd?'

²⁸ *And blushing like the sun-set, as we see her.*] The latter part of this line seems a meer fill-up; but, I believe, was a noble sentiment in the original, which I hope is now restored. Lucina blushed to be look'd upon by us, as shame would hide its head from all its acquaintance. If the old reading may be thought to give this idea, and the reader thinks he could have collected it from it without the change, I am willing to submit; so that the true sense be retain'd, it is of small consequence whether we read *as* or *that*. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *THAT we saw her*; but we cannot think his reading conveys the sense he means to give. The only error in the old edition seems to have been *see* for *saw*.

At

At which she fell, and stirr'd no more. We rubb'd
her——

Max. No more of that; be gone. Now, my Aecius,
[*Exit Clau.*

If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little;
I am so parch'd I cannot. Your example
Has brought the rain down now: Now lead me, friend;
And as we walk together, let's pray truly²⁹,
I may not fall from faith.

Aecius. That's nobly spoken.

Max. Was I not wild, Aecius?

Aecius. Somewhat troubled.

Max. I felt no sorrow then. Now I'll go with you;
But do not name the woman! Fy, what fool
Am I to weep thus! Gods, Lucina, take thee,
For thou wert ev'n the best and worthiest lady——

Aecius. Good Sir, no more; I shall be melted with it.

Max. I've done; and, good Sir, comfort me. 'Would
there were wars now!

Aecius. Settle your thoughts; come.

Max. So I have now, friend.

Of my deep lamentations here's an end. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pontius, Phidias, and Aretus.

Phid. By my faith, captain Pontius, besides pity
Of your fall'n fortunes, what to say I know not;
For 'tis too true the emperor desires not,
But my best master, any foldier near him.

Are. And when he understands, he cast your
fortunes

For disobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under-persons to his favours)
To any fair opinion? Can you sing?

Pont. Not to please him, Aretus; for my songs
Go not to th' lute, or viol, but to th' trumpet;
My tune kept on a target, and my subject

²⁹ *And as we walk together, let's pray together truly.*] The second
together seems superfluous and erroneous, and probably was interpolated
by a careless transcriber.

The well-struck wounds of men, not love, or women.

Pbid. And those he understands not.

Pont. He should, Phidias.

Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little,
(You must, if here you'd plant yourself) and rather
Learn, as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us? Wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too? What they say,
Tho' oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute?
And think, however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty-handed?

Pbid. Can you flatter.

And, if it were put to you, lie a little?

Pont. Yes, if it be a living.

Are. That's well said then.

Pont. But must these lies and flatteries be believ'd,
then?

Pbid. Oh, yes, by any means.

Pont. By any means then,

I cannot lie, nor flatter.

Are. You must swear too,
If you be there.

Pont. I can swear, if they move me.

Pbid. Cannot you forswear too?

Pont. The court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.

Are. You should procure a little too.

Pont. What's that?

Mens' honest sayings for my truth?

Are. Oh, no, Sir,

But womens' honest actions for your trial.

Pont. Do you do all these things?

Pbid. Do you not like 'em?

Pont. D'you ask me seriously, or trifle with me?
I am not so low yet, to be your mirth!

Are. You do mistake us, captain; for sincerely
We ask you how you like 'em?

Pont. Then sincerely

I tell

I tell you I abhor 'em : They're ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em ;
The doers of 'em wretches, their base hungers
Care not whose bread they eat, nor how they get it.

Are. What then, Sir ?

Pont. If you profess this wickedness,
Because ye have been soldiers, and borne arms,
The servants of the brave Aecius,
And by him put to th' emperor, give me leave,
(Or I must take it else) to say ye're villains !
For all your golden coats, debauch'd, base villains !
Yet I do wear a sword to tell ye so.
Is this the way ye mark out for a soldier,
A man that has commanded for the empire,
And borne the reputation of a man ?
Are there not lazy things enough, call'd fools and
cowards,

And poor enough to be preferr'd for pandars,
But wanting soldiers must be knaves too ? ha ?
This the trim course of life ? Were not ye born bawds,
And so inherit but your rights ? I am poor,
And may expect a worse ; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of worts and onions, any thing
That's honest, and a man's, I'll rather chuse,
Ay, and live better on it, which is juster ;
Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure,
When my endeavour's done, and wages paid me,
Than you do wine ; eat my coarse bread not curs'd,
And mend upon't (your diets are diseases) ;
And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me,
As any forward pandar of ye all,
And rise a great deal honefter ! My garments,
Tho' not as yours, the soft fims of the empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
When every single breath of poor opinion
Finds you thro' all your velvets !

Are. You have hit it ;
Nor are we those we seem. The lord Aecius

Put us good men to th' emperor, so we have serv'd him,
 Tho' much neglected for it; so dare be still:
 Your curses are not ours. We've seen your fortune,
 But yet know no way to redeem it: Means,
 Such as we have, you shall not want, brave Pontius;
 But pray be temperate. If we can wipe out
 The stain of your offences³⁰, we are yours, Sir;
 And you shall live at court an honest man too.

Phid. That little meat and means we have, we'll
 share it.

Fear not to be as we are; what we told you,
 Were but mere trials of your truth: You're worthy,
 And so we'll ever hold you; suffer better,
 And then you are a right man, Pontius.
 If my good master be not ever angry,
 You shall command again.

Pont. I have found two good men: Use my life,
 For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. There's no way else to do it; he must die;
 This friend must die, this soul of Maximus,
 Without whom I am nothing but my shame;
 This perfectness that keeps me from opinion,
 Must die, or I must live thus branded ever:
 A hard choice, and a fatal! Gods, ye have given me
 A way to credit, but the ground to go on
 Ye have levell'd with that precious life I love most;
 Yet I must on, and thro': For, if I offer
 To take my way without him, like a sea
 He bears his high command, 'twixt me and vengeance,
 And in mine own road sinks me. He is honest,

³⁰ ——— *If we can wipe out*

*The way of your offences.] To wipe out the way seems a strange
 phrase; stain, we apprehend, will be allowed a better word: Yet we
 should not have substituted it, had we not been persuaded that the old
 text was corrupt.*

Of a most constant loyalty to Cæsar,
 And when he shall but doubt I dare attempt him,
 But make a question of his ill, but say
 'What is a Cæsar, that he dare do this?'
 Dead sure he cuts me off³¹: Aecius dies,
 Or I have lost myself. Why should I kill him?
 Why should I kill myself? for 'tis my killing;
 Aecius is my root, and, wither him,
 Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing.
 Is he not more to me than wife? than Cæsar,
 Tho' I had now my safe revenge upon him?
 Is he not more than honour³², and his friendship
 Sweeter than the love of women? What is honour,
 We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
 Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
 Can honour, 'twixt the incensed prince and envy,
 Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;
 Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards,
 And make 'em turn again like tigers? he has,
 And I have liv'd to see this, and preserv'd so.
 Why should this empty word incite me then
 To what is ill and cruel? Let her perish:
 A friend is more than all the world, than honour!
 She is a woman, and her loss the less,
 And with her go my griefs!—But, hark you, Maximus;
 Was she not yours? Did she not die to tell you
 She was a ravish'd woman? Did not justice
 Nobly begin with her, that not deserv'd it?
 And shall he live that did it? Stay a little!
 Can this abuse die here? Shall not mens' tongues

³¹ *Dead sure he cuts me off.*] I read *dead-sure* with a hyphen, and understand by it the common expression, *as sure as death*. Seward.

We chuse to read, according to the old books, without a hyphen; because that may either convey Mr. Seward's sense, or (as the words might bear) 'for certain, he will cut me off by death:' *Dead, sure, he cuts me off*. Besides, *dead-sure* is a modern vulgarism.

³² *Is he not more than rumour.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson both suspect the word *rumour*, and think that *honour* was probably the original. But as *honour*, in this place, must signify exactly the same with *rumour*, the Poets seem to have judiciously ascertained the true meaning of what follows, by using *rumour* here. Seward.

We believe *honour* the right word, and the whole speech confirms it.

Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
 (Affecting dull obedience, and tame duty,
 And led away with fondness of a friendship)
 The only virtue of the world to slander?
 Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
 And such a one, that no compare dwelt with her?
 One of so sweet a virtue, that Aecius,
 (Ev'n he himself, this friend that holds me from it)
 Out of his worthy love to me, and justice,
 Had it not been on Cæsar, had reveng'd her?
 By Heav'n, he told me so! What shall I do then?

Enter a Servant.

Can other men affect it, and I cold?
 I fear he must not live.

Serv. My lord, the general
 Is come to seek you.

Max. Go, entreat him to enter. *[Exit Serv.]*

Oh, brave Aecius, I could wish thee now
 As far from friendship to me as from fears,
 That I might cut thee off like that I weigh'd not.
 Is there no way, without him, to come near it?
 For out of honesty he must destroy me,
 If I attempt it. He must die, as others,
 And I must lose him; 'tis necessity;
 Only the time, and means, is all the difference.
 But yet I would not make a murder of him,
 Take him directly for my doubts; he shall die;
 I've found a way to do it, and a safe one;
 It shall be honour to him too. I know not
 What to determine certain, I'm so troubled,
 And such a deal of conscience presses me;
 'Would I were dead myself!

Enter Aecius.

Aecius. You run away well;
 How got you from me, friend?

Max. That that leads mad men,
 A strong imagination, made me wander.

Aecius. I thought you had been more settled,

Max. I am well;

But

But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.

Æcius. You're dangerous, [*Aside.*
But I'll prevent it if I can.—You told me
You'd go to th' army.

Max. Why? to have my throat cut?
Must he not be the bravest man, Aecius,
That strikes me first?

Æcius. You promis'd me a freedom
From all these thoughts. And why should any strike
you?

Max. I am an enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the foes of Rome; I am a coward,
A cuckold, and a coward; that's two causes
Why every one should beat me?

Æcius. You are neither;
And durst another tell me so, he died for't.
For thus far on mine honour, I'll assure you,
No man more lov'd than you; and, for your valour,
And what else may be fair³³, no man more follow'd.

Max. A doughty man, indeed! But that's all one;
The emperor, nor all the princes living,
Shall find a flaw in my coat: I have suffer'd,
And can yet; let them find inflictions,
I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it.
'Tis not a wife can thrust me out; some look'd for't,
But let 'em look 'till they are blind with looking;
They are but fools! Yet there is anger in me,
That I would fain disperse; and, now I think on't,
You told me, friend, the provinces are stirring;
We shall have sport I hope then, and what's dangerous
A battle shall beat from me.

Æcius. Why d'you eye me
With such a settled look?

³³ ———— for your valour,

And what ye may be, fair; no man more follow'd.] This does
not seem intelligible, but the change of a monosyllable will give a
sense agreeable to the context. *For your valour, and whatever else
is fair or praise-worthy, no man is more follow'd.* Seward.

Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? I love you so.

Æcius. If I should say I lov'd not you as truly,
I should do that I never durst do, lie.

Max. If I should die, would it not grieve you much?

Æcius. Without all doubt.

Max. And could you live without me?

Æcius. It would much trouble me to live without
you,

Our loves, and loving souls have been so us'd
But to one household in us: But to die
Because I could not make you live, were woman,
Far much too weak; were it to save your worth,
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch you off, where honour had engag'd you,
I ought, and would die for you,

Max. Truly spoken!—

What beast but I, that must, could hurt this man now?
'Would he had ravish'd me! I would have paid him,
I would have taught him such a trick, his eunuchs,
Nor all his black-ey'd boys, e'er dream'd of yet!
By all the gods I'm mad now! Now were Cæsar
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing!
The destinies, nor all the dames of hell,
Were I once grappled with him, should relieve him,
No, not the hope of mankind, more; all perish'd!
But this is words and weakness. [*Aside.*

Æcius. You look strangely.

Max. I look but as I am; I am a stranger,

Æcius. To me?

Max. To every one; I am no Roman,
Nor what I am do I know.

Æcius. Then I'll leave you.

Max. I find I'm best so. If you meet with Maximus,
Pray bid him be an honest man, for my sake;
You may do much upon him: For 'his shadow,
Let me alone.

Æcius.

Æcius. You were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend; you have some danger in you,
That willingly would run to action:
Take heed, by all our love, take heed!

Max. I danger?
I willing to do any thing? I die³⁴?
Has not my wife been dead two days already?
Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten?
Are not her sins dispers'd to other women,
And many a one e'en³⁵ ravish'd to relieve her?
Have I shed tears these twelve hours?

Æcius. Now you weep.

Max. Some lazy drops that stay'd behind.

Æcius. I'll tell you,
(And I must tell you truth) were it not hazard,
And almost certain loss of all the empire,
I would whine with you³⁶: Were it any man's
But his life, that is life of us, he lost it,
For doing of this mischief; I would take it;
And to your rest give you a brave revenge:
But as the rule now stands, and as he rules,
And as the nations hold, in disobedience,
One pillar falling³⁷, all must fall, I dare not;
Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it;
Therefore again take heed! On foreign foes

³⁴ *I willing to do any thing? I dig?*] What the word *dig* has to do in this passage I cannot conceive. Perhaps the Author wrote *die*. Maximus immediately adds,

Has not my wife been dead two days already?
why then should I die? 'I die?'

G.

³⁵ *And many one ravish'd.*] Former editions.

Seward.

³⁶ *I would win with ye.*] The first folio reads *wyne*, and the second changes it to *join*, and the octavo into *win*. *Join* is good sense, but *whine* being nearer the trace of the old reading, and equally sense, seems the true word. For to *whine*, or participate with him in the same passion of grief, implies a design of joining with him in the same revenge.

Seward.

The first folio gives, in old spelling, *whine*; which alludes to the weeping of Maximus, of which they were talking.

³⁷ *One pillar falling, all must fall.*] The Poet seems to have intended a repetition here,

One pillar falling, all must fall.

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We are our own revengers; but at home,
On princes that are eminent, and ours,
'Tis fit the gods should judge us³⁸. Be not rash,
Nor let your angry steel cut those you know not;
For, by this fatal blow, if you dare strike it,
(As I see great aims in you) those unborn yet,
And those to come, of them and these succeeding,
Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus. For me,
As you now bear yourself, I am your friend still;
If you fall off, I will not flatter you,
And in my hands, were you my soul, you perish'd.
Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy!
I'll leave you for this hour. [Exit.

Max. Pray do. 'Tis done:
And, friendship, since thou canst not hold in dangers,
Give me a certain ruin, I must thro' it! [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Valentinian, Licinius, Chilax, and Balbus.

Val. DEAD?
Chi. So 'tis thought, Sir.

Val. How?

Licin. Grief, and disgrace,
As people say.

Val. No more; I have too much on't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
Ye angel-formers of my sins, but devils!

³⁸ On princes that are eminent and ours,
'Tis fit the gods should judge us.] The doctrine of passive obedience
to princes, so much encourag'd by King James the First, and which
is Æcius's chief heroism in this play, evidently requires the slight
change [us to 'em] I have here made. Seward.

The word *us* is clearly right: 'Abroad we may revenge, but at
'home, and on our kings, 'tis fit the gods should prevent or punish *us*
'for taking vengeance.'

Where is your cunning now ? You would work wonders,

There was no chastity above your practice,
You'd undertake to make her love her wrongs,
And dote upon her rape ! Mark what I tell ye,
If she be dead——

Chi. Alas, Sir !

Val. Hang ye, rascals,
Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your fathers' camels,
Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water—
Am I not Cæsar ?

Licin. Mighty, and our maker.——

Val. Than thus have given my pleasures to destruction !

Look she be living, slaves !

Licin. We are no gods, Sir,
If she be dead, to make her new again.

Val. She cannot die ! she must not die ! Are those
I plant my love upon but common livers ?
Their hours, as others, told 'em ? can they be ashes ?
Why do ye flatter a belief into me,
That I am all that is, ' The world's my creature ;
' The trees bring forth their fruits when I say ' summer ;'

' The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,
' At my command moves not a leaf ; the sea,
' With his proud mountain waters envying Heav'n,
' When I say, ' still,' runs into chrystal mirrors ³⁹ ?'
Can I do this, and she die ? Why, ye bubbles,
That with my least breath break, no more remember'd,
Ye moths that fly about my flame and perish,
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
Living no longer than my spring of favour,
Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing ?
Is she not dead ?

Chi. All women are not with her.

³⁹ *When I say, still, run into chrystal mirror.] Former editions.*

Seward.

Val.

Val. A common whore serves ye, and far above ye,
 The pleasures of a body lam'd with lewdness;
 A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy:
 Am I a man to traffick with diseases?
 Can any but a chastity serve Cæsar?
 And such a one that gods would kneel to purchase?
 You think, because you've bred me up to pleasures,
 And almost run me over all the rare ones,
 Your wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em,
 Your wives are fencers' whores, and shall be footmens'!
 Tho' sometimes my nice will, or rather anger,
 Have made ye cuckolds for variety,
 I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,
 Always so great a blessing from me. Go,
 Get your own infamy hereafter, rascals!
 I've done too nobly for ye; ye enjoy
 Each one an heir, the royal seed of Cæsar,
 And I may curse ye for't: Your wanton gennets,
 That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies,
 Taught me this foul intemperance. Thou, Licinius,
 Hast such a Messalina, such a Laïs,
 The backs of bulls cannot content, nor stallions;
 The sweat of fifty men a-night does nothing.

Licin. Your grace but jests, I hope.

Val. 'Tis oracle.

The sins of other women, put by hers,
 Shew off like sanctities. Thine's a fool, Chilax,
 Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
 And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
 Rotten and ready for an hospital.
 Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus.

Bal. Well, Sir.

Val. One that can pray away the sins she suffers,
 But not the punishments: She has had ten bastards,
 Five of 'em now are lictors, yet she prays;
 Sh'has been the song of Rome, and common Pasquil;
 Since I durst see a wench, she was camp-mistress,
 And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too,
 They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays;

She's

She's now to enter old men that are children,
 And have forgot their rudiments: Am I
 Left for these wither'd vices? And but one,
 But one of all the world, that could content me,
 And snatch'd away in shewing? If your wives
 Be not yet witches, or yourselves, now be so,
 And save your lives; raise me this noble beauty,
 As when I forc'd her, full of constancy,
 Or, by the gods——

Licin. Most sacred Cæsar——

Val. Slaves——

Enter Proculus and Lycias.

Lycias. Good Proculus!

Proc. By Heav'n, you shall not see it;
 It may concern the empire.

Val. Ha! what saidst thou?
 Is she not dead?

Proc. Not any one I know, Sir:
 I come to bring your Grace a letter, here
 Scatter'd belike i'th' court: 'Tis sent to Maximus,
 And bearing danger in it.

Val. Danger? where?
 Double our guard!

Proc. Nay, no where, but i'th' letter.

Val. What an afflicted conscience do I live with,
 And what a beast I'm grown! I had forgotten
 To ask Heav'n mercy for my fault, and was now
 Ev'n ravishing again her memory.
 I find there must be danger in this deed:
 Why do I stand disputing then, and whining,
 For what is not the gods' to give? they cannot,
 Tho' they would link their powers in one, do mischief!
 This letter may betray me. Get ye gone, [*Exeunt.*
 And wait me in the garden; guard the house well,
 And keep this from the empress. The name Maximus
 Runs thro' me like a fever! This may be
 Some private letter, upon private business,
 Nothing concerning me: Why should I open't?

I've

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I've done him wrong enough already. Yet,
 It may concern me too; the time so tells me;
 The wicked deed I've done, assures me 'tis so.
 Be what it will, I'll see it; if that be not
 Part of my fears, among my other sins,
 I'll purge it out in prayers. How! what's this?
 ' Lord Maximus, you love Aecius, [Reads.
 ' And are his noble friend too: Bid him be less,
 ' I mean less with the people; times are dangerous.
 ' The army's his, the emperor in doubts,
 ' And, as some will not stick to say, declining:
 ' You stand a constant man in either fortune:
 ' Persuade him; he is lost else. Tho' ambition
 ' Be the last sin he touches at, or never⁴⁰,
 ' Yet what the people, mad with loving him,
 ' And as they willingly desire another,
 ' May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,
 ' Is to be doubted mainly. He is all
 ' (As he stands now) but the mere name of Cæsar,
 ' And should the emperor enforce him lesser,
 ' Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous:
 ' He's honest, and will hear you. Doubts are scatter'd,
 ' And almost come to growth in every household;
 ' Yet, in my foolish judgment, were this master'd,
 ' The people that are now but rage, and his,
 ' Might be again obedience. You shall know me
 ' When Rome is fair again; 'till when, I love you.'
 No name? This may be cunning; yet it seems not,
 For there is nothing in it but is certain⁴¹,
 Besides my safety. Had not good Germanicus,
 That was as loyal and as straight as he is,
 If not prevented by Tiberius,
 Been by the soldiers forc'd their emperor?

⁴⁰ *Be the last sin he touches at, or never.*] The meaning may be made out here, 'that it is the sin he would last of all, or perhaps 'never, be guilty of;' yet it is not improbable that the sentiment was more fully opened, and that a line is lost.

⁴¹ Mr. Seward prints,
For there is nothing in it but is certain.
Besides my safety — Had not, &c.

He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it.
 And was not Corbulo, (even that Corbulo,
 That ever-fortunate and living Roman,
 That broke the heart-strings of the Parthians,
 And brought Arfaces' line upon their knees,
 Chain'd to the awe of Rome) 'cause he was thought
 (And but in wine once) fit to make a Cæsar,
 Cut off by Nero? I must seek my safety;
 For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it.
 I know the soldier loves him more than Heav'n,
 And will adventure all his gods to raise him;
 Me he hates more than peace: What this may breed,
 If dull security and confidence
 Let him grow up, a fool may find, and laugh at.
 But why lord Maximus, I injur'd so,
 Should be the man to counsel him, I know not,
 More than he has been friend, and lov'd allegiance:
 What now he is, I fear; for his abuses,
 Without the people, dare draw blood. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Grace.

Val. Call Phidias and Aretus hither. [*Exit Serv.*
 I'll find a day for him too. 'Times are dangerous,
 'The army his, the emperor in doubts:'
 I find it is too true. Did he not tell me,
 As if he had intent to make me odious⁴²,
 And to my face and by a way of terror,
 What vices I was ground in, and almost
 Proclaim'd the soldiers' hate against me? Is not
 The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar
 (Were this Aecius more than man) sufficient
 To shake off all his honesty? He's dangerous,
 Tho' he be good; and, tho' a friend, a fear'd one;
 And such I must not sleep by.—Are they come yet?—

⁴² 1. *As if he had intent to make me odious,*

2. *And to my face; and by a way of terror.*] Here a marginal direction how to place the lines has been taken into the text, and continued through all the three editions. Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson concurred with me in observing this.

Seward.

I do

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I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.
'Twas time to look about : If I must perish,
Yet shall my fears ⁴³ go foremost.

Enter Phidias and Aretus.

Phid. Life to Cæsar !

Val. Is lord Aecius waiting ?

Phid. Not this morning ;
I rather think he's with the army.

Val. Army ?

I do not like that army. Go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and (d'you hear?)
Come private without any ; I have business
Only for him.

Phid. Your Grace's pleasure.

[*Exit.*

Val. Go.

What foldier is the same (I have seen him often)
That keeps you company, Aretus ?

Are. Me, Sir ?

Val. Ay, you, Sir.

Are. One they call Pontius,
An't please your Grace.

Val. A captain ?

Are. Yes, he was so ;

But speaking something roughly in his want,
Especially of wars, the noble general,
Out of a strict allegiance, cast his fortunes.

Val. H' has been a valiant fellow ?

Are. So he's still.

Val. Alas, the general might have pardon'd follies :
Soldiers will talk sometimes.

Are. I'm glad of this.

Val. He wants preferment, as I take it ?

Are. Yes, Sir ;

And for that noble grace his life shall serve.

Val. I have a service for him.

I shame a foldier should become a beggar !
I like the man, Aretus.

⁴³ *My fears.*] i. e. *Those whom I fear shall perish first.*

Are.

Are. Gods protect you!

Val. Bid him repair to Proculus, and there
He shall receive the business, and reward for't:
I'll see him settled too, and as a soldier;
We shall want such.

Are. The sweets of Heav'n still crown you! [*Exit.*

Val. I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And, 'till I be deliver'd, still am dying! [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Maximus.

Max. My way has taken: All the court's in guard,
And business every where; and every corner
Full of strange whispers. I am least in rumour,

Enter Aecius and Phidias.

And so I'll keep myself. Here comes Aecius;
I see the bait is swallow'd: If he be lost
He is my martyr, and my way stands open;
And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reckon'd⁴⁴.

Aecius. Why, how now, friend? what makes you
here unarm'd?

Are you turn'd merchant?

Max. By your fair persuasions,
And such a merchant trafficks without danger.
I have forgotten all, Aecius,
And, which is more, forgiven.

Aecius. Now I love you,
Truly I do; you are a worthy Roman.

Max. The fair repentance of my prince, to me
Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance:
No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.

Aecius. Still you take more love from me. Virtuous
friend,
The gods make poor Aecius worthy of thee!

⁴⁴ And honour on thy head his blood is reckon'd.] This line seems quite inexplicable, unless we personify Honour. It was to Honour he first proposed to sacrifice his friend; see p. 325.

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Max. Only in me you're poor, Sir, and I worthy
Only in being yours. But, why your arm thus?
Have you been hurt, Aecius?

Aecius. Bruis'd a little;
My horse fell with me, friend, which 'till this morning
I never knew him do.

Max. Pray gods it bode well!
And, now I think on't better, you shall back;
Let my persuasions rule you.

Aecius. Back! why, Maximus?
The emperor commands me come.

Max. I like not
At this time his command,

Aecius. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it; why not now then?

Max. I'll tell you why, and, as I have been govern'd,
Be you so, noble friend: The court's in guard,
Arm'd strongly; for what purpose let me fear:
I do not like your going.

Aecius. Were it fire,
And that fire certain to consume this body,
If Cæsar sent, I would go. Never fear, man;
If he take me, he takes his arms away.
I am too plain and true to be suspected.

Max. Then I have dealt unwisely.

Aecius. If the emperor,
Because he merely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have;
Let him, he loves me better. Here I wither,
And happily may live, 'till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death; nay more, dishonour.
Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty,
Are printed here; and if I fall so happy,
I bless the grave I lie in, and the gods,
Equal as dying on the enemy,
Must take me up a sacrifice.

Max. Go on then;
And I'll go with you.

Aecius. No, you may not, friend,

Max.

Max. He cannot be a friend bars me, Aecius :
Shall I forsake you in my doubts ?

Aecius. You must.

Max. I must not, nor I will not. Have I liv'd
Only to be a carpet-friend, for pleasure ?
I can endure a death as well as Cato.

Aecius. There is no death nor danger in my going,
Nor none must go along.

Max. I have a sword too,
And once I could have us'd it for my friend.

Aecius. I need no sword, nor friend, in this. Pray
leave me ;

And, as you love me, do not over-love me.
I am commanded none shall come. At supper
I'll meet you, and we'll drink a cup or two ;
You need good wine, you have been sad. Farewell !

Max. Farewell, my noble friend ! Let me embrace you
Ere you depart ! It may be one of us
Shall never do the like again.

Aecius. Yes, often.

Max. Farewell, good dear Aecius !

Aecius. Farewell, Maximus,
'Till night ! Indeed you doubt too much.

[*Exit with Phidias.*

Max. I do not.
Go, worthy innocent, and make the number
Of Cæsar's sins so great, Heav'n may want mercy !
I'll hover hereabout, to know what passes ;
And, if he be so dev'lish to destroy thee,
In thy blood shall begin his tragedy. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Proculus and Pontius.

Proc. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name Patrician ; more than that too,
The friend of Cæsar you are stil'd. There's nothing
Within the hopes of Rome, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.

Y 2

Pont.

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Pont. Pray stay, Sir ;
What has Aecius done, to be destroy'd ?
At least, I'd have a colour.

Proc. You have more,
Nay, all that may be given ; he's a traitor,
One any man would strike that were a subject.

Pont. Is he so foul ?

Proc. Yes, a most fearful traitor.

Pont. [*aside.*] A fearful plague upon thee, for thou
liest !——

I ever thought the soldier would undo him
With his too-much affection.

Proc. You have hit it ;
They've brought him to ambition.

Pont. Then he's gone ?

Proc. The emperor, out of a foolish pity,
Would save him yet.

Pont. Is he so mad ?

Proc. He's madder—
Would go to th' army to him.

Pont. Would he so ?

Proc. Yes, Pontius ; but we consider——

Pont. Wisely ?

Proc. How else, man ?——that the state lies in it.

Pont. And your lives too ?

Proc. And every man's.

Pont. He did me
All the disgrace he could.

Proc. And scurvily.

Pont. Out of a mischief merely : Did you mark it ?

Proc. Yes, well enough : Now you have means to
quit it.

The deed done, take his place.

Pont. Pray let me thin . on't ;
'Tis ten to one I do it.

Proc. Do, and be happy.

[*Exit.*

Pont. This emperor is made of nought but mischief :
Sure, Murder was his mother. None to lop,
But the main link he had ? Upon my conscience,

The

The man is truly honest, and that kills him;
 For to live here, and study to be true,
 Is all one to be traitors. Why should he die?
 Have they not slaves and rascals for their off'rings,
 In full abundance? Bawds more than beasts for
 slaughter?

Have they not singing-whores enough, and knaves too,
 And millions of such martyrs, to sink Charon,
 But the best sons of Rome must sail too? I will shew
 him

(Since he must die) a way to do it truly:
 And, tho' he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
 I'm born to make him bless me for a blow. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Æcius, Phidias, and Aretus.

Phid. Yet you may 'scape to th' camp; we'll hazard
 with you.

Are. Lose not your life so basely, Sir! You're arm'd;
 And many, when they see your sword out, and know why,
 Must follow your adventure.

Æcius. Get ye from me!
 Is not the doom of Cæsar on this body?
 Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me?
 Am I not old Aecius, ever dying?
 You think this tenderness and love you bring me;
 'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
 And, if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it.
 I seek the camp for safety, when my death
 (Ten times more glorious than my life, and lasting)
 Bids me be happy? Let the fool fear dying,
 Or he that weds a woman for his honour,
 Dreaming no other life to come but kisses:
 Aecius is not now to learn to suffer.
 If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me;
 I stay but those that must. Why do ye weep?
 Am I so wretched to deserve mens' pities?

Y 3

Go,

Go, give your tears to those that lose their worths,
 Bewail their miseries; for me, wear garlands,
 Drink wine, and much: Sing pæans to my praise;
 I am to triumph, friends; and more than Cæsar;
 For Cæsar fears to die, I love to die!

Pbid. Oh, my dear lord!

Æcius. No more! Go, go, I say!
 Shew me not signs of sorrow; I deserve none;
 Dare any man lament I should die nobly?
 Am I grown old, to have such enemies?
 When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
 That is, preserve my memory from dying;
 There, if you needs must weep your ruin'd master,
 A tear or two will seem well. This I charge ye,
 (Because ye say ye yet love old Aecius)
 See my poor body burnt, and some to sing
 About my pile, and what I've done and suffer'd,
 If Cæsar kill not that too: At your banquets,
 When I am gone, if any chance to number
 The times that have been sad and dangerous,
 Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.
 No more, I say; he that laments my end,
 By all the gods, dishonours me! Be gone,
 And suddenly, and wisely, from my dangers;
 My death is catching else.

Pbid. We fear not dying.

Æcius. Yet fear a wilful death; the just gods hate it:
 I need no company to that that children
 Dare do alone, and slaves are proud to purchase.
 Live 'till your honesties, as mine has done,
 Make this corrupted age sick of your virtues;
 Then die a sacrifice, and then ye know
 The noble use of dying well, and Roman.

Are. And must we leave ye, Sir?

Æcius. We must all die,
 All leave ourselves; it matters not where, when,
 Nor how, so we die well: And can that man that does so
 Need lamentation for him? Children weep
 Because they have offended, or for fear;

Women

Women for want of will, and anger : Is there
 In noble Man, that truly feels both poises
 Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness,
 To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
 I am asham'd to see ye! Yet ye move me,
 And, were it not my manhood would accuse me
 For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.

Pbid. Oh, we shall never see you more!

Æcius. 'Tis true;

Nor I the miseries that Rome shall suffer,
 Which is a benefit life cannot reckon.
 But what I have been, which is just and faithful,
 One that grew old for Rome, when Rome forgot him;
 And, for he was an honest man, durst die,
 Ye shall have daily with ye: Could that die too,
 And I return no traffick of my travels,
 No pay to have been soldier, but this silver,
 No annals of Aecius, but ' he liv'd,'
 My friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly:
 The common overflows of tender women,
 And children new-born crying, were too little
 To shew me then most wretched. If tears must be,
 I should in justice weep 'em, and for you;
 You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
 The dry and wither'd bones of death would bleed at:
 But, sooner than I've time to think what must be,
 I fear you'll find what shall be. If ye love me,
 (Let that word serve for all) be gone and leave me:
 I have some little practice with my soul,
 And then the sharpest sword is welcom'ft. Go,
 Pray be gone; ye have obey'd me living,
 Be not for shame now stubborn. So; I thank ye,
 And fare ye well! a better fortune guide ye!
 I am a little thirsty; not for fear,

[*Exeunt Pbidias and Aretus.*]

And yet it is a kind of fear I say so.
 Is it to be a just man now again,
 And leave my flesh unthought-of? 'Tis departed!
 I hear 'em come. Who strikes first? I stay for ye!

Y 4

Enter

Enter Balbus, Chilax, and Licinius.

Yet I will die a soldier, my sword drawn,
But against none. Why do ye fear? come forward.

Bal. You were a soldier, Chilax.

Chi. Yes, I muster'd,
But never saw the enemy.

Licin. He's drawn;

By Heav'n, I dare not do't!

Æcius. Why do ye tremble?

I am to die: Come ye not now from Cæsar,
To that end? speak!

Bal. We do, and we must kill you;
'Tis Cæsar's will.

Chi. I charge ye put your sword up,
That we may do it handsomely.

Æcius. Ha, ha, ha!

My sword up? handsomely? Where were ye bred?
Ye are the merriest murderers, my masters,
I ever met withal. Come forward, fools!
Why do ye stare? Upon mine honour, bawds,
I will not strike ye.

Licin. I'll not be first.

Bal. Nor I.

Chi. You'd best die quietly: The emperor
Sees how you bear yourself.

Æcius. I would die, rascals,
If you would kill me, quietly.

Bal. Pox o' Proculus,
He promis'd us to bring a captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.

Æcius. I'll call the guard,
Unless you'll kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions,
The emperor has trusted with his safety:
Nay, I'll give out, ye fell of my side, villains.
Strike home, ye bawdy slaves!

Chi. By Heav'n, he'll kill us!
I mark'd his hand; he waits but time to reach us.

Now

Now do you offer.

Æcius. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me my senses fail me,
Look to yourselves!

Cbi. I told ye.

Æcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand strokes.

Enter Pontius.

Bal. Here's Pontius.

Pont. Not kill'd him yet?
Is this the love ye bear the emperor?
Nay then, I see ye're traitors all: Have at ye!

Cbi. Oh, I am hurt!

[*Licin. runs away.*

Bal. And I am kill'd.

[*Exeunt Cbi. and Bal.*

Pont. Die bawds,
As ye have liv'd and flourish'd!

Æcius. Wretched fellow,
What hast thou done?

Pont. Kill'd them that durst not kill;
And you are next.

Æcius. Art thou not Pontius?

Pont. I am the same you cast, Aecius,
And in the face of all the camp disgrac'd.

Æcius. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a soldier,
Shall my death be. Is it revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?

Pont. Both.

Æcius. Then do it.

Pont. Is that all?

Æcius. Yes.

Pont. Would you not live?

Æcius. Why should I?
To thank thee for my life?

Pont. Yes, if I spare it.

Æcius. Be not deceiv'd; I was not made to thank,
For any courtesy but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune. Do thy duty!

Pont.

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Pont. Do not you fear me?

Æcius. No.

Pont. Nor love me for it?

Æcius. That's as thou dost thy business.

Pont. When you're dead,
Your place is mine, Aecius.

Æcius. Now I fear thee;
And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire.

Pont. Why, I can govern, Sir.

Æcius. I would thou couldst,
And first thyself. Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all dangers; heats, colds, hungers;
Heav'n's angry flashes are not suddener
Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal;
The winged feet of flying enemies
I've stood and view'd thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer: Were thy mind
But half so sweet in peace as rough in dangers,
I died to leave a happy heir behind me.
Come, strike, and be a general!

Pont. Prepare then:

And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,
Fight your short span out.

Æcius. No, thou know'st I must not;
I dare not give thee so much 'vantage of me,
As disobedience.

Pont. Dare you not defend you
Against your enemy?

Æcius. Not sent from Cæsar;
I have no power to make such enemies:
For, as I am condemn'd, my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by me; only held
To shew I was a soldier. Had not Cæsar
Chain'd all defence in this doom, 'Let him die,'
Old as I am, and quench'd with scars, and sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy such wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.

Pont.

Pont. Then have at you ;
And look upon me, and be sure you fear not :
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you ; cry not ' hold,'
Nor think it base injustice I should kill you.

Æcius. I am prepar'd for all.

Pont. For now, Aecius,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor,
And, as I do it, bless me ! Die as I do ! [*Pon. kills himself.*]

Æcius. Thou hast deceiv'd me, Pontius, and I thank thee :

By all my hopes in Heaven, thou'rt a Roman !

Pont. To shew you what you ought to do, this is not ;
For Slander's self would shame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honesty :
But, noble Sir, you have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous persons ;
And I must dying say, it was but justice,
Ye cast me from my credit : Yet, believe me,
(For there is nothing now but truth to save me,
And your forgiveness) tho' you held me heinous,
And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
Turns all to flames it meets with, you mistook me :
If I were foe to any thing, 'twas ease,
Want of the soldiers' due, the enemy ;
The nakedness we found at home, and scorn,
Children of peace and pleasures ; no regard
Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em ;
To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,
And e'en began to prey upon our honours ;
To wants at home, and more than wants, abuses ;
To them that, when the enemy invaded,
Made us their faints, but now the foes of Rome ;
To filken flattery, and pride plum'd over ⁴⁵,

⁴⁵ To filken flattery, and pride plain'd over,

Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail.] Though *pride plain'd over* is a just metaphor, taken singly, yet *plum'd* being near the trace of the letters, less vulgar, and perfectly consistent with the context, which the other is not, I hope the reader will permit the insertion of it in the text, as most probably the true reading. *Seward.*

Forgetting

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Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
And under whose protection their soft pleasures
Grow full and numberless: To this I'm foe,
Not to the state, or any point of duty.

And, let me speak but what a soldier may,
(Truly I ought to be so) yet I err'd,
Because a far more noble sufferer
Shew'd me the way to patience, and I lost it:
This is the end I die, Sir! To live basely,
And not the follower of him that bred me
In full account and virtue, Pontius dare not,
Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.

Æcius. I want a name to give thy virtue, soldier,
For only *good* is far below thee, Pontius;
The gods shall find thee one! Th'hast fashion'd death
In such an excellent and beauteous manner,
I wonder men can live! Canst thou speak once more?
For thy words are such harmony, a soul
Would chuse to fly to Heaven in.

Pont. A farewell⁴⁶.

Good noble general, your hand! Forgive me,
And think whatever was displeasing you,
Was none of mine. You cannot live.

Æcius. I will not!
Yet one word more.

Pont. Die nobly! Rome, farewell!
And, Valentinian, fall! th'hast broke thy basis.
In joy you've given me a quiet death:
I would strike more wounds, if I had more breath.

[*Dies.*

Æcius. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?
Or any man would out-live such a dying?
Would Cæsar double all my honours on me,
And stick me o'er with favours, like a mistress,

⁴⁶ *A farewell.*] The change of this substantive into a verb, seems not only to make it more natural, but would give infinitely more dignity in the action. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward therefore omits the article *a*; but surely the old reading is full as natural, and perhaps more pathetic: 'Can you speak once more?' 'Yes; a farewell. Your hand! forgive me! &c.'

Yet

Yet would I grow to this man! I have lov'd,
But never doted on a face 'till now.
Oh, death, thou'rt more than beauty, and thy pleasure
Beyond posterity!—Come, friends, and kill me.
Cæsar, be kind, and send a thousand swords;
The more, the greater is my fall. Why stay ye?
Come, and I'll kiss your weapons. Fear me not:
By all the gods, I'll honour ye for killing!
Appear, or thro' the court, and world, I'll search ye!
My sword is gone⁴⁷. [*Throws it from him.*] Ye're
traitors if ye spare me,
And Cæsar must consume ye! All base cowards?
I'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye
The weeds of Italy, the dross of Nature!
Where are ye, villains, traitors, slaves? [*Exit.*

Enter Proculus and three others, running over the stage.

Proc. I knew
H' had kill'd the captain.

1. Here's his sword.

Proc. Let it alone; 'twill fight itself else, friends.
An hundred men are not enough to do it;
I'll to the emperor, and get more aid.

Æcius [*within*]. None strike a poor condemn'd
man?

Proc. He is mad:
Shift for yourselves, my masters! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Æcius.

Æcius. Then, Aecius, [*Takes up his sword.*
See what thou dar'st thyself. Hold, my good sword;
Thou hast been kept from blood too long. I'll kiss
thee,
For thou art more than friend now, my preserver!

⁴⁷ *My sword is gone.*] The directions, *Throws it from him*, and *Takes up his sword*, are now first introduced: One of the fugitives saying, *Here's his sword*, we think, sufficiently warrants them, as well as, *My sword is gone*, which appeared to us corrupt, till the directions were inserted.

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Shew me the way to happiness ; I seek it.
 And, all you great ones, that have fall'n as I do,
 To keep your memories and honours living,
 Be present in your virtues, and assist me,
 That, like strong Cato, I may put away
 All promises, but what shall crown my ashes.
 Rome, fare thee well ! Stand long, and know to conquer,
 Whilst there is people, and ambition.
 Now for a stroke shall turn me to a star !
 I come, ye blessed spirits ! make me room
 To live for ever in Elysium ! *[Kills himself.]*
 Do men fear this ? Oh, that posterity
 Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,
 There is no pain at all in dying well,
 Nor none are lost, but those that make their hell ! *[Dies.]*

Enter Proculus and two others.

1 [within]. He's dead ; draw in the guard again.
Proc. He's dead indeed,
 And I am glad he's gone : He was a devil !
 His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs ;
 The emperor, out of his love to virtue,
 Has given 'em that : Let no man stop their entrance,
[Exeunt.]

Enter Phidias and Aretus.

Phid. Oh, my most noble lord ! Look here, Aretus ;
 Here's a sad sight !

Are. Oh, cruelty ! oh, Cæsar !
 Oh, times that bring forth nothing but destruction,
 And overflows of blood ! Why wast thou kill'd ?
 Is it to be a just man now again,
 (As when Tiberius and wild Nero reign'd)
 Only assurance of his overthrow ?

Phid. It is, Aretus : He that would live now,
 Must, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,
 And grow with those to greatness. Honest virtue,
 And the true Roman honour, faith and valour,
 That have been all the riches of the empire,

Now,

Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere fore-runners of their ends that owe 'em.

Are. Never-enough-lamented lord ! dear master !

Enter Maximus.

Of whom now shall we learn to live like men ?
From whom draw out our actions just and worthy ?
Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,
The great example of all equity,
Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd,
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness !
Weep, Rome ! weep, Italy ! weep, all that knew him !
And you that fear'd him as a noble foe,
(If enemies have honourable tears)
Weep this decay'd Aecius, fall'n and scatter'd,
By foul and base suggestion !

Pbid. Oh, lord Maximus !

This was your worthy friend.

Max. The gods forgive me !—

Think not the worse, my friends, I shed not tears ;
Great griefs lament within. Yet, now I've found 'em.
'Would I had never known the world, nor women,
Nor what that cursed name of honour was,
So this were once again Aecius !
But I am destin'd to a mighty action,
And beg my pardon⁴⁸, friend ; my vengeance taken,
I will not be long from thee.—Ye've a great loss,
But bear it patiently ; yet, to say truth,
In justice 'tis not sufferable. I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't. Friends,
Who shall preserve ye now ?

Are. Nay, we are lost too.

Max. I fear ye are ; for likely such as love
The man that's fall'n, and have been nourish'd by him,
Do not stay long behind : 'Tis held no wisdom.
I know what I must do. Oh, my Aecius,

⁴⁸ *And beg my pardon.*] Mr. Seward, without authority or remark, reads, *thy pardon*. It is scarcely necessary to add, the old text means, ' I beg you, friend, to grant me my pardon.'

Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up the roots,
And no man feel thy worthiness? From boys
He bred you both, I think.

Pbid. And from the poorest.

Max. And lov'd ye as his own?

Are. We found it, Sir.

Max. Is not this a loss then?

Pbid. Oh, a loss of losses!

Our lives, and ruins of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing near it.

Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the emperor?

Are. He did so.

Max. And kept ye still in credit?

Pbid. 'Tis most true, Sir.

Max. He fed your fathers too, and made them means;
Your sisters he preferr'd to noble wedlocks;
Did he not, friends?

Are. Oh, yes, Sir.

Max. As I take it,
This worthy man would not be now forgotten.
I tell ye, to my grief, he was basely murder'd;
And something would be done, by those that lov'd him;
And something may be. Pray stand off a little;
Let me bewail him private.—Oh, my dearest—

Pbid. Aretus, if we be not sudden, he out-does us;
I know he points at vengeance; we are cold
And base ungrateful wretches, if we shun it.
Are we to hope for more rewards or greatness,
Or any thing but death, now he is dead?
Dar'st thou resolve?

Are. I'm perfect.

Pbid. Then like flowers
That grew together all, we'll fall together⁴⁹,

And

⁴⁹ Phi. *Then like flowers*

That grew together all we'll fall together,

And with us that bore us.] As *Pbidias* and *Aretus* mean
only their own deaths, without a junction with *Maximus*, instead of
all

And with us that that bore us : When 'tis done,
The world shall stile us two deserving servants.
I fear he'll be before us.

Are. This night, Phidias——

Phid. No more.

Max. Now, worthy friends, I've done my mournings.
Let's burn this noble body : Sweets as many
As sun-burnt Meroe breeds, I'll make a flame of,
Shall reach his soul in Heav'n. He that shall live
Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story,
Shall with the sad discourse on't darken Heaven,
And force the painful burdens from the wombs,
Conceiv'd a-new, with sorrow : Ev'n the grave
Where mighty Sylla sleeps shall rend asunder,
And give her shadow up, to come and groan
About our piles ; which will be more, and greater,
Than green Olympus, Ida, or old Latmus
Can feed with cedar, or the East with gums,
Greece with her wines, or Theffaly with flowers,
Or willing Heav'n can weep for in her showers. [*Exe.*

all I read still. The last line seems to be much more corrupt. They say, that that bore them should fall with them ; but *Æcius* was already fall'n, and they would not call *Valentinian* the root or stalk that bore them. This character only belongs to *Æcius*. I suppose a monosyllable lost in the manuscript, and that the line there stood thus ;

And with that that bore us.

In correcting this, I suppose, the editors to have repeated the *us* when they should have repeated the *fall* from the former line. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

——— *Then like flowers*

That grew together still, we'll fall together,

And fall with that that bore us.

Mr. Seward's alteration is too-violent : From the turn of the expression one might conclude that they meant to declare their resolution of falling with *Æcius*, whose followers they were : In which spirit they immediately subjoin,

——— *When 'tis done,*

The world shall stile us two deserving servants.

Yet at the opening of the next act, they re-appear, having given the means of death both to themselves and to the Emperor, and exhorting each other to

Remember WHO DIES WITH THEE, and despise death.

From this circumstance it seems probable, that by *falling with that that bore us* they mean the Emperor.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Phidias with his dagger in him, and Aretus poisoned.

Are. HE has his last.

Phid. Then, come the worst of danger!
Aecius, to thy soul we give a Cæsar.
How long is't since you gave it him?

Are. An hour;

Mine own two hours before him. How it boils me!

Phid. It was not to be cur'd, I hope.

Are. No, Phidias;

I dealt above his antidotes: Physicians
May find the cause, but where the cure?

Phid. Done bravely;

We're got before his tyranny, Aretus.

Are. We'd lost our worthiest end else, Phidias.

Phid. Canst thou hold out a while?

Are. To torture him,

Anger would give me leave to live an age yet:

That man is poorly spirited, whose life

Runs in his blood alone, and not in's wishes.

And yet I swell and burn like flaming Etna;

A thousand new-found fires are kindled in me,

But yet I must not die these four hours, Phidias.

Phid. Remember whodies with thee, and despise death.

Are. I need no exhortation: The joy in me,
Of what I've done, and why, makes poison pleasure,
And my most killing torments, mistresses.

For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as fools unsatisfied, and simple?

Phid. This that consumes my life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying;
And if I but endure to hear the curses
Of this fell tyrant dead, I've half my Heav'n.

Are.

Are. Hold thy soul fast but four hours, Phidias,
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay more, beyond our meanings.

Phid. Thou hast steel'd me.
Farewell, Aretus; and the souls of good men,
That, as ours do, have left their Roman bodies
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our shadows!
I would not faint yet.

Are. Farewell, Phidias;
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us!
[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lycias and Proculus.

Lycias. Sicker and sicker, Proculus?

Proc. Oh, Lycias,
What shall become of us? 'Would we had died
With happy Chilax, or with Balbus bed-rid,
And made too lame for justice!

Enter Licinius.

Licin. The soft musick;
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him.
Oh, friends, the emperor!

Proc. What say the doctors?

Licin. For us a most sad saying; he is poison'd,
Beyond all cure too.

Lycias. Who?

Licin. The wretch Aretus,
That most unhappy villain.

Lycias. How do you know it?

Licin. He gave him drink last. Let's disperse, and
find him;

And since h' has open'd misery to all,
Let it begin with him first. Softly; he slumbers.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Valentinian, sick in a chair, with Eudoxia,
Physicians and Attendants.*

Musick and song.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes
Brother to death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain⁵⁰,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Val. Oh, gods⁵¹, gods! Drink, drink! colder,
colder

Than snow on Scythian mountains! Oh, my heart-strings!

Eud. How does your Grace?

Phys. The empress speaks, Sir.

Val. Dying,

Dying, Eudoxia, dying.

Phys. Good Sir, patience.

Eud. What have you given him?

Phys. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope shall comfort him.

Val. Oh, flatter'd fool,

See what thy god-head's come to! Oh, Eudoxia!

Eud. Oh, patience, patience, Sir.

Val. Danubius

I'll have brought thro' my body——

⁵⁰ Sings his pain.] First folio. Other copies sing. We apprehend the true reading to be either *soothe* or *'suage*.

⁵¹ Oh, Gods, &c.] This deserves to be compared with the celebrated poisoning scene in King John, to which however it will hardly be deemed equal. In another play, A Wife for a Month, the reader will find our Authors again emulating Shakespeare on the same subject, and we think with greater success. R.

The similarity of these several passages are mentioned by Mr. Seward in his Preface.

Eud.

Eud. Gods give comfort !

Val. And Volga, on whose face the North wind freezes.

I am an hundred hells⁵² ! an hundred piles
Already to my funeral are flaming !
Shall I not drink ?

Phys. You must not, Sir.

Val. By Heaven,

I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all;
If ye deny me longer ! Tempests blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,
Flow over me, and quench me ! Where's the villain ?
Am I immortal now, ye slaves ? By Numa,
If he do 'scape—Oh ! oh !

Eud. Dear Sir !

Val. Like Nero,

But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,
I'th' midst of all my flames, I'll fire the empire !
A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me !
Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.

Eud. Sir !

Val. Oh, do not flatter me ; I am but flesh,
A man, a mortal man. Drink, drink, ye dunces !
What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,
Your oils, and Mithridates ? If I do die,
You only words of health, and names of sickness,
Finding no true disease in man but money,
That talk yourselves into revenues—oh !—
And, ere you kill your patients, beggar 'em,
I'll have ye flea'd and dried !

Enter Proculus and Licinius, with Aretus.

Proc. The villain, Sir ;
The most accursed wretch.

⁵² *I find an hundred bells.]* The old folio reads,

I and an hundred bells ;

The late editions chang'd this into good sense ; but seem to have fallen much short of the spirit and energy of the true reading.

I am an hundred bells.

Seward.

Val.

Val. Be gone, my queen;
This is no fight for thee: Go to the vestals,
Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
One powerful sacrifice to free thy Cæsar.

Proc. Go, go, and be happy. [Exit Eudoxia.]

Are. Go; but give no ease.
The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian;
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
And like a sensual bloody thing thou diest!

Proc. Oh, cursed traitor!

Are. Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches!
You taught him to be poison'd.

Val. Yet no comfort?

Are. Be not abus'd with priests, nor 'pothecaries;
They cannot help thee: Thou hast now to live
A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes.
I gave thee poison for Aecius' sake,
Such a destroying poison would kill Nature;
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old Time clip'd for ever, Reason lost,
In what I had attempted, yet, oh, Cæsar,
To purchase fair revenge, I'd poison'd them too.

Val. Oh, villain!—I grow hotter, hotter.

Are. Yes;

But not near my heat yet. What thou feel'st now
(Mark me with horror, Cæsar) are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed;
But there be flames of murder!

Val. Fetch out tortures.

Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee; nay more, I'll love thee.
Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Cæsar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter, and more full of mirth, than laughter.

Val. Let 'em alone. I must drink.

Are. Now be mad;
But not near me yet.

Val.

Val. Hold me, hold me, hold me!
Hold me, or I shall burst else!

Are. See me, Cæsar,
And see to what thou must come for thy murder.
Millions of womens' labours, all diseases——

Val. Oh, my afflicted soul too!

Are. Womens' fears, horrors,
Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds——

Val. Aecius, oh, Aecius! Oh, Lucina!

Are. Are but my torments' shadows!

Val. Hide me, mountains!
The gods have found my sins. Now break!

Are. Not yet, Sir;
Thou hast a pull beyond all these.

Val. Oh, hell!
Oh, villain, cursed villain!

Are. Oh, brave villain!
My poison dances in me at this deed!
Now, Cæsar, now behold me; this is torment,
And this is thine before thou diest: I'm wildfire!
The brazen bull of Phalaris was feign'd,
The miseries of souls despising Heav'n,
But emblems of my torment——

Val. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me!

Are. Fire a flattery,
And all the poets' tales of sad Avernus,
To my pains, less than fictions. Yet, to shew thee
What constant love I bore my murder'd master,
Like a South wind I've sung thro' all these tempests.
My heart, my wither'd heart! Fear, fear, thou monster!
Fear the just gods! I have my peace! [Dies.

Val. More drink!
A thousand April showers fall in my bosom!
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious body⁵³. Gods,

⁵³ *Away with that prodigious body.*] Thus read all the editions; but as there seems no cause for applying the epithet *prodigious* to the body of Aretus, it is probable that this reading is corrupt, and that the original was *perfidious*.

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Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
 All your inflictions on me? Hear me, hear me!
 I do confess I am a ravisher,
 A murderer, a hated Cæsar: Oh!
 Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,
 The fat of all the world for sacrifice,
 And, where that fails, the blood of thousand captives,
 To purge those sins, but I must make the incense?
 I do despise ye all! ye have no mercy,
 And wanting that, ye are no gods! Your parole
 Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,
 And women made of awe, believe your Heav'n!
 Oh, torments, torments, torments! Pains above pains!
 If ye be any thing but dreams, and ghosts,
 And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;
 Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present;
 Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,
 Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason;
 Be more than all, ye gods⁵⁴, great in forgiveness!
 Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,
 For you are things, men teach us, without passions.
 Give me an hour to know ye in! Oh, save me!
 But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,
 Take this destruction from me!—No, ye cannot;
 The more I would believe ye, more I suffer.
 My brains are ashes! now my heart, my eyes! Friends,
 I go, I go! More air, more air!—I'm mortal! [*Dies.*
Prot. Take in the body. Oh, Licinius,
 The misery that we are left to suffer!
 No pity shall find us.
Licin. Our lives deserve none.
 'Would I were chain'd again to slavery,
 With any hope of life!

⁵⁴ *Be more than all the gods, great in forgiveness.*] If this be the true reading the sense seems very obscure; but the slight change I have made will clear it.

Be more than all, ye gods,
i. e. If you are great in creating and governing us, be greater still in forgiving us.

Seward.

Prot.

Proc. A quiet grave,
Or a consumption now, Licinius,
That we might be too poor to kill, were something.

Licin. Let's make our best use; we have money,
Proculus.

And if that cannot save us, we have swords,

Proc. Yes, but we dare not die.

Licin. I had forgot that.

There's other countries then.

Proc. But the same hate still,
Of what we are.

Licin. Think any thing; I'll follow.

Enter a Messenger.

Proc. How now? what news?

Mess. Shift for yourselves; ye're lost else.
The soldier is in arms, for great Aecius,
And their lieutenant-general, that stopp'd 'em,
Cut in a thousand pieces: They march hither.
Beside, the women of the town have murder'd
Phorba, and loose Ardelia, Cæsar's she-bawds.

Licin. Then here's no staying, Proculus!

Proc. Oh, Cæsar,
That we had never known thy lusts! Let's fly,
And where we find no woman's man let's die. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let open!
My happy ends are come to birth; he's dead,
And I reveng'd; the empire's all a-fire,
And desolation every where inhabits.
And shall I live, that am the author of it,
To know Rome, from the awe o'th' world, the pity?
My friends are gone before too, of my sending;
And shall I stay? is aught else to be liv'd for?
Is there another friend, another wife,
Or any third, holds half their worthiness,

To

To linger here alive for? Is not Virtue,
 In their two everlasting souls, departed?
 And in their bodies' first flame fled to Heav'n?
 Can any man discover this, and love me?
 For, tho' my justice were as white as Truth,
 My way was crooked to it; that condemns me.
 And now, Aecius, and my honour'd lady,
 That were preparers to my rest and quiet,
 The lines to lead me to Elysium;
 You that but slept before me, on assurance
 I would not leave your friendship unrewarded;
 First smile upon the sacrifice I've sent ye,
 Then see me coming boldly!—Stay; I'm foolish,
 Somewhat too sudden to mine own destruction;
 This great end of my vengeance may grow greater:
 Why may not I be Cæsar? Yet no dying:
 Why should not I catch at it? Fools and children
 Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it,
 And, as the danger stands, my reason bids me;
 I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me;
 I am not fit to die yet, if not Cæsar.
 I'm sure the soldier loves me, and the people,
 And I will forward; and, as goodly cedars,
 Rent from Oeta by a sweeping tempest,
 Jointed again, and made tall masts, defy
 Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I
 New-piece again, above the fate of women,
 And made more perfect far, than growing private,
 Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I rise,
 My wife was ravish'd well: If then I fall,
 My great attempt honours my funeral.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter three Senators and Afranius.

1 Sen. Guard all the posterns to the camp, Afranius,
 And see 'em fast; we shall be rifled else.
 Thou art an honest and a worthy captain.

2 Sen. Promise the soldier any thing.

3 Sen.

3 *Sen.* Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
Labouring to chuse a Cæsar fit for them,
A soldier, and a giver.

1 *Sen.* Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberal voices shall go with us.

2 *Sen.* Nay more, a negative (say) we allow 'em.

3 *Sen.* And if our choice displease 'em, they shall
name him.

1 *Sen.* Promise threedonatives, and large, Afranius.

2 *Sen.* And, Cæsar once elected, present foes,
With distribution of all necessaries,
Corn, wine and oil.

3 *Sen.* New garments, and new arms,
And equal portions of the provinces
To them, and to their families for ever.

1 *Sen.* And see the city strengthen'd.

Afr. I shall do it.

[*Exit.*

2 *Sen.* Sempronius, these are woful times.

3 *Sen.* Oh, Brutus,
We want thy honesty again: These Cæsars,
What noble consuls got with blood, in blood
Consume again and scatter.

1 *Sen.* Which way shall we?

2 *Sen.* Not any way of safety I can think on.

3 *Sen.* Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders, Fulvius.

1 *Sen.* Every thing
Is every man's that will.

2 *Sen.* The vestals now
Must only feed the soldier's fire of lust,
And sensual gods be glutted with those offerings;
Age, like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd with swords for treasure. Gods defend us!
We're chaff before their fury else.

1 *Sen.* Away,
Let's to the temples.

2 *Sen.* To the capitol;
'Tis not a time to pray now; let's be strengthen'd.

Enter

Enter Afranius.

3 *Sen.* How now, Afranius? What good news?

Afr. A Cæsar!

1 *Sen.* Oh, who?

Afr. Lord Maximus is with the foldier,
And all the camp rings, 'Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!'
He forc'd the emprefs with him, for more honour.

2 *Sen.* A happy choice: Let's meet him.

3 *Sen.* Blessed fortune!

1 *Sen.* Away, away! Make room there, room there,
room! [*Exeunt Senators. Flourish.*]

Within. Lord Maximus is Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!
Hail, Cæsar Maximus!

Afr. Oh, turning people!

Oh, people excellent in war, and govern'd!

In peace more raging than the furious North⁵⁵,

⁵⁵ ———— *than the furious North,*

When he ploughs up the sea, and makes him brine.] Mr. Sympfon tells me, that this passage puzzled him even to vexation, and something like it happened to me. In conclusion, we both retain the old reading, but differ *toto cælo* in the explanation. He says, *brine* in the Saxon signifies *fire*, and allowing, therefore, its genuine signification, that the sentiment is noble. I think his solution extremely ingenious, but that our Authors would not use a common word and apply it to its common subject; (as *brine* was as much used in their age for seawater, as it is at present) and design it to be understood in its old and totally-obsolete signification. I therefore, though perhaps from self-partiality, prefer the solution which occur'd to me before I receiv'd this. Every one knows that the spray of the sea in stormy weather tinges the whole incumbent atmosphere, and makes it taste salt and *briny*. I suppose, therefore, the Poets by a small grammatical inaccuracy to have made the relative *him* in the last line relate to the *North-wind*, and not to its immediate antecedent the *sea*; so that the sense will then be full as nervous and poetical. *More raging than the North wind, when he ploughs up the sea, and turns himself and the whole air into brine.* *Seaward.*

These gentlemen have gone 'about it, and about it,' for uncouth allusions, when it required a deal of ingenuity to overlook the Poet's meaning. The *sea* is the antecedent to *him*. Every one knows that strong winds (assisted by the sun) produce *brine*: Afranius, therefore, by a fine rhetorical figure, says, 'The people are more raging than 'the North wind, even when he is so furious as to render the whole 'sea brine.'

When

When he ploughs up the sea, and makes him brine,
Or the loud falls of Nile. I must give way,
Altho' I neither love nor hoped this⁵⁶;
Or, like a rotten bridge that dares a current
When he is swell'd and high, crack and farewell⁵⁷.

Enter Maximus, Eudoxia, Senators, and Soldiers.

Sen. Room for the emperor!

Sold. Long life to Cæsar!

Afr. Hail, Cæsar Maximus!

Max. Your hand, Afranius.

Lead to the palace; there my thanks, in general,
I'll shower among ye all. Gods, give me life,
First to defend the empire, then you, fathers.
And, valiant friends, the heirs of strength and virtue,
The rampiers of old Rome, of us the refuge,
To you I open this day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchas'd;
Ye are my children, family, and friends,
And ever so respected shall be.—Forward.
There's a proscription⁵⁸, grave Sempronius,
'Gainst all the flatterers, and lazy bawds,
Led loose-liv'd Valentinian to his vices.
See it effected.

[*Flourish.*

Sen. Honour wait on Cæsar!

⁵⁶ Hope *this*.] Former editions.

Seward.

⁵⁷ ——— *that dares a current,*

When he is swell'd and high crackt, and farewell.] Corrected in 1750.

⁵⁸ *There's a prescription.]* Former editions, corrected by all the three.

Seward.

Were it fact, that *prescription* was the reading of the 'former editions,' it would not have required any great ingenuity in 'all the 'three,' to have seen that it should be *proscription*; which word, however, appears in the second folio. In the same style, we are told, that the former editions read (p. 280, line 33) *here* instead of *heard*; (p. 281, last line but one) *clad* instead of *call'd*; (p. 286, line 33) *vain* of *filing* instead of *vein* of *fidling*; (p. 331, line 11) *ground* instead of *groan'd*; (p. 356, line 5) *thy life* instead of *thyself*; and that the proper words have been inserted or proposed by one or other of 'the 'three,' though the second folio has the true reading in *every one of these instances*, and both folios in *some of them*!!!

Sold.

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Sold. Make room for Cæsar there! [*Exe. all but Afr.*
Afr. Thou hast my fears,
 But Valentinian keeps my vows. Oh, gods!
 Why do we like to feed the greedy ravin
 Of these blown men, that must, before they stand,
 And fix in eminence, cast life on life,
 And trench their safeties in with wounds, and bodies?
 Well, froward Rome, thou wilt grow weak with
 changing,
 And die without an heir, that lov'st to breed
 Sons for the killing hate of sons. For me,
 I only live to find an enemy. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Paulus and Licippus.

Pau. When is the inauguration?

Licippus. Why, to-morrow.

Pau. 'Twill be short time.

Licippus. Any device that's handsome,
 A Cupid, or the god o' th' place, will do it,
 Where he must take the fasces.

Pau. Or a Grace.

Licippus. A good Grace has no fellow.

Pau. Let me see;

Will not his name yield something? Maximus,
 By th' way of anagram? I've found out *axis*;
 You know he bears the empire.

Licippus. Get him wheels too;
 'Twill be a cruel carriage else.

Pau. Some songs too?

Licippus. By any means, some songs; but very short
 ones,

And honest language, Paulus, without bursting,
 The air will fall the sweeter.

Pau. A Grace must do it.

Licippus. Why, let a Grace then.

Pau. Yes, it must be so;

And

And in a robe of blue too, as I take it.

Licippus. This poet is a little kin to th' painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping lion;
So all his learned fancies are Blue Graces. [*Aside.*

Pau. What think you of a sea-nymph? and a
Heaven?

Licippus. Why, what should she do there, man?
There's no water.

Pau. By th' mafs, that's true; it must be a Grace;
and yet,

Methinks, a rainbow——

Licippus. And in blue?

Pau. Oh, yes!

Hanging in arch above him, and i' th' middle——

Licippus. A shower of rain?

Pau. No, no; it must be a Grace.

Licippus. Why prithee grace him then.

Pau. Or Orpheus,
Coming from hell——

Licippus. In blue too?

Pau. 'Tis the better.——

And, as he rises, full of fires——

Licippus. Now blefs us!

Will not that spoil his lute-strings, Paulus?

Pau. Singing,
And crossing of his arms——

Licippus. How can he play then?

Pau. It shall be a Grace; I'll do it.

Licippus. Prithee do,
And with as good a grace as thou canst possible,
Good Fury Paulus! Be i' th' morning with me;
And pray take measure of his mouth that speaks it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Maximus and Eudoxia.

Max. Come, my best-lov'd Eudoxia.—Let the soldier
Want neither wine, nor any thing he calls for;
And

And when the senate's ready, give us notice.
In the mean time, leave us.—

Oh, my dear sweet!

Eud. Is't possible your Grace
Should undertake such dangers for my beauty,
If it were excellent?

Max. By Heav'n, 'tis all
The world has left to brag of!

Eud. Can a face
Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sorrows,
Long since raz'd out o' th' book of youth and pleasure,
Have power to make the strongest man o' th' empire,
Nay, the most stay'd, and knowing what is woman,
The greatest aim of perfectness men liv'd by,
The most true, constant lover of his wedlock,
Such a still-blowing beauty earth was proud of,
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully?
Himself prepare the way? nay, make the rape?
Did you not tell me so?

Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.

Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,
Break his strong helm he steer'd by, sink that virtue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest;
Nay more, arrive at Cæsar, and kill him too,
And for my sake? Either you love too dearly,
Or deeply you dissemble, Sir.

Max. I do so;

And, 'till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do:
Yet 'would my joy and wine had fashion'd out
Some safer lie! [*Aside.*]—Can these things be, Eudoxia,
And I dissemble? Can there be but goodness,
And only thine, dear lady; any end,
Any imagination but a lost one,
Why I should run this hazard? Oh, thou virtue!
Were it to do again, and Valentinian
Once more to hold thee, sinful Valentinian,
In whom thou wert set, as pearls are in salt oysters,
As roses are in rank weeds, I would find

Yet

Yet to thy sacred self a dearer danger :
The gods know how I honour thee !

Eud. What love, Sir,
Can I return for this, but my obedience ?
My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.

Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.

Eud. From this hour,
The sorrows for my dead lord, fare ye well !
My living lord has dried ye. And, in token
As emperor this day I honour you,
And the great caster-new of all my wishes,
The wreath of living laurel, that must compass
That sacred head, Eudoxia makes for Cæsar.
I am, methinks, too much in love with fortune ;
But with you, ever royal Sir, my maker,
The once-more-summer of me, mere *in love*
Is poor expression of my doting.

Max. Sweetest !

Eud. Now, of my troth, you have bought me dear,
Sir.

Max. No,
Had I at loss of mankind.

Enter a Messenger.

Eud. Now you flatter.

Mess. The senate waits your Grace.

Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full form bring the ceremony.
This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly
I'll wear your honour'd favour.

Eud. May it prove so ! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Paulus and Licippus.

Licippus. Is your Grace done ?

Pau. 'Tis done.

Licippus. Who speaks ?

VOL. IV.

A a

Pau.

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Pau. A boy.

Licippus. A dainty blue boy, Paulus?

Pau. Yes.

Licippus. Have you view'd
The work above?

Pau. Yes; and all up, and ready.

Licippus. The empress does you simple honour,
Paulus;

The wreath your Blue Grace must present, she made.
But, hark you, for the soldiers?

Pau. That's done too:

I'll bring 'em in, I warrant you.

Licippus. A Grace too?

Pau. The same Grace serves for both.

Licippus. About it then.

I must to th' cup-board; and ⁵⁹be sure, good Paulus,
Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.
If there should need another voice, what then?

Pau. I'll hang another Grace in.

Licippus. Grace be with you! [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

*A synnet, with trumpets: A banquet prepared, with
musick.*

*Enter, in state, Maximus, Eudoxia, Senators, Gentle-
men, and Soldiers, rods and axes borne before them.*

3 *Sen.* Hail to thy imperial honour, sacred Cæsar!
And from the old Rome take these wishes.
You holy gods, that hitherto have held,
As justice holds her ballance, equal pois'd,
This glory of our nation, this full Roman,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him!
Look on this son, oh, Jupiter, our helper,

⁵⁹ ——— *be sure,*

Your grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.] This probably
refers to a custom of suspending their gods, goddesses, graces, &c. in
ropes, which might make the caution of being fasting in order to
hang cleanly, perfectly necessary and very humorous. Seward.

And,

And, Romulus, thou father of our honour,
 Preserve him like thyself, just, valiant, noble,
 A lover and encreaser of his people !
 Let him begin with Numa, stand with Cato,
 The first five years of Nero be his wishes,
 Give him the age and fortune of Emilius,
 And his whole reign, renew a great Augustus !

S O N G.

Honour, that is ever living,
 Honour, that is ever giving,
 Honour, that sees all, and knows
 Both the ebbs of man, and flows;
 Honour, that rewards the best,
 Sends thee thy rich labour's rest;
 Thou hast studied still to please her,
 Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar.

Chorus. Hail, hail, Cæsar, hail, and stand,
 And thy name out-live the land !
 Noble fathers, to his brows
 Bind this wreath, with thousand vows !

All. Stand to eternity !

Max. I thank ye, fathers;
 And as I rule, may it still grow or wither !
 Now, to the banquet; ye are all my guests;
 This day be liberal, friends; to wine we give it,
 And smiling pleasures. Sit, my queen of beauty.
 Fathers, your places. These are fair wars, soldiers,
 And thus I give the first charge to ye all.
 You are my second, sweet. To every cup,
 I add unto the senate a new honour,
 And to the sons of Mars a donative.

S O N G.

God Lyæus, ever young⁶⁰,
 Ever honour'd, ever sung;

⁶⁰ *God Lizus ever young.*] First folio. Second folio, and octavo
 1711, *Lycus*; and Mr. Seward, *Lycus*.

Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
 In a thousand lusty shapes,
 Dance upon the mazer's brim⁶¹,
 In the crimson liquor swim;
 From thy plenteous hand divine,
 Let a river run with wine.

God of youth, let this day here
 Enter neither care nor fear!

Boy. Bellona's feed, the glory of old Rome,
 Envy of conquer'd nations, nobly come,
 And, to the fulness of your warlike noise,
 Let your feet move; make up this hour of joys.
 Come, come, I say; range your fair troop at large,
 And your high measure turn into a charge.

3 Sen. The emperor's grown heavy with his wine.

Afr. The senate stays, Sir, for your thanks.

3 Sen. Great Cæsar!

Eud. I have my wish!

Afr. Will't please your grace speak to him?

Eud. Yes; but he will not hear, lords.

3 Sen. Stir him, Lucius;

The senate must have thanks.

2 Sen. Your grace! Sir! Cæsar!

Eud. Did I not tell you he was well: He's dead!

3 Sen. Dead? Treason! guard the court! let no
 man pass!

Soldiers, your Cæsar's murder'd.

Eud. Make no tumult,

Nor arm the court; ye have his killer with ye,

And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:

I was his death! That wreath that made him Cæsar,
 Has made him earth.

Sold. Cut her in thousand pieces!

Eud. Wise man would know the reason first. To die
 Is that I wish for, Romans, and your swords

⁶¹ Mazer's brim.] Mazer signifies the old-fashion flat silver cup.

Seward.

The

The readiest way of death⁶²: Yet, soldiers, grant me
(That was your Empress once, and honour'd by ye)
But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my reasons well, if man be in you;
Then, if ye dare, do cruelly condemn me.

Afr. Hear her, ye noble Romans! 'Tis a woman;
A subject not for swords, but pity. Heaven,
If she be guilty of malicious murder,
Has given us laws to make example of her;
If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.

3 Sen. Speak, bloody woman!

Eud. Yes: This Maximus,
That was your Cæsar, lords and noble soldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heav'n perish me,
Or speak, to win your favours, but the truth!)
Was to his country, to his friends, and Cæsar,
A most malicious traitor.

3 Sen. Take heed, woman.

Eud. I speak not for compassion. Brave Aecius,
(Whose blessed soul, if I lie, shall afflict me)
The man that all the world lov'd, you ador'd,
That was the master-piece of arms, and bounty,
(Mine own grief shall come last) this friend of his,
This soldier, this your right arm, noble Romans,
By a base letter to the emperor,
Stuff'd full of fears, and poor suggestions,
And by himself unto himself directed,
Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly!
Oh, loss! oh, innocent! Can ye now kill me?
And the poor itale, my noble lord, that knew not
More of this villain, than his forced fears,
Like one foreseen to satisfy, died for it:

⁶² ——— and your swords

The heaviest way of death.] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symphon
both agree with me in discarding this word, the context plainly re-
quiring a word of almost opposite signification; and we all prefer
readiest as the best amongst several words that have occur'd all pretty
near the trace of the letters, as *easiest*, *happiest*; and Mr. Theobald
adds *heavenliest*.

Seward.

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There was a murder too, Rome would have blush'd at!
Was this worth being Cæsar? or my patience? Nay,
his wife,

(By Heav'n, he told it me in wine, and joy,
And swore it deeply!) he himself prepar'd
To be abus'd. How? Let me grieve, not tell ye,
And weep the sins that did it: And his end
Was only me, and Cæsar: But me he lied in.
These are my reasons, Romans, and my soul
Tells me sufficient; and my deed is justice!
Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me.

Afr. What less could nature do? What less had
we done,

Had we known this before? Romans, she's righteous;
And such a piece of justice Heav'n must smile on!
Bend all your swords on me, if this displease ye,
For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
Seal my new joy and thanks. Thou hast done truly.

3 *Sen.* Up with your arms; ye strike a saint else,
Romans.

Mayst thou live ever spoken our protector:
Rome yet has many noble heirs. Let's in,
And pray before we chuse; then plant a Cæsar
Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder!

Afr. Take up the body, nobly to his urn,
And may our sins and his together burn.

[*Exeunt. A dead march.*

E P I L O G U E.

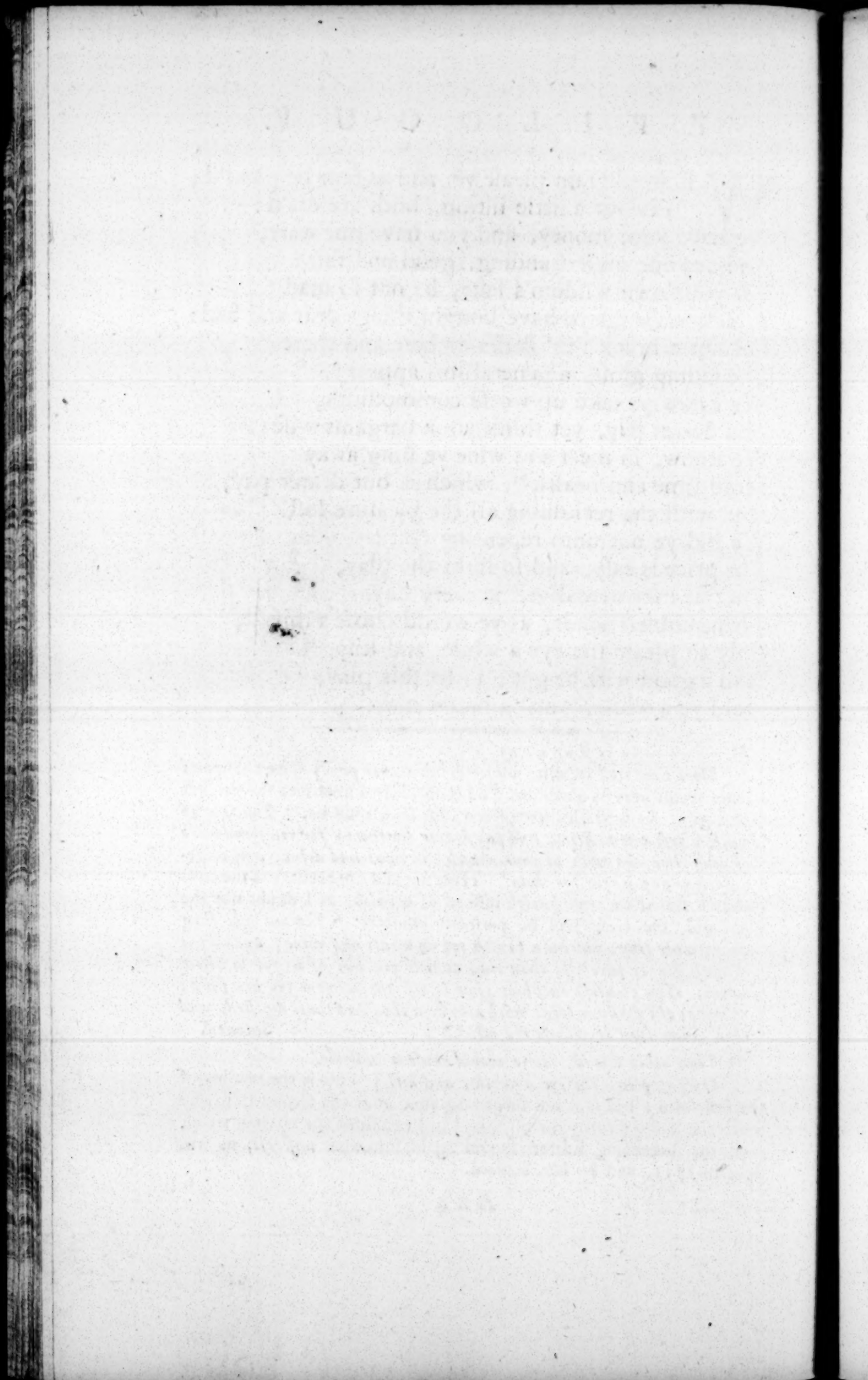
WE would fain please ye, and as fain be pleas'd ;
 'Tis but a little liking, both are eas'd :
 We have your money, and you have our ware,
 And, to our understanding, good and fair :
 For your own wisdom's sake, be not so mad
 T' acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad :
 Let not a brack i'th' stuff, or here and there
 The fading gloss, a general loss appear !
 We know ye take up worse commodities,
 And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise ;
 We know, in meat and wine ye fling away
 More time and health⁶³, which is but dearer pay,
 And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost.
 We bid ye not unto repenting cost :
 The price is easy, and so light the play,
 That ye may new-digest it every day.
 Then, noble friends, as ye would chuse a miss⁶⁴,
 Only to please the eye a while, and kifs,
 *Till a good wife be got ; so let this play,
 Hold ye a while, until a better may.

⁶³ ————— ye fling away

More time and wealth, which is but dearer pay.] The change of a letter seems here to have turn'd a beautiful sentiment into the grossest tautology. As it has hitherto stood, the sense must be, '*You take up with worse commodities, and pay dearer for them ; for you spend more of your time and more of your wealth in meat and drink, and consequently ye pay dearer for them.*' How flat and unnecessary is the conclusion ? But if we read *health* instead of *wealth*, as I doubt not the Poets did, the sense will be perfectly poetical : '*You not only fling away more time, but even health too on meats and wine ; and this is a much dearer purchase than that which you buy of us for a little money. The pleasure eatables give is lost the moment you are fill'd ; whereas the food we treat with may be a thousand times digested, and will never load or disease the mind.*' Seward.

⁶⁴ *Then noble friends, as ye would chuse a mistress,*

Only to please the eye a while, and kifs.] This is the reading of the first folio ; but is it not surprizing that after the second folio (by much the best authority for this play) had exhibited the obvious word, *miss*, the succeeding Editors should again introduce *mistress*, as was done in 1711, and by Mr. Seward.







J. B. Barret delin. *J. Goldar sculp.*

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

A C O M E D Y.

The quarto 1639 (the first edition of this excellent Comedy) mentions Fletcher's name only in the title. Monsieur Thomas has not been performed in its original state for many, many years; but an alteration of it by Tom Durfey appeared in the year 1678, under the title of Trick for Trick, or the Debauch'd Hypocrite.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Valentine, *a gentleman lately returned from travel.*
Monsieur Thomas, *his fellow-traveller.*
Sebastian, *his father.*
Francis, *Valentine's son, in love with Cellide.*
Hylas, *a general lover.*
Sam, *a gentleman, his friend.*
Launcelot, *Monsieur Thomas's man.*
Michael, *a gentleman, Valentine's neighbour.*
Three Physicians, and an Apothecary.

W O M E N.

Alice, *Valentine's sister.*
Cellide, *beloved by Valentine, in love with Francis.*
Mary, *niece to Valentine and Alice, in love with Monsieur Thomas.*
Dorothea, *Monsieur Thomas's sister.*
Abbess, Maids, &c.

SCENE, ENGLAND.

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alice and Valentine.

Alice. **H**OW dearly welcome you are !
Val. I know it ;
And, my best sister, you as dear to my
sight,

And pray let this confirm it : How you've govern'd
My poor state in my absence, how my servants,
I dare, and must believe (else I should wrong ye)
The best and worthiest.

Alice. As my woman's wit, Sir,
Which is but weak and crazy.

Val. But, good Alice,
Tell me how fares the gentle Cellide,
The life of my affection, since my travel,
My long and lazy travel ? Is her love still
Upon the growing hand ? does it not stop
And wither at my years ? has she not view'd
And entertain'd some younger smooth behaviour,
Some youth but in his blossom, as herself is ?
There lie my fears.

Alice. They need not ; for, believe me,
So well you've manag'd her, and won her mind,
Ev'n from her hours of childhood to this ripeness,
(And, in your absence, that by me enforc'd still)
So well distill'd your gentleness into her,
Observ'd her, fed her fancy, liv'd still in her,

And,

And, tho' Love be a boy, and ever youthful,
 And young and beauteous objects ever aim'd at,
 Yet here you've gone beyond Love, better'd Nature,
 Made him appear in years, in grey years fiery,
 His bow at full bent ever. Fear not, brother;
 For tho' your body has been far off from her,
 Yet every hour your heart, which is your goodness,
 I have forc'd into her, won a place prepar'd too,
 And willingly to give it ever harbour;
 Believe she's so much your's, and won by miracle,
 (Which is by age) so deep a stamp set on her
 By your observances, she cannot alter.
 Were the child living now you lost at sea
 Among the Genoa gallies, what a happiness!
 What a main blessing!

Val. Oh, no more, good sister;
 Touch no more that string, 'tis too harsh and jarring!
 With that child all my hopes went, and, you know,
 The root of all those hopes, the mother too,
 Within few days.

Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal;
 But peace be with their souls!

Val. For her loss,
 I hope the beauteous Cellide——

Alice. You may, Sir,
 For all she is, is yours.

Val. For the poor boy's loss,
 I've brought a noble friend I found in travel;
 A worthier mind, and a more temperate spirit,
 If I have so much judgment to discern 'em,
 Man yet was never master of.

Alice. What is he?

Val. A gentleman, I do assure myself,
 And of a worthy breeding, tho' he hide it.
 I found him at Valentia, poor and needy,
 Only his mind the master of a treasure:
 I sought his friendship, won him by much violence,
 His honesty and modesty still fearing
 To thrust a charge upon me. How I love him,

He

He shall now know, where want and he hereafter
Shall be no more companions. Use him nobly;
It is my will, good sister; all I have
I make him free companion in, and partner,
But only——

Alice. I observe you; hold your right there;
Love and high rule allow no rivals, brother.
He shall have fair regard, and all observance.

Enter Hylas.

Hylas. You're welcome, noble Sir.

Val. What, monsieur Hylas!

I'm glad to see your merry body well yet.

Hylas. I'faith you're welcome home! What news beyond seas?

Val. None, but new men expected, such as you are,
To breed new admirations. 'Tis my sister;
'Pray you know her, Sir.

Hylas. With all my heart. Your leave, lady?

Alice. You have it, Sir.

Hylas. A shrewd smart touch! which does prognosticate

A body keen and active: Somewhat old,
But that's all one; age brings experience
And knowledge to dispatch. I must be better,
And nearer in my service, with your leave, Sir,
To this fair lady.

Val. What', the old 'Squire of Dames still?

Hylas. Still the admirer of their goodness. With
all my heart now,

I love a woman of her years, a pacer,
That, lay the bridle on her neck, will travel——
Forty, and somewhat fulsome, is a fine dish;
These young colts are too skittish.

What, the old squire of dames still!] Alluding to the *squire of dames*, who, in the Seventh Canto of the *Legend of Chastity*, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, tells Satyrane, that, by order of his mistress Columbel, (after having served the ladies for a year) he was sent out a second time, not to return till he could find three hundred women incapable of yielding to any temptation.

R.

Enter

Enter Mary.

Alice. My cousin Mary,
In all her joy, Sir, to congratulate
Your fair return.

Val. My loving and kind cousin,
A thousand welcomes !

Mary. A thousand thanks to Heav'n, Sir,
For your safe voyage, and return !

Val. I thank you.
But where's my blessed Cellide ? Her slackness
In visitation——

Mary. Think not so, dear uncle ;
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With tears and prayers.

Val. You have given me too much comfort.

Mary. She will not be long from you.

Hylas. Your fair cousin ?

Val. It is so, and a bait you cannot balk, Sir,
If your old rule reign in you. You may know her.

Hylas. A happy stock you have. Right worthy lady,
The poorest of your servants vows his duty
And oblig'd faith.

Mary. Oh, 'tis a kiss you would, Sir ;
Take it, and tie your tongue up.

Hylas. I'm an ass,
I do perceive now, a blind ass, a blockhead ;
For this is handsomeness, this that that draws us,
Body and bones. Oh, what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her !
How like a swan she swims her pace, and bears
Her silver breasts ! This is the woman, she,
And only she, that I will so much honour
As to think worthy of my love ; all older idols
I heartily abhor, and give to gunpowder,
And all complexions besides hers, to gypsies.

² *A happy stock ye have, &c.*] This is made a continuation of *Valentine's* speech, by an omission of *Hylas's* name, in the former editions.

Seward.

Enter

Enter Francis at one door, and Cellide at another.

Val. Oh, my dear life, my better heart! all dangers,
Distresses in my travel, all misfortunes,
Had they been endless like the hours upon me,
In this kiss had been buried in oblivion.
How happy have you made me, truly happy!

Cel. My joy has so much over-master'd me,
That, in my tears for your return——

Val. Oh, dearest!
My noble friend too? What a blessedness
Have I about me now! how full my wishes
Are come again! A thousand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon you! All I have,
The fair and liberal use of all my servants
To be at your command, and all the uses
Of all within my power.

Fran. You're too munificent;
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks, Sir——

Val. You wrong my tender love now, even my
service;
Nothing excepted³, nothing stuck between us
And our entire affections, but this woman;

³ *Val. Ye wrong my tender love now, even my service,
Nothing accepted, nothing stuck between us*

And our intire affections but this woman.] The first line is very obscure: Whoever considers the turn of the period will see that it is not to be joined with the second, as if his modesty would not *accept* his service. It is evident that the word *accepted* is a corruption, and should be *excepted*. There are two ways of solving the difficulty of the first line; either by making it no more than saying, *Ye wrong my tender love and service*. But then the enhancing particle *even* is superfluous. I therefore turn this particle into a verb, and read,

*Ye wrong my tender love now. Even my service,
Nothing excepted, &c.*

i. e. *You shall be served equal with myself; or expect a service equal to that which is pay'd to me.* The expression is, I allow, obscure, but the best poets are not always free from obscurity; brevity is the soul of poetry, but it often begets difficulties of construction. *Seward.*

The change of *accepted* to *excepted* is admissible: But the conversion of the *particle* into a *verb*, together with the new punctuation, is uncouth and almost unintelligible.

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This I beseech ye, friend——

Fran. It is a jewel;
I do confess, would make a thief, but never
Of him that's so much yours, and bound your servant:
That were a base ingratitude.

Val. You're noble!
'Pray be acquainted with her. Keep your way, Sir;
My cousin, and my sister.

Alice. You're most welcome.

Mary. If any thing in our poor pow'rs, fair Sir,
To render you content, and liberal welcome,
May but appear, command it.

Alice. You shall find us
Happy in our performance.

Fran. The poor servant
Of both your goodnesses presents his service.

Val. Come, no more compliment; custom has made it
Dull, old, and tedious: You are once more welcome
As your own thoughts can make ye, and the same ever:
And so we'll in to ratify it.

Hylas. Hark ye, Valentine:
Is Wild-Oats yet come over?

Val. Yes, with me, Sir.

Mary. How does he bear himself?

Val. A great deal better.
Why do you blush? The gentleman will do well.

Mary. I should be glad on't, Sir.

Val. How does his father?

Hylas. As mad a worm as e'er he was.

Val. I look'd for't:
Shall we enjoy your company?

Hylas. I'll wait on ye:

Only a thought or two.

Val. We bar all prayers. [*Exeunt all but Hylas.*

Hylas. This last wench! ay, this last wench was a
fair one,

A dainty wench, a right one! A devil take it,
What do I ail? to have fifteen now in liking!
Enough, a man would think, to stay my stomach:

But

VOL.

But what's fifteen, or fifteen score, to my thoughts?
And wherefore are mine eyes made, and have lights,
But to encrease my objects? This last wench
Sticks plaguy close unto me; a hundred pound
I were as close to her! If I lov'd now,
As many foolish men do, I should run mad. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Sebastian and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, no more of your French shrugs, I advise
you!

If you be lousy, shift yourself.

Laun. May it please your worship——

Seb. Only to see my son; my son, good Launcelot;
Your master and my son! Body o' me, Sir,
No money, no more money, monsieur Launcelot,
Not a denier, sweet signior! Bring the person,
The person of my boy, my boy Tom, Monsieur Thomas,
Or get you gone again! *Du gata wbee*⁴, Sir!

Bassa mi cu, good Launcelot! *valetote*⁵!
My boy or nothing!

Laun. Then, to answer punctually.

Seb. I say, to th' purpose.

Laun. Then I say to th' purpose;
Because your worship's vulgar understanding
May meet me at the nearest: Your son, my master,
Or Monsieur Thomas, (for so his travel stiles him)
Thro' many foreign plots that virtue meets with,
And dangers (I beseech you give attention)
Is at the last arriv'd,
To ask your (as the Frenchman calls it sweetly)
Benediction de jour en jour.

⁴ *Du gata wbee.*] The expression *Du cat a wbee* occurs in the Custom of the Country; upon which we have said (note 18) that 'we were assured it was not Welch,' as Theobald had asserted, though without declaring its signification. The genuine Welch, of which this is a vitiation, is, *Duw cadw chiwi*, God bless or preserve you. *Duw cadw ni* is, God bless or preserve us.

⁵ *Valetote.*] A corruption of *voilà tout*!

Seb. Sirrah, don't conjure me with your French furies⁶.

Laun. *Che ditt'a vou*, monsieur?

Seb. *Che dog a vou*, rascal!

Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly,
And quickly, sirrah, lest I crack your French crown,
What your good master means. I have maintain'd
You and your Monsieur, as I take it, Launcelot,
These two years at your *ditty vous*, your *jours*!
Jour me no more; for not another penny
Shall pass my purse.

Laun. Your worship is erroneous;
For, as I told you, your son Tom, or Thomas,
My master and your son, is now arriv'd
To ask you (as our language bears it nearest)
Your quotidian blessing; and here he is in person.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. What, Tom, boy! welcome with all my heart,
boy!

Welcome, 'faith! thou hast gladdened me at soul, boy!
Infinite glad I am. I have pray'd too, Thomas,
For you, wild Thomas. Tom, I thank thee heartily
For coming home.

Tho. Sir, I do find your prayers
Have much prevail'd above my sins——

Seb. How's this?

Tho. Else certain I had perish'd with my rudeness,
Ere I had won myself to that discretion
I hope you shall hereafter find.

Seb. Humh, humh!

Discretion? is it come to that? the boy's spoil'd.

⁶ *Don't conjure me with your French furies.*] The old man not understanding the expression *de jour en jour*, repeats the English words that are nearest it in sound; and in the old quarto of this play, it is hard to distinguish whether the last word be *juries* or *furies*; I prefer the former, and think the similitude of sounds more in character than any allusion between the *furies* and conjuration. *Seward.*

Furies is the visible lection of the old quarto, and every edition prior to Mr. Seward's; it is also good sense and natural; and *CONJURE me* is play enough upon Launcelot's *de jour en jour*.

Tho.

Tho. Sirrah, you rogue, look for't! for I will make thee

Ten times more miserable than thou thought'st thyself
Before thou travell'dst: Thou hast told my father
(I know it, and I find it) all my rogueries,
By mere way of prevention, to undo me.

Laun. Sir, as I speak eight languages, I only
Told him you came to ask his benediction,
De jour en jour!

Tho. But that I must be civil,
I'd beat thee like a dog.—Sir, howsoever
The time I have mispent, may make you doubtful,
Nay, harden your belief 'gainst my conversion——

Seb. A pox o' travel, I say!

Tho. Yet, dear father,
Your own experience in my after courses——

Enter Dorothea.

Seb. Prithee no more; 'tis scurvy! There's thy sister.
Undone, without redemption! he eats with picks;
Utterly spoil'd, his spirit baffled in him!
How have I fin'd, that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me? I've no more sons,
And this no more mine own; no spark of nature
Allows him mine now; he's grown tame. My grand
curse

Hang o'er his head that thus transform'd thee! Travel!
I'll send my horse to travel next!—*We Monsieur!*—
Now will my most canonical dear neighbours
Say, I have found my son, and rejoice with me,
Because he has mew'd his mad tricks off. I know not,
But I am sure this Monsieur, this fine gentleman,
Will never be in my books like mad Thomas⁷.

I must

⁷ *Will never be in my books, like mad Thomas.*] In Shakespeare's
Much Ado about Nothing this expression occurs:

'I see, lady, the gentleman is not *in your books*;
upon which Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens have thus commented:

This is a phrase used, I believe, by more than understand it. To

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I must go seek an heir; for my inheritance
Must not turn secretary. My name and quality
Have kept my land three hundred years in madness:
An it slip now, may't sink! [Exit.

Tho. Excellent sister,
I'm glad to see thee well—But where's my father?

Dor. Gone discontent, it seems.

Tho. He did ill in it,
As he does all; for I was uttering
A handsome speech or two, I have been studying
E'er since I came from Paris. How glad to see thee!

Dor. I'm gladder to see you (with more love too,
I dare maintain it) than my father's sorry
To see (as he supposes) your conversion;
And I am sure he's vex'd; nay more, I know it;
H'has pray'd against it mainly: But it appears, Sir,
You'd rather blind him with that poor opinion
Than in yourself correct it. Dearest brother,
Since there is in our uniform resemblance
No more to make us two but our bare sexes,
And since one happy birth produc'd us hither,
Let one more happy mind——

Tho. It shall be, sister;
For I can do it when I list, and yet, wench,
Be mad too when I please; I have the trick on't:
Beware a traveller.

be in one's books is to be in one's codicils or will, to-be-among friends set down for legacies. Johnson.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the visiting-books of the present age.

Such another expression occurs in Middleton's Comedy of Blurt Master Constable, 1602.

'I'd scratch her eyes out, if my man stood in her tables.'
Again, in Shirley's School of Compliment, 1637.

'——There's a man in her tables more than I look'd for.'
Hamlet says,

'——My tables, meet it is I set it down——'
when he pulls out his pocket-book.

Probably the phrase was originally adopted from the tradesman's language. To be in *tradesman's books*, might formerly have been an expression in common conversation for a trust of any other kind.

Steevens.

Dor.

Dor. Leave that trick too.

Tho. Not for the world. But where's my mistress?^{*}
And prithee say how does she? I melt to see her,
And presently: I must away.

Dor. Then do so,
For o' my faith she will not see you, brother.

Tho. Not see me? I'll——

Dor. Now you play your true self;
How would my father love this! I'll assure you
She will not see you; she has heard (and loudly)
The gambols that you play'd since your departure,
In every town you came, your several mischiefs,
Your rouses and your wenches; all your quarrels,
And the no-causes of 'em; these, I take it,
Altho' she love you well, to modest ears,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travel was propounded by her uncle,
Must needs, and reason for it, be examin'd,
And by her modesty; and fear'd too light too,
To file with her affections: You have lost her,
For any thing I see, exil'd yourself.

Tho. No more of that, sweet Doll; I will be civil.

Dor. But how long?

Tho. Wouldst thou have me lose my birth-right?
For yond old thing will disinherit me,
If I grow too demure. Good sweet Doll, prithee,
Prithee, dear sister, let me see her!

Dor. No.

Tho. Nay, I beseech thee. By this light——

Dor. Ay, swagger.

Tho. Kiss me, and be my friend; we two were twins,
And shall we now grow strangers?

Dor. 'Tis not my fault.

Tho. Well, there be other women; and remember you,
You were the cause of this; there be more lands too,
And better people in 'em; fare ye well!

^{*} *Not for the world. But where's my mistress.* This line halting a little, Mr. Seward, with admirable precision, reads,
Not for the world; but where's my mistress?

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And other loves. What shall become of me,
And of my vanities, because they grieve you?

Dor. Come hither, come; d'you see that cloud that
flies there?

So light are you, and blown with every fancy.
Will you but make me hope you may be civil?
I know your nature's sweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd: D'you love your mistress?

Tho. He lies that says I do not.

Dor. Would you see her?

Tho. If you please, for it must be so.

Dor. And appear to her
A thing to be belov'd?

Tho. Yes.

Dor. Change then

A little of your wildness into wisdom,
And put on a more smoothness.
I'll do the best I can to help you; yet
I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply,
She would ne'er see you more. Where's your man's heart
now?

What, do you faint at this?

Tho. She is a woman:

But he she entertains next for a servant,
I shall be bold to quarter!

Dor. No thought of fighting.

Go in, and there we'll talk more; be but rul'd,
And what lies in my power, ye shall be sure of. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Alice. He cannot be so wild still!

Mary. 'Tis most certain;
I've now heard all, and all the truth.

Alice. Grant all that;

Is he the first that has been giv'n a lost man,
And yet come fairly home? He's young and tender,
And fit for that impression your affections

Shall

Shall stamp upon him. Age brings on discretion;
A year hence, these mad toys that now possess him
Will shew like bugbears to him, shapes to fright him;
Marriage dissolves all these likemists.

Mary. They're grounded
Hereditary in him, from his father,
And to his grave they'll haunt him.

Alice. 'Tis your fear,
Which is a wise part in you; yet your love,
However you may seem to lessen it
With these dislikes, and choak it with these errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuse him:
You have him in your heart, and planted, cousin,
From whence the power of reason, nor discretion,
Can ever root him.

Mary. Planted in my heart, aunt?
Believe it, no; I never was so liberal.
What tho' he shew a so-so-comely fellow,
Which we call pretty, or say it may be handsome;
What tho' his promises may stumble at
The power of goodness in him, sometimes use too—

Alice. How willingly thy heart betrays thee! Cousin,
Cozen thyself no more: Th' hast no more power
To leave off loving him, than he that's thirsty
Has to abstain from drink, standing before him.
His mind is not so monstrous; for his shape,
If I have eyes, I have not seen his better;
A handsome brown complexion——

Mary. Reasonable,
Inclining to a tawny.

Alice. Had I said so
You would have wish'd my tongue out. Then his
making——

Mary. Which may be mended; I have seen legs
straighter,
And cleaner made.

Alice. A body too——

Mary. Far neater,
And better set together.

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Alice. God forgive thee!
For 'gainst thy conscience thou liest stubbornly.

Mary. I grant 'tis neat enough.

Alice. 'Tis excellent;
And where the outward parts are fair and lovely,
(Which are but moulds o' th' mind) what must the
soul be?

Put case youth has his swing, and fiery nature
Flames to mad uses many times——

Mary. All this
You only use to make me say I love him:
I do confess I do; but that my fondness
Should fling itself upon his desperate follies——

Alice. I do not counsel that; see him reclaim'd first,
Which will not prove a miracle: Yet, Mary,
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To stay so long.

Mary. No, no, aunt; no, believe me.

Alice. What was your dream to-night? for I ob-
serv'd you
Hugging of me, with, 'Good, dear, sweet Tom!'

Mary. Fy, aunt!
Upon my conscience——

Alice. On my word 'tis true, wench.
And then you kiss'd me, Mary, more than once too,
And sigh'd, and 'Oh, sweet Tom' again. Nay, do
not blush;
You have it at the heart, wench.

Mary. I'll be hang'd first;
But you must have your way.

Enter Dorothea.

Alice. And so will you too,
Or break down hedges for it. Dorothea!

⁹ *What was your dream, &c.]* We have had occasion to observe before, that Congreve was much obliged to our Authors upon several occasions; and we cannot but think he had been reading this scene before he wrote the third scene in the second act of the Old Bachelor.

R.
The

MONSIEUR THOMAS. 393

The welcom'st woman living. How does thy brother?
I hear he's turn'd a wondrous civil gentleman,
Since his short travel.

Dor. 'Pray Heav'n he make it good, Alice.

Mary. How do you, friend? I have a quarrel to you;
You stole away and left my company.

Dor. Oh, pardon me, dear friend; it was to welcome
A brother, that I have some cause to love well.

Mary. Prithee how is he? thou speak'st truth.

Dor. Not perfect;
I hope he will be.

Mary. Never. H' has forgot me,
I hear, wench, and his hot love too——

Alice. Thou wouldst howl then.

Mary. And I am glad it should be so: His travels
Have yielded him variety of mistresses,
Fairer in his eye far.

Alice. Oh, cogging rascal!

Mary. I was a fool, but better thoughts, I thank
Heav'n——

Dor. 'Pray do not think so, for he loves you dearly,
Upon my troth, most firmly; would fain see you.

Mary. See me, friend! Do you think it fit?

Dor. It may be,
Without the loss of credit too: He's not
Such a prodigious thing, so monstrous,
To fling from all society.

Mary. He's so much contrary
To my desires, such an antipathy,
That I must sooner see my grave.

Dor. Dear friend,
He was not so before he went.

Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his fair conversion.

Alice. Come, do not mask yourself, but see him freely;
You have a mind.

Mary. That mind I'll master then.

Dor. And is your hate so mortal?

Mary. Not to his person,

But

But to his qualities, his map-cap follies,
Which still like Hydra's heads grow thicker on him,
I have a credit, friend; and maids of my sort
Love where their modesties may live untainted.

Dor. I give up that hope then: Pray, for your
friend's sake,

If I have any interest within you,
Do but this courtesy, accept this letter.

Mary. From him?

Dor. The same. 'Tis but a minute's reading;
And, as we look on shapes of painted devils,
Which for the present may disturb our fancy,
But with the next new object lose 'em, so,
If this be foul, you may forget it. 'Pray!

Mary. Have you seen it, friend?

Dor. I will not lie, I have not;
But I presume, so much he honours you,
The worst part of himself was cast away
When to his best part he writ this.

Mary. For your sake;
Not that I any way shall like his scribbling—

Alice. A shrewd dissembling quean!

Dor. I thank you, dear friend,
I know she loves him.

Alice. Yes, and will not lose him,
Unless he leap into the moon, believe that,
And then she'll scramble too. Young wenches' loves
Are like the course of quartans; they may shift,
And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see
The least distemper pulls 'em back again,
And seats 'em in their old course: Fear her not,
Unless he be a devil.

Mary. Now Heav'n bless me!

Dor. What has he writ?

Mary. Out, out upon him!

Dor. Ha! what has the madman done?

Mary. Worse, worse, and worse still!

Alice. Some Northern toy, a little broad.

Mary. Still fouler!

Hey,

Hey, hey, boys! Goodness keep me! Oh!

Dor. What ail you?

Mary. Here, take your spell again; it burns my fingers.

Was ever lover writ so sweet a letter,
So elegant a stile? Pray look upon't;
The rarest inventory of rank oaths
That ever cut-purse cast.

Alice. What a mad boy is this!

Mary. Only i' th' bottom
A little julep gently sprinkled over
To cool his mouth, lest it break out in blisters;
'Indeed law, yours for ever.'

Dor. I am sorry.

Mary. You shall be welcome to me, come when
you please,
And ever may command me virtuously;
But for your brother, you must pardon me:
'Till I am of his nature, no access, friend,
No word of visitation, as you love me.
And so for now I'll leave you. [Exit.

Alice. What a letter
Has this thing written! how it roars like thunder!
With what a state he enters into stile!
'Dear mistress!'

Dor. Out upon him, bedlam!

Alice. Well, there be ways to reach her yet: Such
likeness
As you two carry, methinks——

Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend you. Fare you well!
The fool shall now fish for himself.

Alice. Be sure then
His tewgh be tith and strong; and next, no swearing;
He'll catch no fish else. Farewell, Dol!

Dor. Farewell, Alice! [Exit.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Cellide.

Cel. **I**NDEED he is much chang'd, extremely alter'd;
His colour faded strangely too.

Val. The air,
The sharp and nipping air of our new climate,
I hope, is all, which will as well restore
To health again th' affected body by it,
And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous.
How does my sweet? Our blessed hour comes on now
Apace, my Cellide, (it knocks at door)
In which our loves and long desires, like rivers
Rising asunder far, shall fall together,
Within these two days, dear—

Cel. When Heav'n and you, Sir,
Still think it fit; for by your wills I'm govern'd.

Alice. 'Twere good some preparation—

Enter Francis.

Val. All that may be;
It shall be no blind wedding: And all the joy
Of all our friends, I hope. He looks worse hourly:
How does my friend? myself? He sweats too coldly;
His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spout,
Scarce gives his function. How is't man? Alas, Sir,
You look extreme ill: Is it any old grief,
The weight of which—

Franc. None, gentle Sir, that I feel;
Your love is too, too tender. Nay, believe, Sir—

Cel. You cannot be the master of your health;
Either some fever lies in wait to catch you,
Whose harbingers already in your face
We see preparing, or some discontent,

Which,

Which, if it lie in this house, (I dare say,
Both for this noble gentleman, and all
That live within it) shall as readily
Be purg'd away, and with as much care soften'd,
And where the cause is——

Fran. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where such a virtuous fair physician
Is ready to relieve; Your noble cares
I must, and ever shall, be thankful for;
And would my service—(I dare not look upon her)—
But be not fearful; I feel nothing dangerous;
A grudging, caus'd by th' alteration
Of air, may hang upon me: My heart's whole.—
I would it were!——

Val. I knew the cause to be so.

Fran. No, you shall never know it.

Alice. Some warm broths,
To purge the blood, and keep your bed a day, Sir,
And sweat it out.

Cel. I have such cordials,
That, if you will but promise me to take 'em,
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly.
I'll be your doctor; you shall see how finely
I'll fetch you up again.

Val. He sweats extremely;
Hot, very hot: His pulse beats like a drum now.
Feel, sister, feel! feel, sweet!

Fran. How that touch stung me!

Val. My gown there!

Cel. And those juleps in the window!

Alice. Some see his bed made.

Val. This is most unhappy!
Take courage, man; 'tis nothing but an ague.

Cel. And this shall be the last fit.

Fran. Not by thousands!
Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,
I feel at full experience.

Alice. He grows fainter.

Val. Come, lead him in; he shall to bed. A vomit;
I'll

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I'll have a vomit for him.

Alice. A purge first;
And if he breath'd a vein——

Val. No, no, no bleeding;
A clyster will cool all.

Cel. Be of good chear, Sir!

Alice. He's loth to speak.

Cel. How hard he holds my hand, aunt!

Alice. I do not like that sign.

Val. Away to's chamber,
Softly; he's full of pain; be diligent,
With all the care ye have. 'Would I had 'scus'd him!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Dorothea and Thomas.

Dor. Why do you rail at me? Do I dwell in her,
To force her to do this or that? Your letter!
A wild-fire on your letter, your sweet letter!
You are so learned in your writs! You stand now
As if y' had worried sheep. You must turn tippet,
And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly,
Put on the shape of order and humanity,
Or you must marry Malkyn the May-lady;
You must, dear brother. Do you make me carrier
Of your confound-me's, and your culverins?
Am I a seemly agent for your oaths?
Who would have writ such a debosh'd——

Tho. Your patience;
May not a man profess his love?

Dor. In blasphemies?
Rack a maid's tender ears with damns and devils?
Out¹⁰, out upon thee!

Tho. How would you have me write?
Begin with 'My love premised; surely,

¹⁰ *Tho. Out, out upon thee.*] This seems the conclusion of *Dorothea's* speech, not the beginning of *Thomas's*, whose stile widely differs from this.

Seward.

' And

'And by my truly, mistress?'

Dor. Take your own course,
For I see all persuasion's lost upon you,
Humanity all drown'd: From this hour fairly
I'll wash my hands of all you do. Farewell, Sir!

Tho. Thou art not mad?

Dor. No; if I were, dear brother,
I would keep you company. Get a new mistress,
Some suburb saint¹¹, that sixpence and some oaths
Will draw to parley; carouse her health in cans
And candles' ends¹², and quarrel for her beauty;
Such a sweetheart must serve your turn: Your old love
Releases you of all your ties, disclaims you,
And utterly abjures your memory,
'Till time has better manag'd you. Will you command
me——

Tho. What, bobb'd of all sides?

Dor. Any worthy service
Unto my father, Sir, that I may tell him,
Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoicing,
You are his true son Tom still? Will it please you
To beat some half-a-dozen of his servants presently,
That I may testify you have brought the same faith

¹¹ *Some suburb saint, that sixpence and some others*
Will draw to parley.] The necessity of reading *oaths* here instead
of *others* is too evident to need a proof. The mistake probably arose
from spelling *oaths* with an *othes*, which I have often met with in our
Authors, and in other writings of their age. *Seward.*

¹² ——— *Carouse her health in cans*
And candles' ends.]

'To drink off *candles' ends* for flap-dragons,'
is one of the qualifications which Falstaff assigns for Prince Henry's
love for Poin. It seems to have been a cant phrase amongst drinkers,
which hitherto has not been satisfactorily explained. The only
illustration we can give of it, is that quoted by Mr. Steevens, from
Nash, in Pierce Pennyles his Supplication to the Devil, who advises
hard drinkers 'to have some shoeing-horns to pull on their wine, as
'a rasher on the coals, or a red herring; or to stir it about with a
'*candle's end* to make it taste better, &c.' *R.*

From this passage it should seem to have been a piece of gallantry
to drink off the liquor with the *candles' ends* in it; and the passage in
Shakespeare proves it was customary 'to drink off *candles' ends*.'

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Unblemish'd home, you carried out? Or, if it like you,
There be two chambermaids within, young wenches,
Handsome, and apt for exercise: You have been good,
Sir,

And charitable, tho' I say it, signior,
To such poor orphans. And now, by th' way, I think
on't,

Your young rear-admiral, I mean your last bastard,
Don John, you had by lady Blanch the dairy-maid,
Is by an academy of learned gypsies,
Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant,
Sto'p'n from the nurse, and wanders with those prophets.
There is plate in the parlour, and good store, Sir,
When you want¹³, shall supply it. So most humbly
(First rend'ring my due service) I take leave, Sir!

[Exit.

Tho. Why, Doll! why, Doll, I say! My letter fubb'd
too,

And no access without I mend my manners?
All my designs in limbo? I will have her,
Yes, I will have her, tho' the devil roar,
I am resolv'd that, if she live above ground.
I'll not be bobb'd i' th' nose with every bobtail.
I will be civil too, now I think better,
Exceeding civil, wondrous finely carried;
And yet be mad upon occasion,
And stark mad too, and save my land: My father,
I'll have my will of him, howe'er my wench goes.

[Exit.

Enter Sebastian and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, I say still you have spoil'd your master:
Leave your stiches¹⁴!

I say, thou hast spoil'd thy master.

Laun. I say, how, Sir?

Seb. Marry, th' hast taught him, like an arrant
rascal,

¹³ When your wants shall supply it.] Former editions. *Seward.*

¹⁴ Leave your stiches.] Probably we should read *speeches.*

First,

First, to read perfectly, which on my blessing
I warn'd him from ; for I knew if he read once,
He was a lost man. Secondly, Sir Launcelot,
Sir lowfy Launcelot, you have suffer'd him,
Against my power first, then against my precept,
To keep that simpering sort of people company,
That sober men call civil: Mark you that, Sir ?

Laun. An't please your worship——

Seb. It does not please my worship,
Nor shall not please my worship ! Third and lastly,
Which, if the law were here, I would hang thee for,
(However, I will lame thee) like a villain,
Thou hast wrought him
Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,
A handsome mischief, such as thou knew'st I lov'd well.
My servants all are found now, my drink sour'd,
Not a horse pawn'd, nor play'd away ; no warrants
Come for the breach of peace ;
Men travel with their money, and nothing meets 'em.
I was accurs'd to send thee ! thou wert ever
Leaning to laziness, and loss of spirit ;
Thou slept'st still like a cork upon the water.

Laun. Your worship knows, I ever was accounted
The most debosh'd—And, please you to remember,
(Every day drunk too, for your worship's credit)
I broke the butler's head too.

Seb. No, base palliard¹⁵,
I do remember yet that onslaught ; thou wast beaten,
And fled'st before the butler, a black jack
Playing upon thee furiously ; I saw it ;
I saw thee scatter'd, rogue. Behold thy master !

Enter Thomas, with a Book.

Tho. What sweet content dwells here !

Laun. Put up your book, Sir ;
We are all undone else.

Seb. Tom, when is the horse-race ?

¹⁵ *Base palliard.*] *Palliard*, a debauchee, a whore-master ; from the
French. Skinner.

Seward.

Tho. I know not, Sir.

Seb. You will be there?

Tho. Not I, Sir;

I have forgot those journies.

Seb. Spoil'd for ever!

The cocking holds at Derby, and there will be Jack Wild-Oats, and Will Purser.

Tho. I am sorry, Sir,

They should employ their time so slenderly;
Their understandings will bear better courses.

Seb. Yes, I will marry again!—But, Monsieur Thomas,

What say you to the gentleman that challeng'd you Before ye went *, and the fellow ye fell out with?

Tho. Oh, good Sir,

Remember not those follies. Where I have wrong'd, Sir,
(So much I've now learn'd to discern myself)

My means, and my repentance shall make even;

Nor do I think it any imputation

To let the law persuade me.

Seb. Any woman;

I care not of what colour, or complexion;

Any that can bear children! Rest you merry! [*Exit.*]

Laun. Ye have utterly undone, clean discharg'd me;
I'm for the ragged regiment.

Tho. Eight languages,

And wither at an old man's words?

Laun. Oh, pardon me!

I know him but too well. Eightscore, I take it,

Will not keep me from beating, if not killing:

I'll give him leave to break a leg, and thank him.

You might have sav'd all this, and sworn a little;

What had an oath or two been? or a head broke,

Tho't had been mine, to have satisfied the old man?

Tho. I'll break it yet.

Laun. Now 'tis too late, I take it.

Will you be drunk to night, (a less entreaty

* *Before he went.*] So all copies; but surely erroneously, as the least attention will demonstrate. The corruption is very easy. J. N.

Has serv'd your turn) and save all yet? not mad drunk,
For then you are the devil; yet the drunker,
The better for your father still. Your state is desperate,
And with a desperate cure you must recover it:
Do something, do, Sir; do some drunken thing,
Some mad thing, or some any thing to help us.

Tho. Go for a fidler then; the poor old fidler
That says his songs. But first, where lies my mistress?
Did you enquire out that?

Laun. I'th' lodge, alone, Sir,
None but her own attendants.

Tho. 'Tis the happier:
Away then, find this fidler, and do not miss me
By nine o'clock.

Laun. *Via*¹⁶!

[*Exit.*

Tho. My father's mad now,
And ten to one will disinheret me:
I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.
What, Rybabalde?

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hylas. Don Thomasio!

De bene veneto *.

Tho. I do embrace your body.
How dost thou, Sam?

Sam. The same Sam still; your friend, Sir.

Tho. And how is't, bouncing boys?

Hylas. Thou art not alter'd;
They said thou wert all Monsieur.

Tho. Oh, believe it,
I am much alter'd, much another way;
The civil'st gentleman in all your country:
Do not ye see me alter'd? 'Yea and nay,' gentlemen;

¹⁶ *Via.*] *i. e.* Away!

'Avaunt, dull flat-cap then!

'*Via*, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!

'There lie, thou husk of my envassall'd state.'

Eastward Hoe, act ii.

'Come now, *via*, aloune to Celia.'

Marston's What You Will, act ii. R.

* *Bene veneto.*] A corruption of *bien venue*.

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A much-converted man. Where's the best wine, boys?

Hylas. A sound convertite!

Tho. What, hast thou made up twenty yet?

Hylas. By'r lady,

I've giv'n a shrewd push at it, for, as I take it,
The last I fell in love with scor'd sixteen.

Tho. Look to your skin; Rambaldo the sleeping giant
Will rouse and rent thee piece-meal.

Sam. He ne'er perceives 'em
Longer than looking on.

Tho. Thou never mean'st then
To marry any that thou lov'st?

Hylas. No surely,
Nor any wise man, I think. Marriage?
Would you have me now begin to be prentice,
And learn to cobble other mens' old boots?

Sam. Why, you may take a maid.

Hylas. Where? can you tell me?
Or, if 'twere possible I might get a maid,
To what use should I put her? look upon her,
Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops?
All the new gowns i'th' parish will not please her,
If she be high bred, (for there's the sport she aims at)
Nor all the feathers in the Fryars.

Tho. Then take a widow,
A good staunch wench, that's tith.

Hylas. And begin a new order?
Live in a dead man's monument? Not I, Sir.
I'll keep mine old road, a true mendicant;
What pleasure this day yields me, I ne'er covet
To lay up for the morrow: And methinks ever
Another man's cook dresses my diet neatest.

Tho. Thou wast wont to love old women, fat and
flat-nos'd,
And thou wouldst say they kiss'd like flounders, flat
All the face over.

Hylas. I have had such damsels,
I must confess.

Tho. Thou hast been a precious rogue.

Sam.

Sam. Only his eyes; and, o' my conscience,
They lie with half the kingdom.

Enter over the stage, Physicians and others.

Tbo. What's the matter?
Whither go all these men-menders, these physicians?
Whose dog lies sick o'th' mulligrubs?

Sam. Oh, the gentleman,
The young smug signior, master Valentine
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear,
Is fall'n sick o'th' sudden, desperate sick;
And likely they go thither.

Tbo. Who? young Frank?
The only temper'd spirit, scholar, soldier,
Courtier, and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

Enter Alice.

Sam. There's one can better satisfy you.

Tbo. Mistress Alice,
I joy to see you, lady.

Alice. Good Monsieur Thomas,
You're welcome from your travel. I am hasty;
A gentleman lies sick, Sir.

Tbo. And how dost thou?
I must know, and I will know.

Alice. Excellent well;
As well as may be, thank you.

Tbo. I am glad on't;
And, prithee hark!

Alice. I cannot stay.

Tbo. A while, Alice!

Sam. Ne'er look so narrowly; the mark's in her
mouth still.

Hylas. I'm looking at her legs; prithee be quiet.

Alice. I cannot stay.

Tbo. Oh, sweet Alice!

Hylas. A clean instep,
And that I love as life¹⁷. I did not mark

¹⁷ *And that I love a life.*] I don't discard this as nonsense, *a life*,
for *all my life long*, or for *a great deal*, might possibly be admitted;
but

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This woman half so well before ; how quick
And nimble, like a shadow, there her leg shew'd !
By th' mafs, a neat one ! the colour of her stocking,
A much-inviting colour.

Alice. My good Monsieur,
I have no time to talk now.

Hylas. Pretty breeches,
Finely becoming too.

Tho. By Heav'n——

Alice. She will not,
I can assure you that, and so——

Tho. But this word !

Alice. I cannot, nor I will not. Good Lord ! [*Exit.*

Hylas. Well, you shall hear more from me.

Tho. We'll go visit ;
'Tis charity ; besides, I know she is there ;
And under visitation I shall see her.
Will ye along ?

Hylas. By any means.

Tho. Be sure then
I be a civil man. I've sport in hand, boys,
Shall make mirth for a marriage-day.

Hylas. Away then.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter three Physicians, with an urinal.

1 *Phys.* A pleurisy, I see it.

2 *Phys.* I rather hold it
For *tremor cordis*.

3 *Phys.* Do you mark the *faces* ?

'Tis a most pestilent contagious fever ;
A surfeit, a plaguy surfeit ; he must bleed,

1 *Phys.* By no means.

3 *Phys.* I say bleed.

1 *Phys.* I say 'tis dangerous,
The person being spent so much before-hand,

but 'tis most probable that the Authors made use of a common expression
rather than so abstruse a one, unless the latter happened to be a phrase
of that age now become obsolete.

Seaward.

And

And nature drawn so low; clysters, cool clysters—

2 *Phyf.* Now, with your favours, I should think a vomit;

For, take away the cause, the effect must follow:

The stomach's foul and furr'd, the pot's inflam'd yet¹⁸.

3 *Phyf.* No, no, we'll rectify that part by mild means;
Nature so sunk must find no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will't please ye draw near? The weak gentleman

Grows worse and worse still.

1 *Phyf.* Come, we will attend him.

2 *Phyf.* He shall do well, my friend.

Serv. My master's love, Sir.

1 *Phyf.* Excellent well, I warrant thee; right and straight, friend.

3 *Phyf.* There's no doubt in him, none at all; ne'er fear him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Valentine and Michael.

Mich. That he is desperate sick, I do believe well,
And that without a speedy cure it kills him;
But that it lies within the help of physick
Now to restore his health, or art to cure him,
Believe it you are cozen'd; clean beside it.
I'd tell you the true cause too, but 'twould vex you,
Nay, run you mad.

Val. May all I have restore him?

So dearly and so tenderly I love him——

(I do not know the cause why) yea, my life too?

Mich. Now I perceive ye so well set, I'll tell you;

¹⁸ *The pot's inflam'd yet.*] The stomach by a coarse metaphor is here call'd the *pot*, but *inflam'd* should either be *inflam'd* or *unclean'd*; the former is nearer the trace of the letters, the latter makes the metaphor more consistent, and is the more common expression. I prefer the latter, but think it not material which takes place. *Seward.*

We prefer the former, it being nearer the old text, and as good sense.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis verbis!

Val. 'Twas that I only fear'd! Good friend, go from me;

I find my heart too full for further conference.

You are assur'd of this?

Mich. 'Twill prove too certain;

But bear it nobly, Sir; youth hath his errors.

Val. I shall do, and I thank you; 'pray you no words on't.

Mich. I do not use to talk, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Val. You are welcome.

Is there no constancy in earthly things,

No happiness in us but what must alter?

No life without the heavy load of fortune?

What miseries we are, and to ourselves!

Ev'n then when full content seems to sit by us,

What daily fores and sorrows!

Enter Alice.

Alice. Oh, dear brother!

The gentleman, if ever you will see him

Alive, as I think——

Enter Cellide.

Cel. Oh, he faints! For Heav'n's sake,
For Heav'n's sake, Sir——

Val. Go comfort him, dear sister. [*Exit Alice.*

And one word, sweet, with you; then we'll go to him.
What think you of this gentleman?

Cel. My pity thinks, Sir,
'Tis great misfortune that he should thus perish.

Val. It is, indeed; but, Cellide, he must die.

Cel. That were a cruelty, when care may cure him.
Why do you weep so, Sir? he may recover.

Val. He may, but with much danger. My sweet
Cellide,

You have a powerful tongue.

Cel. To do you service.

Val. I will betray his grief: He loves a gentlewoman,
A friend

A friend of yours, whose heart another holds ;
He knows it too ; yet such a sway blind fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undo him :
Never so hopeful and so sweet a spirit
Misfortune fell so foul on.

Cel. Sure she's hard-hearted,
That can look on and not relent, and deeply,
At such a misery. She is not married?

Val. Not yet.

Cel. Nor near it?

Val. When she please.

Cel. And pray, Sir,
Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so?

Val. His love may merit much, his person little,
For there the match lies mangled.

Cel. Is he your friend?

Val. He should be, for he is near me.

Cel. Will not he die then,
When th' other shall recover?

Val. You have pos'd me.

Cel. Methinks he should go near it, if he love her,
If she love him.

Val. She does, and would do equal.

Cel. 'Tis a hard task you put me ; yet, for your sake,
I will speak to her : All the art I have ;
My best endeavours ; all his youth and person,
His mind more full of beauties ; all his hopes ;
The memory of such a sad example,
Ill spoken of, and never old ; the curses
Of loving maids, and what may be alledg'd,
I'll lay before her. What's her name ? I'm ready.

Val. But will you deal effectually ?

Cel. Most truly ;
Nay, were it myself, at your entreaty.

Val. And could you be so pitiful ?

Cel. So dutiful,
Because you urge it, Sir.

Val. It may be then

It

It is yourself.

Cel. It is indeed ; I know it,
And now know how you love me.

Val. Oh, my dearest,
Let but your goodness judge ; your own part's pity ;
Set but your eyes on his afflictions ;
He's mine, and so becomes your charge : But think
What ruin Nature suffers in this young man,
What loss humanity, and noble manhood ;
Take to your better judgment my declining,
My age hung full of impotence and ills,
My body budding now no more ; seer winter
Hath seal'd that sap up ; at the best and happiest
I can but be your infant, you my nurse,
And how unequal, dearest ! where his years,
His sweetness, and his ever spring of goodness,
My fortunes growing in him, and myself too,
Which makes him all your old love—Misconceive not ;
I say not this as weary of my bondage,
Or ready to infringe my faith ; bear witness,
Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that light me
To all the joy I have !

Cel. You've said enough, Sir,
And more than e'er I thought that tongue could utter ;
But you're a man, a false man too !

Val. Dear Cellide !

Cel. And now, to shew you that I am a woman
Robb'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondness,
The gentleman shall live, and, if he love me,
Ye shall be both my triumphs. I will to him ;
And, as you carelessly fling off your fortune,
And now grow weary of my easy winning,
So will I lose the name of Valentine,
From henceforth all his flatteries ; and, believe it,
Since you've so slightly parted with affection,
And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for,
From this hour no repentance, vows, nor prayers,
Shall pluck me back again : What I shall do,
(Yet I will undertake his cure) expect it,

Shall

Shall minister no comfort, no content,
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations!

Val. Why, let him die then.

Cel. No; so much I've lov'd
To be commanded by you, that ev'n now,
Ev'n in my hate, I will obey your wishes.

Val. What shall I do?

Cel. Die like a fool unforrow'd,
A bankrupt fool, that flings away his treasure!
I must begin my cure.

Val. And I my crosses.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Francis sick, Physicians, and an Apothecary.

1 *Phys.* **C**L A P on the cataplasm.

Fran. Good gentlemen,
Good learned gentlemen——

2 *Phys.* And see those broths there,
Ready within this hour. Pray keep your arms in;
The air is raw, and ministers much evil.

Fran. Pray leave me; I beseech ye leave me, gentlemen;
I have no other sickness but your presence.
Convey your cataplasms to those that need 'em,
Your vomits, and your clysters.

3 *Phys.* Pray be rul'd, Sir.

1 *Phys.* Bring in the lettuce cap. You must be
shav'd, Sir,
And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep!

Fran. 'Till dooms-day. What unnecessary nothings
Are these about a wounded mind?

2 *Phys.* How do ye?

Fran. What questions they propound too! How do
you, Sir?
I'm glad to see you well.

3 *Phys.*

3 *Phys.* A great distemper; it grows hotter still.

1 *Phys.* Open your mouth, I pray, Sir.

Fran. And can you tell me

How old I am then? There's my hand; pray shew me
How many broken shins within this two year.

Who would be thus in fetters? Good master doctor,
And you, dear doctor, and the third sweet doctor,
And precious master apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer:

Ye stand before me like my blacks.

2 *Phys.* 'Tis dangerous;

For now his fancy turns too.

Enter Cellide.

Cel. By your leave, gentlemen;
And pray ye your leave a while too; I have something
Of secret to impart unto the patient.

1 *Phys.* With all our hearts.

3 *Phys.* Ay, marry, such a physick
May chance to find the humour. Be not long, lady,
For we must minister within this half-hour.

Cel. You shall not stay for me. [*Exeunt Physicians.*]

Fran. 'Would you were all rotten,
That ye might only intend one another's itches!
Or would the gentlemen, with one consent,
Would drink small beer but seven years, and abolish
That wildfire of the blood, unsatiate wenching,
That your two Indies, springs and falls, might fail ye!
What torments these intruders into bodies——

Cel. How do you, worthy Sir?

Fran. Bless me, what beams
Flew from those angel eyes! Oh, what a misery,
What a most studied torment, 'tis to me now
To be an honest man! Dare you sit by me?

Cel. Yes, and do more than that too, comfort you;
I see you've need.

Fran. You are a fair physician:
You bring no bitterness gilt o'er, to gull us,
No danger in your looks; yet there my death lies!

Cel.

Cel. I would be sorry, Sir, my charity,
And my good wishes for your health, should merit
So stubborn a construction. Will it please you
To taste a little of this cordial?

Enter Valentine, privately.

For this I think must cure you.

Fran. Of which, lady?—

Sure she has found my grief.—Why do you blush so?

Cel. Do you not understand? of this, this cordial.

Val. Oh, my afflicted heart! She's gone for ever.

Fran. What Heaven you have brought me, lady!

Cel. Do not wonder:

For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour,
Makes me do this; but love, to save your life, Sir,
Your life too excellent to lose in wishes;
Love, virtuous love.

Fran. A virtuous blessing crown you!

Oh, goodly sweet, can there be so much charity,
So noble a compassion in that heart,
That's fill'd up with another's fair affections?
Can mercy drop from those eyes?
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power you have¹⁹, and perfect object,
Lies in another's light, and his deserves it?

Cel. Do not despair; nor do not think too boldly
I dare abuse my promise: 'Twas your friend's,
And so fast tied I thought no time could ruin:
But so much has your danger, and that spell
The powerful name of Friend, prevail'd above him²⁰
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command, to cure ye;

¹⁹ *When all the power ye have, and perfect object*

Lies in another's light.] The latter part of the first line seems to have a very fine thought very stiffly express'd. I have ventur'd therefore upon the change of a monosyllable which I hope will render it clear, and was probably the original. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *THIS perfect object*; but the old reading was equally clear, and not more stiffly expressed.

²⁰ *Prevail'd above him.] Above him, in this place, seems to signify on him, or over him.*

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Nay more, for ever, by his full resignation;
And willingly I ratify it.

Fran. Hold, for Heaven sake!

Must my friend's misery make me a triumph?
Bear I that noble name, to be a traitor?
Oh, virtuous goodness, keep thyself untainted:
You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take: I am resolv'd to die first!

Val. Ha! say'st thou so? Nay, then thou shalt not
perish.

Fran. And tho' I love ye above the light shines on me;
Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content²¹;
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing offer'd
Than at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited;
Yet, yet, oh, noble beauty, yet, oh, Paradise,
(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it)
Yet is a gratitude to be preserv'd,
A worthy gratitude, to one most worthy
The name and nobleness of friends.

Cel. Pray tell me,
If I had never known that gentleman,
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?

Fran. D'you make a doubt?

Cel. And can you be unwilling,
He being old and impotent? his aim too
Levell'd at you, for your good? not constrain'd,
But out of cure, and counsel? Alas, consider,

²¹ *Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content.*] If *content* be a substantive it seems unnecessary, and an anticlimax: For though *content* be philosophically preferable to the wealth of kingdoms, it will not be allow'd so in poetry, as it is not in common life. The old quarto reads *content* with a small *c*; I therefore make it an adjective, taken as the former adverbially, and connect it with the following sentence. *I would freely and contentedly sooner snatch at such a blessing.*
Seward.

Mr. Seward prints thus;

*Beyond the wealth of kingdoms; free, content,
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing, &c.*

In the old quarto, substantives are not distinguished by capitals; that, therefore, is no argument; and the old reading is better sense, and most poetical: Mr. Seward's is hard, stiff, cold, and uncouth.

Play

Play but the woman with me²², and consider,
As he himself does, and I now dare see it,
Truly consider, Sir, what misery——

Fran. For Virtue's sake, take heed!

Cel. What loss of youth,
What everlasting banishment from that
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections²³, born and shot together?
What living name can dead age leave behind him,
What act of memory²⁴, but fruitless doting?

Fran. This cannot be.

Cel. To you, unless you apply it
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it;
I speak but of things possible, not done,
Nor like to be; a posset cures your sickness,
And yet I know you grieve this; and howsoever
The worthiness of friend may make you stagger,
(Which is a fair thing in you) yet, my patient,
My gentle patient, I would fain say more,
If you would understand.

Val. Oh, cruel woman!

Cel. Yet sure your sickness is not so forgetful,
Nor you so willing to be lost!

Fran. Pray stay there:

Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,
That modest virtue, men deliver'd of you,
Shews but like shadow to me, thin and fading!

Val. Excellent friend!

Fran. You have no share in goodness;
You are belied; you are not Cellide,

²² *Play but the woman with me.*] i. e. Suppose yourself, as I am, a woman.

²³ *Equal affections and shot together.*] Thus the quarto and folio. Mr. Seward,

Equal affections, and shot up together.

We think it more probable that the word *born* should supply the void;
Equal affections, born and shot together.

²⁴ *What art of memory.*] Mr. Theobald recommends reading, *ACT of memory*, and we think him right.

The modest, the immaculate²⁵ ! Who are you?
For I will know ! What devil, to do mischief
Unto my virtuous friend, hath shifted shapes
With that unblemish'd beauty ?

Cel. Do not rave, Sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts distract you :
You shall enjoy me ; I am yours ; I pity,
By those fair eyes I do.

Fran. Oh, double-hearted !
Oh, woman, perfect woman ! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil !
What an inviting hell invented ! Tell me,
And, if you yet remember what is goodness,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd,
So fainted in the soul of him whose service
Is almost turn'd to superstition,
Whose every day endeavours and desires
Offer themselves like incense on your altar,
Whose heart holds no intelligence but holy
And most religious with his love, whose life
(And let it ever be remember'd, lady)
Is drawn out only for your ends——

Val. Oh, miracle !——

Fran. Whose all, and every part of man (pray mark
me²⁶)

Like ready pages wait upon your pleasures,
Whose breath is but your bubble.—Can you, dare you,
Must you, cast off this man, (tho' he were willing,
Tho', in a nobleness to cross my danger,
His friendship durst confirm it) without baseness,
Without the stain of honour ? Shall not people
Say liberally hereafter, ' There's the lady
' That lost her father, friend, herself, her faith too,
' To fawn upon a stranger ;' for aught you know
As faithless as yourself, in love as fruitless ?

Val. Take her, with all my heart ! Thou art so honest

²⁵ *The modest, unaculate.*] So quarto ; the folio, *immaculate* ; and Mr. Seward adds the article *the*, to complete the verse.

²⁶ *Pray make me.*] Corrected by Mr. Seward.

That 'tis most necessary I be undone.

With all my soul possess her²⁷.

[Exit.

Cel. 'Till this minute,
I scorn'd and hated you, and came to cozen you;
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make you mad.

Fran. Good Heav'n, what is this woman?

Cel. Nor did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common object: Yet now truly,
Truly, and nobly, I do love you dearly,
And from this hour you are the man I honour;
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend: And I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on you,
To make this truth the world's.

Fran. Whither d' you drive me?

Cel. Back to your honesty; make that good ever;
'Tis like a strong-built castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions; still repair it,
Still fortify it: There are thousand foes,
Besides the tyrant Beauty, will assail it:
Look to your centinels that watch it hourly,
Your eyes, let them not wander!

Fran. Is this serious,
Or does she play still with me?

Cel. Keep your ears,
The two main ports that may betray you, strongly
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where woman beats the parley;
The body of your strength, your noble heart,
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Ridg'd round about with virtue, that no breaches,
No subtle mines may meet you!

Fran. How like the sun
Labouring in his eclipse, dark, and prodigious,

²⁷ *Cel. With all my soul possess her.*] The giving this to *Cellide* is a very gross error which has run through all the editions.

Seward.

She shew'd 'till now! when having won his way,
 How full of wonder he breaks out again,
 And sheds his virtuous beams! Excellent angel,
 For no less can that heav'nly mind proclaim thee,
 Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful
 (And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
 Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections,
 But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wishes),
 To kiss that virgin hand!

Cel. Take your desire, Sir,
 And in a nobler way, for I dare trust you;
 No other fruit my love must ever yield you,
 I fear, no more! Yet your most constant memory
 (So much I'm wedded to that worthiness)
 Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband.
 Farewell, and fairly govern your affections;
 Stand, and deceive me not! Oh, noble young man,
 I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it!
 Once more, farewell, and prosper! [*Exit.*]

Fran. Goodness guide thee!
 My wonder, like to fearful shapes in dreams,
 Has waken'd me out of my fit of folly,
 But not to shake it off. A spell dwells in me,
 A hidden charm, shot from this beauteous woman,
 That fate can ne'er avoid, nor physick find;
 And, by her counsel strengthen'd, only this
 Is all the help I have, I love fair Virtue.
 Well, something I must do, to be a friend;
 Yet I am poor, and tardy: Something for her too,
 Tho' I can never reach her excellence,
 Yet but to give an offer at a greatness.

Enter Valentine, Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Val. Be not uncivil, Tom, and take your pleasure.

Tho. D'you think I'm mad? You'll give me leave
 To try her fairly?

Val. Do your best.

Tho. Why there, boy——
 But where's the sick man?

Hylas.

Hylas. Where are the gentlewomen
That should attend him? there's the patient.
Methinks these women——

Tho. Thou think'st nothing else.

Val. Goto him, friend, and comfort him; I'll lead ye.
Oh, my best joy, my worthiest friend, pray pardon me.
I am so over-joy'd I want expression:
I may live to be thankful. Bid your friends welcome!

[*Exit.*

Tho. How dost thou, Frank? how dost thou, boy?
Bear up, man!

What, shrink i' th' sinews for a little sickness?

Deavolo morte.

Fran. I am o' th' mending hand.

Tho. How like a flute thou speak'st! 'O' th' mending hand,' man?

'Gogs bores, I'm well!' Speak like a man of worship.

Fran. Thou art a mad companion; never staid, Tom?

Tho. Let rogues be staid that have no habitation²⁸;
A gentleman may wander. Sit thee down, Frank,
And see what I have brought thee. Come, discover;
Open the scene, and let the work appear.

A friend, at need, you rogue, is worth a million.

Fran. What hast thou there? a julep?

Hylas. He must not touch it;
'Tis present death.

Tho. You are an ass, a twirepipe,
A Jeffery John Bo-peep! Thou minister*?
Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle. Out, puppy!
My friend, Frank, but a very foolish fellow.
Dost thou see that bottle? View it well.

Fran. I do, Tom.

²⁸ *Let rogues be staid that have no habitation.*] The negative, here, is certainly put instead of its reverse, but it has run through all the editions, though it quite spoils the humour of the passage. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward, who seems to have overlooked both *the humour* and the *sense of the passage*, reads,

Let rogues be staid, that have an habitation.

No is clearly right, and *a gentleman may wander* confirms it.

* *Mimister.*] So all the editions. The following words prove the propriety of our alteration.

Tho. There be as many lives in't as a cat carries;
'Tis everlasting liquor.

Fran. What?

Tho. Old sack, boy,
Old reverend sack²⁹, which, for aught that I can read
yet,

Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptolomeus
Did all his wonders by.

Fran. I see no harm, Tom,
Drink with a moderation.

Tho. Drink with sugar,
Which I have ready here, and here a glass, boy.
Take me without my tools?

Sam. Pray, Sir, be temperate;
You know your own state best.

Fran. Sir, I much thank you,
And shall be careful: Yet a glass or two,
So fit I find my body, and that so needful——

Tho. Fill it, and leave your fooling. Thou say'st
true, Frank——

Hylas. Where are these women, I say?

Tho. 'Tis most necessary;
Hang up your juleps, and your Portugal possets,
Your barley broths, and sorrel sops³⁰; they're mangy,
And breed the scratches only: Give me sack!
(I wonder where this wench is tho'.) Have at thee!

Hylas. So long, and yet no bolting?

Fran. Do; I'll pledge thee.

Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry 'heigh!' like a
hunter, man,
With a clear heart; and no more fits I warrant thee:
The only cordial, Frank. [*Phys. and Serv. within.*]

Phys. Are the things ready?
And is the barber come?

²⁹ *Old reverend sack, which, &c.*] Alluding to the grand elixir of the alchymists, which they pretended would restore youth and confer immortality. R.

³⁰ *Sorrel sops.*] These are now the green sauce used to green geese; but as this expression often occurs in our Authors for some liquor drunk in sickness, it was probably a custom to make a sort of tea of sorrel in feverish disorders, Seward.

Serv. An hour ago, Sir.

1 Physf. Bring out the oils then.

Fran. Now or never, gentlemen,
Do me a kindness, and deliver me.

Tho. From whom, boy?

Fran. From these things that talk within there;
Physicians, Tom, physicians, scow'ring-sticks:
They mean to read upon me.

Enter three Physicians, Apothecary, and Barber.

Hylas. Let 'em enter.

Tho. And be thou confident we will deliver thee.
For, look ye, doctor; say the devil were sick now,
His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a biggen,
Sick of a calenture, taken by a surfeit
Of stinking souls at his nephew's at St. Dunstons³¹,
What would you minister upon the sudden?
Your judgment, short and sound.

1 Physf. A fool's head.

Tho. No, Sir,

It must be a physician's, for three causes:
The first, because it is a bald-head likely,
Which will down easily without applepap.

3 Physf. A main cause!

Tho. So it is, and well consider'd.
The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, Sir,
Which will so tumble in his stomach, doctor,
And work upon the crudities, (conceive me)
The fears and the fiddle-strings within it,
That those damn'd souls must disembogue again.

Hylas. Or meeting with the Stygian humour——

Tho. Right, Sir.

Hylas. Forc'd with a cataplasm of crackers——

Tho. Ever.

Hylas. Scour all before him, like a scavenger.

Tho. *Satisfecisti, domine.* My last cause,
My last is, and not least, most learned doctors,

³¹ *At his nephews, and St. Dunstons.*] The necessity of the slight
change made here must appear to every reader.

Seward.

Because

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Because in most physicians' heads (I mean those
That are most excellent, and old withal,
And angry, tho' a patient say his prayers,
And Paracelsians that do trade with poisons,
We have it by tradition of great writers)
There is a kind of toad-stone bred, whose virtue,
The doctor being dried——

1 *Phys.* We are abus'd, Sirs.

Hylas. I take it so, or shall be. For, say the belly-ake,
Caus'd by an inundation of pease-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the port vein,
Or the port esquiline?

Sam. A learned question!
Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,
The sign being then in the head of Capricorn——

Tho. Meet with the passion Huperschondriaca,
And so cause a carnosity in the kidnies,
Must not the brains, being butter'd with this humour—
Answer me that.

Sam. Most excellently argued!

2 *Phys.* The next fit you will have, my most fine
scholar,
Bedlam shall find a salve for. Fare you well, Sir!
We came to do you good, but these young doctors
It seems have bor'd our noses.

3 *Phys.* Drink hard, gentlemen,
And get unwholesome drabs: 'Tis ten to one then
We shall hear further from ye, your note alter'd.

[*Exeunt Phys. Apoth. & Barber.*]

Tho. And wilt thou be gone, says one?

Hylas. And wilt thou be gone, says t' other?

Tho. Then take the odd crown,
To mend thy old gown,

Sam. And we'll be gone all together.

Fran. My learned Tom!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the young gentlewomen
Sent me to see what company you had with you;
They

They much desire to visit you.

Fran. Pray you thank 'em,
And tell 'em my most sickness is their absence :
You see my company.

Tho. Come hither, Crab ;
What gentlewomen are these ? my mistress ?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Hylas. And who else ?

Serv. Mistress Alice.

Hylas. Oh !

Tho. Hark you, firrah,
No word of my being here, unless she know it.

Serv. I do not think she does.

Tho. Take that, and mum then.

Serv. You've tied my tongue up. [Exit.

Tho. Sit you down, good Francis,
And not a word of me till you hear from me ;
And, as you find my humour, follow it.
You two come hither, and stand close, unseen, boys,
And do as I shall tutor you.

Fran. What, new work ?

Tho. Prithee no more, but help me now.

Hylas. I would fain talk
Wi'th' gentlewomen.

Tho. Talk wi'th' gentlewomen ?
Of what, forsooth ? whose maidenhead the last mask
Suffer'd impressi'on ? or whose clyster wrought best ?
Take me as I shall tell thee.

Hylas. To what end ?
What other end came we along ?

Sam. Be rul'd tho'.

Tho. Your weasel face must needs be ferreting
About the farthingale ! Do as I bid you, or by this light--

Hylas. Come then.

Tho. Stand close, and mark me.

Fran. All this forc'd foollery will never do it.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Alice. I hope we bring you health, Sir : How is't
with you ?

D d 4

Mary.

Mary. You look far better, trust me. The fresh colour
Creeps now again into his cheeks.

Alice. Your enemy,
I see, has done his worst. Come, we must have you
Lusty again, and frolick, man; leave thinking.

Mary. Indeed it does you harm, Sir.

Frank. My best visitants,
I shall be govern'd by you.

Alice. You shall be well then,
And suddenly, and soundly well.

Mary. This air, Sir,
Having now season'd you, will keep you ever.

Tbo. No, no, I have no hope! nor is it fit, friends,
(My life has been so lewd, my loose condition,
Which I repent too late, so lamentable)
That any thing but curses light upon me;
Exorbitant in all my ways!

Alice. Who's that, Sir?
Another sick man?

Mary. Sure I know that voice well.

Tbo. In all my courses cureless disobedience³²!

Fran. What a strange fellow's this?

Tbo. No counsel, friends,
No look before I leap'd.

Alice. D'you know the voice, Sir?

Fran. Yes; 'tis a gentleman's that's much afflicted
In's mind: Great pity, ladies.

Alice. Now Heav'n help him!

Fran. He came to me, to ask free pardon of me,
For some things done long since, which his distemper
Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not so.

Mary. Oh, that this could be truth!

Hylas. Persuade yourself!

Tbo. To what end, gentlemen? when all is perish'd
Upon a wreck, is there a hope remaining
The sea, that ne'er knew sorrow, may be pitiful?
My credit's split, and sunk, nor is it possible,
Were my life lengthened out as long as——

³² Cureless *disobedience*.] Old quarto; other copies, CARELESS
disobedience.

Mary.

Mary. I like this well.

Sam. Your mind is too mistrustful.

Tho. I have a virtuous sifter, but I scorn'd her;
A mistress too, a noble gentlewoman,
For goodness all out-going——

Alice. Now I know him.

Tho. Which these eyes, friends, my eyes must
never see more³³.

Alice. This is for your sake, Mary: Take heed,
cousin;

A man is not so soon made.

Tho. Oh, my fortune!

But it is just, I be despis'd and hated.

Hylas. Despair not, 'tis not manly: One hour's
goodness
Strikes off an infinite of ills.

Alice. Weep truly,
And with compassion, cousin.

Fran. How exactly
This cunning young thief plays his part!

Mary. Well, Tom,
My Tom again, if this be truth.

Hylas. She weeps, boy.

Tho. Oh, I shall die!

Mary. Now Heav'n defend!

Sam. Thou hast her.

Tho. Come, lead me to my friend, to take his
farewell;

And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome!—
How does it shew?

Hylas. Oh, rarely well.

Mary. Say you so, Sir?

Fran. Oh, you grand afs!

Mary. And are you there, my juggler?

³³ With *these eyes*] I take *with*, here, to have been put for *whom*,
or *which*. The former is more correct English, the latter nearer the
trace of the letter; and the old English writers as often apply *which*
to men and women as to inanimate things.

Seward.

Away;

Away ; we are abus'd, Alice.

Alice. Fool be with thee ! [Exe. Mary and Alice.]

Tho. Where is she ?

Fran. Gone ; she found you out, and finely ;
In your own noose she halter'd you : You must be
whisp'ring,

To know how things shew'd ; not content to fare well,
But you must roar out roast-meat. 'Till that suspicion,
You carried it most neatly ; she believ'd too,
And wept most tenderly ; had you continued,
Without doubt you had brought her off.

Tho. This was thy roguing,
For thou wert ever whispering : Fy upon thee !
Now could I break thy head.

Hylas. You spoke to me first.

Tho. Do not anger me,
For by this hand I'll beat thee buzzard-blind then ³⁴ !
She shall not 'scape me thus : Farewell for this time.

Fran. Good-night ! 'Tis almost bed time ; yet no sleep
Must enter these eyes, 'till I work a wonder. [Exit.]

Tho. Thou shalt along too, for I mean to plague thee
For this night's sins ; I'll ne'er leave walking of thee
'Till I have worn thee out.

Hylas. Your will be done, Sir.

Tho. You will not leave me, Sam ?

Sam. Not I.

Tho. Away then ;
I'll be your guide. Now, if my man be trusty,
My spiteful dame, I'll pipe you such a hunts-up
Shall make you dance a *tipvaes* ³⁵. Keep close to me.

[Exeunt.]

³⁴ *I'll beat the buzzard blind then.*] We should not have made the variation here (though slight) had it not been much for the better, and probably genuine.

³⁵ *Tipvaes.*] Perhaps we should read, *tiptoes* ; unless there be some dance called *tipvaes* ; which, however, we never heard of.

SCENE II.

Enter Sebastian and Dorothea.

Seb. Never persuade me; I will marry again!
What, should I leave my state to pins and poking-
sticks³⁶,

To farthingales, and flounces? To fore horses³⁷,
And an old leather bawdy-house behind 'em?

To thee?

Dor. You have a son, Sir.

Seb. Where? what is he?

Who is he like?

Dor. Yourself.

Seb. Thou liest; th' hast marr'd him,
Thou, and thy prayer-books: I do disclaim him!
Did not I take him singing yesternight
A godly ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a catechism in's pocket, damsel?
One of your dear disciples, I perceive it.
When did he ride abroad since he came over?
What tavern has he us'd to? what things done
That shews a man, and mettle? When was my house
At such a shame before, to creep to bed
At ten o'clock, and twelve, for want of company?

³⁶ *Poking-sticks.*] 'Poking-sticks,' says Mr. Steevens, were heated
'in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In Marston's
'Malecontent, 1604, is the following instance. — 'There is such
'a deale of pinning, these ruffes, when the fine clean fall is worth
'them all.' And again, 'If you should chance to take a nap in
'the afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover
'his form, &c.' So in Middleton's comedy of Blurt Master Con-
'stable, 1602, 'Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose
'get *poking sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands.'
Note on Winter's Tale.

³⁷ — to fore-horses,

And an old leather bawdy-house behind 'em.] I read *four horses*,
viz. to a coach and four. Calling the former a leathern bawdy-house
is quite in character. *Seward.*

Perhaps the Author intended *FORE horses* to stand in opposition to
leather bawdy-house BEHIND 'em. *Fore-horses* occurs too in other
plays of our Authors.

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No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'st not of these scandals. When, and
where,

Has he but shew'd his sword of late?

Dor. Despair not,
I do beseech you, Sir, nor tempt your weakness;
For, if you like it so, I can assure you,
He is the same man still.

Seb. 'Would thou wert ashes
On that condition! But, believe it, gossip,
You shall know you have wrong'd—

Dor. You never, Sir;
So well I know my duty. And, for Heav'n sake,
Take but this counsel with you ere you marry;
(You were wont to hear me) take him, and confess him,
Search him to th' quick, and if you find him false,
Do as you please; a mother's name I honour.

Seb. He's lost and spoil'd; I am resolv'd my roof
Shall never harbour him: And for you, minion,
I'll keep you close enough, lest you break loose,
And do more mischief. Get you in! Who waits?

[*Exit Dorothea.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you call, Sir?

Seb. Seek the boy, and bid him wait
My pleasure in the morning: Mark what house
He is in, and what he does; and truly tell me.

Serv. I will not fail, Sir.

Seb. If you do, I'll hang you.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Tho. Keep you the back-door there, and be sure
None of her servants enter, or go out.
If any woman pass, she's lawful prize, boys;
Cut off all convoys.

Hylas. Who shall answer this?

Tho. Why, I shall answer it, you fearful widgeon;
I shall

I shall appear to th' action.

Hylas. May we discourse too,
On honourable terms?

Tho. With any gentlewoman
That shall appear at window: You may rehearse too,
By your commission safely, some sweet parcels
Of poetry to a chambermaid.

Hylas. May we sing too?
For there's my master-piece.

Tho. By no means; no, boys;
I am the man reserv'd for air, 'tis my part;
And if she be not rock, my voice shall reach her.
Ye may record a little³⁸, or ye may whistle,
As time shall minister; but, for main singing,
Pray ye satisfy yourselves. Away; be careful!

Hylas. But hark you; one word, Tom! we may be
beaten.

Tho. That's as you think good yourselves: If you
deserve it,
Why, 'tis the easiest thing to compass. Beaten?
What bugbears dwell in thy brains? who should
beat thee?

Hylas. Sh'has men enough.

Tho. Art not thou man enough too?
Thou hast flesh enough about thee: If all that mass
Will not maintain a little spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dogs-meat. Get you gone;
I have things of moment in my mind. That door,
Keep it as thou wouldst keep thy wife from a serving-
man.

No more, I say: Away, Sam!

Sam. At your will, Sir. [*Exeunt Hylas and Sam.*]

Enter Launcelot and Fidler.

Laun. I have him here; a rare rogue. Good sweet
master,
Do something of some favour suddenly,
That we may eat, and live; I am almost starv'd:

³⁸ *Ye may record a little.*] i. e. Play on the musick; a recorder
(as appears in Hamlet) signifying a pipe.

430 MONSIEUR THOMAS.

*No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur*³⁹,

Not by the virtue of my languages ;

Nothing at my old master's to be hop'd for !

Ob, Signieur Du ! nothing to line my life with,

But cold pies, with a cudgel, 'till you help us !

Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee. Come hither,
Fidler ;

What ballads are you seen in best ? Be short, Sir.

Fid. Under your mastership's correction, I can sing

' The duke of Norfolk ; or the merry ballad

' Of Diverus and Lazarus ; the Rose of England ;

' In Crete when Dedimus first began ;

' Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry——'

Tho. Excellent !

Rare matters all.

Fid. ' Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter '⁴⁰ ;

' The Devil, and ye dainty Dames——'

Tho. Rare still !

Fid. ' The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow,

' With the bloody Battle at Mile-End.'

Tho. All excellent !

No tuning, as ye love me ; let thy fiddle

Speak Welch, or any thing that's out of all tune ;

The viler still the better, like thyself,

For I presume thy voice will make no trees dance.

Fid. Nay truly, you shall have it ev'n as homely—

Tho. Keep ye to that key. Are they all a-bed, trow ?

Laun. I hear no stirring any where, no light

In any window ; 'tis a night for the nonce, Sir.

Tho. Come, strike up then, and say the Merchant's
Daughter ;

We'll bear the burthen : Proceed to incision, fidler. [*Song.*

³⁹ *No point manieur, no point devein, no signieur.*] Unless Launcelot may be here supposed to speak a sort of *Lingua Franca*, or medley of languages ; these words are so ill wrote, that it may be difficult to tell what was the original. *Seward.*

He is purposely represented as speaking barbarously, and the words plainly import, that, ' no wine or good cheer is to be had at his old master's.'

⁴⁰ *Mawdlin, &c.*] *Mawdlin*, the Merchant's Daughter of Bristol. This and several others before mentioned are the titles of ballads, some of which have been lately reprinted. *R.*

Enter

Enter Servant, above.

Serv. Who's there? what noise is this? what rogue at these hours?

Tho. 'Oh, what is that to you, my fool?

'Oh, what is that to you?

'Pluck in your face,

'You bawling afs,

'Or I will break your brow.

'Hey down, down, a-down.'

A new ballad, a new, a new!

Fid. 'The twelfth of April, on May-day,

'My house and goods were burnt away,' &c.

Maid [*above*]. Why, who is this?

Laun. Oh, damsel dear,

Open the door, and it shall appear;

Open the door!

Maid. Oh, gentle squire⁴¹,

I'll see thee hang first; farewell, my dear!—

'Tis master Thomas; there he stands.

Enter Mary, above.

Mary. 'Tis strange

That nothing can redeem him. Rail him hence,

Or sing him out in's own way; any thing

To be deliver'd of him.

Maid. Then have at him.

'My man Thomas

'Did me promise,

'He would visit me this night.

Tho. 'I am here, love;

'Tell me, dear love,

'How I may obtain thy sight.

Maid. 'Come up to my window, love;

'Come, come, come!

'Come to my window, my dear:

'The wind nor the rain

'Shall trouble thee again,

'But thou shalt be lodged here.'

⁴¹ *Open the door,*

Oh, gentle 'squire.] We take *Oh, gentle 'squire* to be part of the *Maid's* answer; who leaves off singing at, '*Tis master Thomas.*

Tho.

Tho. And art thou strong enough?

Laun. Up, up; I warrant you.

Mary. What dost thou mean to do?

Maid. Good mistress, peace;
I'll warrant you we'll cool him. Madge!

Madge [*above*]. I am ready.

Tho. 'The love of Greece, and it tickled him so,
'That he devised a way to go.'

Now sing the Duke of Northumberland!

Fid. 'And climbing to promotion,

'He fell down suddenly.'

[*Madge, with a devil's vizard, roaring, offers
to kiss him, and he falls down.*]

Maid. Farewell, Sir!

Mary. What hast thou done? Th' hast broke his
neck.

Maid. Not hurt him;
He pitch'd upon his legs like a cat.

Tho. Oh, woman!

Oh, miserable woman! I am spoil'd!

My leg, my leg, my leg! Oh, both my legs!

Mary. I told thee what th' hadst done; mischief go
with thee!

Tho. Oh, I am lam'd for ever! Oh, my leg,
Broken in twenty places! Oh, take heed,
Take heed of women, Fidler! Oh, a surgeon,
A surgeon, or I die! Oh, my good people!
No charitable people? all spiteful?
Oh, what a misery am I in! Oh, my leg!

Laun. Be patient, Sir, be patient: Let me bind it.

Enter Sam, and Hylas with his head broken.

Tho. Oh, do not touch it, rogue.

Hylas. My head, my head!

Oh, my head's kill'd!

Sam. You must be courting wenches
Thro' key-holes, captain Hylas! Come, and be com-
forted;

The skin is scarce broke.

Tho. Oh, my leg!

Sam.

Sam. How do you, Sir?

Tho. Oh, maim'd for ever with a fall. He's spoil'd too;

I see his brains.

Hylas. Away with me, for God's sake!

A surgeon!

Sam. Here's a night indeed.

Hylas. A surgeon! [*Exe. all but Fidler and Thomas.*]

Enter Mary and Servant below.

Mary. Go, run for help.

Tho. Oh!

Mary. Run all, and all too little.

Oh, curst beast that hurt him! Run, run, fly,
He will be dead else!

Tho. Oh!

Mary. Good friend, go you too.

Fid. Who pays me for my musick?

Mary. Pox o' your musick!

There's twelve pence for you.

Fid. There's two groats again, forsooth;

I never take above, and rest you merry! [*Exit.*]

Mary. A grease-pot gild your fiddle-strings!—How do you?

How is my dear?

Tho. Why, well, I thank you, sweetheart.

Shall we walk in; for now there's none to trouble us?

Mary. Are you so crafty, Sir? I shall meet with you.—

I knew your trick, and I was willing, my Tom,

Mine own Tom, now to satisfy thee. Welcome, welcome!

Welcome, my best friend, to me; all my dearest!

Tho. Now you're my noble mistress. We lose time, sweet.

Mary. I think they are all gone.

Tho. All; you did wisely.

Mary. And you as craftily.

Tho. We're well met, mistress.

Mary. Come, let's go in then lovingly.—Oh, my scarf, Tom!

434 MONSIEUR THOMAS.

I lost it thereabout; find it, and wear it
As your poor mistress' favour.

[Exit.

Tho. I am made now;
I see no venture is in no hand—I have it⁴².
How now? the door lock'd, and she in before?
Am I so trimm'd?

Mary [above]. One parting word, sweet Thomas:
Tho', to save your credit, I discharg'd your fidler,
I must not satisfy your folly too, Sir.
You're subtle; but, believe it, fox, I'll find you.
The surgeons will be here straight; roar again, boy,
And break thy legs, for shame; thou wilt be sport else.
Good night!

Tho. She says most true; I must not stay: Sh'has
bobb'd me;
Which, if I live, I'll recompence, and shortly.
Now for a ballad to bring me off again:
All young men, be warn'd by me,
How you do go a-wooing;
Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall,
Thereby comes your undoing, &c. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Servant.

Val. **H**E cannot go, and take no farewell of me?
Can he be so unkind? He's but retir'd
Into the garden or the orchard. See, Sirs.

Alice. He would not ride there certain; those were
planted

Only for walks, I take it.

Val. Ride? Nay then——
Had he a horse out?

⁴² *I see no venture is in no hand:—*] This scarcely seems intelligible.
Tom is triumphing with the thoughts of his success; I believe there-
fore that the common proverb, *Nothing venture, nothing have*, was
all

Serv. So the groom delivers,
Somewhat before the break of day.

Val. He's gone,
My best friend's gone, Alice! I have lost the noblest,
The truest, and the most man, I ere found yet.

Alice. Indeed, Sir, he deserves all praise.

Val. All, sister;
All, all, and all too little. Oh, that honesty,
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodness!

Alice. Sure he will return, Sir;
He cannot be so harsh.

Val. Oh, never, never,
Never return; thou know'st not where the cause lies.

Alice. He was the worthiest welcome—

Val. He deserv'd it.

Alice. Nor wanted, to our knowledge—

Val. I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee.
He never must return.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Good morrow, Signior.

Val. Good morrow, master Michael.

Mich. My good neighbour,
Methinks you're stirring early, since your travel;
You've learnt the rule of health, Sir. Where's your
mistress?

She keeps her warm, I warrant you, a-bed yet.

Val. I think she does.

Alice. 'Tis not her hour of waking.

Mich. Did you lie with her, lady?

all that was intended here, and have ventur'd to change the words to
it; though not without apprehensions of being thought to have taken
unwarrantable liberties.

Seward.

Mr. Seward reads,

I see no venture, nothing have: I have it.

I have it refers to the scarf; and Mr. Seward's *liberties* are certainly
unwarrantable. The sentence appears as incomplete, and so intended
by the Writer, whose dialogue should not be changed by an Editor,
who professes giving the original text.

436 MONSIEUR THOMAS.

Alice. Not to-night, Sir,
Nor any night this week else.

Mich. When last saw you her?

Alice. Late yesternight.

Mich. Was she a-bed then?

Alice. No, Sir?

I left her at her prayers. Why do you ask me?

Mich. I have been strangely haunted with a dream
All this long night, and, after many wakings,
The same dream still: Methought I met young Cellide
Just at St. Catherine's gate, the nunnery——

Val. Ha!

Mich. Her face flubber'd o'er with tears and troubles;
Methought she cried unto the lady abbess,
'For charity receive me, holy woman,
'A maid that has forgot the world's affections,
'Into thy virgin order;' methought she took her,
Put on a stole and sacred robe upon her,
And there I left her.

Val. Dream?

Mich. Good mistress Alice,
Do me the favour (yet to satisfy me)
To step but up, and see.

Alice. I know she's there, Sir,
And all this but a dream.

Mich. You know not my dreams;
They are unhappy ones, and often truths:
But this, I hope yet——

Alice. I will satisfy you. [Exit.]

Mich. Neighbour, how does the gentleman?

Val. I know not.

Dream of a nunnery?

Mich. How found you my words
About the nature of his sickness, Valentine?

Val. Did she not cry out, 'twas my folly too
That forc'd her to this nunnery? did she not curse me?
For God sake speak! did you not dream of me too?
How basely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,
Tir'd with his joys——

Mich. Alas, poor gentleman!

You

You promis'd me, Sir, to bear all these crosses.

Val. I bear 'em 'till I break again!

Mich. But nobly,
Truly to weigh—

Val. Good neighbour, no more of it;
You do but fling flax on my fire. Where is she?

Enter Alice.

Alice. Not yonder, Sir, nor has not this night certain
Been in her bed.

Mich. It must be truth she tells you;
And now I'll shew you why I came: This morning
A man of mine, being employ'd about business,
Came early home, who, at St. Catharine's nunnery,
About day-peep, told me he met your mistress;
And, as I spoke it in a dream, so troubled,
And so receiv'd by th' abbess, did he see her:
The wonder made me rise, and haste unto you,
To know the cause.

Val. Farewell! I cannot speak it. [*Exit Val.*]

Alice. For Heav'n sake, leave him not!

Mich. I will not, lady.

Alice. Alas, he's much afflicted.

Mich. We shall know shortly more. Apply your
own care

At home, good Alice, and trust him to my counsel.
Nay, do not weep; all shall be well, despair not. [*Exe.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Sebastian and a Servant.

Seb. At Valentine's house so merry?

Serv. As a pie, Sir.

Seb. So gamesome, dost thou say?

Serv. I'm sure I heard it.

Seb. Ballads, and fiddles too?

Serv. No, but one fiddle;
But twenty noises.

Enter Launcelot.

Seb. Did he do devises?

Serv. The best devises, Sir. Here's my fellow
Launcelot,

He can inform you all; he was among 'em,
A mad thing too; I stood but in a corner.

Seb. Come, Sir; what can you say? Is there any
hope yet
Your master may return?

Laun. He went far else;
I will assure your worship, on my credit,
By the faith of a traveller, and a gentleman,
Your son is found again; the son, the Tom.

Seb. Is he the old Tom?

Laun. The old Tom.

Seb. Go forward.

Laun. Next, to consider how he is the old Tom,

Seb. Handle me that.

Laun. I would y' had seen it handled
Last night, Sir, as we handled it: *Cap-à-pie!*
Footra for leers and leerings⁴³! oh, the noise,
The noise we made!

Seb. Good, good!

Laun. The windows clattering,
And all the chambermaids in such a whobub,
One with her smock half off, another in haste
With a serving-man's hose upon her head——

Seb. Good still!

Laun. A fellow railing out of a loop-hole there,
And his mouth stopt with dirt——

⁴³ For leers and leerings.] The word *leer* occurs in the New Inn,
by Ben Jonson, act iv. scene iii. Lovel says,

‘——— I'll to bed, and sleep

‘ If th' house, and your *leer drunkards* let me.’

And also in Bartholomew-Fair, ‘ The Author doth promise a
‘ strutting horse-courser, with a *leer drunkard*, two or three to attend
‘ him in as good equipage as you would wish.’ Upon both which
passages, Mr. Whalley observes, that though the meaning of the
word *leer* cannot very easily be settled, the expression seems in both
places to denote noisy, laughing, roaring drunkards.

R.
Seb.

Seb. I'faith, a fine boy!

Laun. Here one of our heads broke——

Seb. Excellent good still!

Laun. The gentleman himself, young Mr. Thomas,
(Environ'd with his furious myrmidons,
The fiery Fidler, and myself) now singing,
Now beating at the door, there parlying,
Courting at that window, at the other scaling,
And all these several noises to two trenchers,
Strung with a bottom of brown thread, which shew'd
admirable.

Seb. There; eat, and grow again; I'm pleas'd.

Laun. Nor here, Sir,
Gave we the frolick over, tho' at length
We quit the lady's scone on composition;
But to the silent streets we turn'd our furies:
A sleeping watchman here we stole the shoes from,
There made a noise, at which he wakes, and follows;
The streets are dirty, takes a Queenhithe cold,
Hard cheese, and that, choaks him o' Monday next:
Windows and signs we sent to Erebus:
A crew of bawling curs we entertain'd last,
When having let the pigs loose in out-parishes,
Oh, the brave cry we made as high as Aldgate!
Down comes a constable, and the sow his sister
Most traitorously tramples upon authority:
There a whole stand of rug gowns routed manly,
And the king's peace put to flight: A purblind pig
here
Runs me his head into the admiral's lanthorn⁴⁴;
Out goes the light, and all turns to confusion:
A potter rises, to enquire this passion;
A boar imboist takes sanctuary in his shop,
When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheering;
Down go the pots, and pipkins, down the pudding-pans,
The cream-bowls cry revenge here, there the candle-
sticks!

⁴⁴ Into the admirable lanthorn.] Former editions. Seward.

Seb. If this be true ⁴⁵, thou little tiny page,
 This tale that thou tell'st me,
 Then on thy back will I presently hang
 A handsome new livery;
 But if this be false, thou little tiny page,
 As false it well may be,
 Then with a cudgel of four foot long
 I'll beat thee from head to toe ⁴⁶.

Enter Servant.

Seb. Will the boy come?

Serv. He will, Sir.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. Time tries all then.

Laun. Here he comes now himself, Sir.

Seb. To be short, Thomas,
 Because I feel a scruple in my conscience
 Concerning thy demeanor, and a main one,

⁴⁵ *If this be true, &c.]* In Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 67. is an old ballad entitled, Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard, from which we shall extract two stanzas, which Sebastian seems to have intended to imitate:

‘ If it be trewe, thou tiney foot-page,
 ‘ This tale thou hast told to mee,
 ‘ Then all my lands in Bucklesford Bury
 ‘ I freelye will give to thee.
 ‘ But if it be a lye, thou tiney foot-page,
 ‘ This tale thou hast told to mee,
 ‘ On the highest tree in Bucklesford Bury
 ‘ All hanged shalt thou bee.’

R.

⁴⁶ *I'll beat thee from head to toe.]* Unless the Poets here design'd on purpose to disappoint the readers of a rhyme, we must look on this as a corruption, and then a very humorous expression may supply its place. Launcelot in his affectation of talking French had us'd the words *cap à pie* just before. The old man therefore may here repeat it with great humour—*I'll beat thee from cap à pie*. But the transcriber seeing what the sense should be, and not knowing that this express'd it, chose to put the English without regard to the rhyme. I hope therefore I do no more than restore it.

Seward.

Mr. Seward's alteration is not unplaufible; yet it is too violent to be admitted into the text, contrary to the authority of all the old copies: Besides that, FROM *cap à pie* is rather a harsh expression.

And

And therefore like a father would be satisfied,
Get up to that window there, and presently,
Like a most complete gentleman, come from Tripoly⁴⁷.

Tho. Good Lord, Sir, how are you misled! What
fancies

(Fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me speak't,
And with a little wonder, I beseech you)
Choak up your noble judgment!

Seb. You rogue, Launcelot,
You lying rascal!

Laun. Will you spoil all again, Sir?
Why, what a devil do you mean?

Tho. Away, knave!—
You keep a company of faucy fellows,
Deboish'd, and daily drunkards, to devour you;
Things, whose dull souls tend to the cellar only:
You're ill advis'd, Sir, to commit your credit—

Seb. Sirrah, sirrah!

Laun. Let me ne'er eat again, Sir,
Nor feel the blessing of another blue coat,
If this young gentleman, sweet master Thomas,
Be not as mad as heart can wish, your heart, Sir:
If yesternight's discourse—Speak, fellow Robin;
And if thou speakest less than truth—

Tho. 'Tis strange these varlets—

Serv. By these ten bones, Sir, if these eyes and ears
Can hear and see—

Tho. Extreme strange!—Should thus boldly
Bud in your fight, unto your son.

Laun. Oh, *Deu guin*⁴⁸!

Can

⁴⁷ *Come from Tripoly.*] In Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, act v. scene i. La-Foole says, 'I protest, Sir John, you come as high from *Tripoly* as I do every whit, &c.' Upon which passage Mr. Whalley observes, that, *To come as high from Tripoly*, was a phrase then in use, to signify doing feats of activity and strength, and that *Tripoly* was famous for the jousts and tournaments held there in the days of chivalry; and from those feats the phrase was perhaps derived.

R.

⁴⁸ *Deu guin.*] Mr. Seward, with his accustomed fidelity, reads, *Dieu garde*; apprehending, no doubt, that 'it either was or ought to

442 MONSIEUR THOMAS.

Can you deny you beat a constable
Last night?

Tho. I touch authority, ye rascal?
I violate the law?

Laun. Good master Thomas!

Serv. Did you not take two wenches from the
watch too,
And put 'em into Pudding-Lane?

Laun. We mean not
Those civil things you did at Mr. Valentine's,
The fiddle, and the fa'las.

Tho. Oh, strange impudence!
I do beseech you, Sir, give no such licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuse your son thus:
Be wise in time, and turn 'em off. We live, Sir,
In a state govern'd civilly, and soberly,
Where each man's actions should confirm the law,
Not crack, and cancel it.

Seb. Launcelot du Lake,
Get you upon adventures! cast your coat,
And make your exit.

Laun. *Pour l'amour de Dieu!*

Seb. *Pur* me no *purs*; but *pur* at that door; out,
firrah!

I'll beat ye *purblind* else; out, ye eight languages!

Laun. My blood upon your head! [Exit.]

Tho. Purge me 'em all, Sir.

Seb. And you too presently.

Tho. Even as you please, Sir.

Seb. Bid my maid-servants come⁴⁹, and bring my
daughter;

I will have one shall please me. [Exit Servant.]

Tho. 'Tis most fit, Sir.

Seb. Bring me the money there. Here, Mr. Thomas!

⁴⁹ *to have been so wrote;* and, classing it among those variations which are 'too self-evident to require a note,' says nothing about it. *Durw guin* is the Welch ejaculation here designed, meaning literally *white God*.

⁴⁹ *Bid my maid servant come.*] Former editions.

Seward.

Enter

Enter two Servants, with two bags.

I pray sit down; you are no more my son now;
Good gentleman, be cover'd.

Tho. At your pleasure.

Seb. This money I do give ye, because of whilom
You have been thought my son; and by myself too,
And some things done like me: Ye are now another,
There is two hundred pound, a civil sum
For a young civil man: Much land and lordship
Will, as I take it, now but prove temptation
To dread ye⁵⁰ from your settled and sweet carriage.

Tho. You say right, Sir.

Seb. Nay, I beseech you cover.

Tho. At your dispose. And I beseech you too, Sir,
For the word civil, and more settled course,
It may be put to use, that on the interest,
Like a poor gentleman——

Seb. It shall, to my use,
To mine again; do you see, Sir? good fine gentleman,
I give no brooding money for a scrivener;
Mine is for present traffick, and so I'll use it.

Tho. So much for that then.

Enter Dorothy, and four Maids.

Seb. For the main cause, Monsieur,
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that piece of story-work, and view it.
I want a right heir to inherit me;
Not my estate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will break my back, but I will get one.

Tho. Will you chuse there, Sir?

Seb. There, among those damsels,
In mine own tribe: I know their qualities,

⁵⁰ *To dread you.*] i. e. *To frighten you*: If the reader does not admit this uncommon use of the word (which seem'd designedly affected by the Authors) he may perhaps prefer, *draw* or *drive* or *drag*, either of which may stand in its room.

Seward.

Which

444 MONSIEUR THOMAS.

Which cannot fail to please me. For their beauties
A matter of a three farthings makes all perfect,
A little beer, and beef-broth; they are found too.
Stand all a-breast. Now, gentle Mr. Thomas,
Before I chuse, you having liv'd long with me,
And happily sometimes with some of these too,
(Which fault I never frown'd upon) pray shew me
(For fear we confound our genealogies)
Which have you laid aboard; speak your mind freely;
Have you had copulation with that damsel?

Tho. I have.

Seb. Stand you aside then. How with her, Sir?

Tho. How, is not seemly here to say.

Dor. Here's fine sport!

Seb. Retire you too. Speak forward, Mr. Thomas.

Tho. I will, and to the purpose; even with all, Sir.

Seb. With all? that's somewhat large.

Dor. And yet you like it.

Was ever sin so glorious?

Seb. With all, Thomas?

Tho. All surely, Sir.

Seb. A sign thou art mine own yet!

In again all, and to your several functions!

[*Exe. Maids.*

What say you to young Luce, my neighbour's
daughter?

She was too young, I take it, when you travell'd;
Some twelve years old.

Tho. Her will was fifteen, Sir.

Seb. A pretty answer, to cut off long discourse,
For I have many yet to ask you of,
Where I can chuse, and nobly. Hold up your finger,
When you are right: What say you to Valeria,
Whose husband lies a-dying now?—Why two,
And in that form?

Tho. Her husband is recover'd.

Seb. A witty moral! Have at ye once more, Thomas;
The sisters of St. Albans?—All five? Dat boy!
Dat's mine own boy!

Dor.

Dor. Now out upon thee, monster!

Tho. Still hoping of your pardon.

Seb. There needs none, man;

A straw on pardon! prithee, need no pardon.

I'll ask no more, nor think no more of marriage,

For o' my conscience I shall be thy cuckold.

There's some good yet left in him: Bear yourself well,

You may recover me. There's twenty pound, Sir;

I see some sparkles which may flame again.

You may eat with me when you please; you know
me. [Exit Seb.]

Dor. Why do you lie so damnably, so foolishly?

Tho. Dost thou long to have thy head broke? Hold
thy peace,

And do as I would have thee, or by this hand

I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hound⁵¹,

And drink away thy dowry to a penny.

Dor. Was ever such a wild ass?

Tho. Prithee be quiet!

Dor. And dost thou think men will not beat thee
monstrously,

For abusing their wives and children?

Tho. And dost thou think

Mens' wives and children can be abus'd too much?

Dor. I wonder at thee.

Tho. Nay, thou shalt adjure me

Before I've done.

Dor. How stand you with your mistress?

Tho. I shall stand nearer

Ere I be twelve hours older: There's my business.

She's monstrous subtle, Doll.

Dor. The devil, I think,

Cannot out-subtle thee.

Tho. If he play fair play.

⁵¹ ————— by this hand

[I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hand.] Here the word *hand* by accident has been repeated at the end of the second line and expelled the true word. The sense plainly leads us to a lap dog, or a monkey, and the epithet *small* makes the former most probable; I read therefore *small hound*. *Seward.*

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Come, you must help me presently.

Dor. I discard you.

Tho. Thou shalt not sleep nor eat!

Dor. I'll no hand with you,
No bawd to your abuses.

Tho. By this light, Dol,
Nothing but in the way of honesty!

Dor. Thou never knew'st that road: I hear your vigils.

Tho. Sweet honey Dol—If I don't marry her,
Honestly marry her; if I mean not honourably—
Come, thou shalt help me—Take heed how you vex me!
I'll help thee to a husband too, a fine gentleman,
(I know thou'rt mad) a tall young man, a brown man;
I swear he has his maidenhead; a rich man——

Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I'll answer ye.

Tho. Nay, I'll go with thee, Dol.—Four Hundred
a-year, wench! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Michael and Valentine.

Mich. Good Sir, go back again, and take my counsel:
Sores are not cur'd by sorrows, nor time broke from us
Pull'd back again by sighs.

Val. What should I do, friend?

Mich. Do that that may redeem you, go back quickly:
Sebastian's daughter can prevail much with her;
The abbess is her aunt too.

Val. But my friend then,
Whose love and loss is equal tied?

Mich. Content you;
That shall be my task. If he be alive,
Or where my travel and my care may reach him,
I'll bring him back again.

Val. Say he come back
To piece his poor friend's life out, and my mistress
Be vow'd for ever a recluse?

Mich. So suddenly

She

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She cannot; haste you therefore instantly away, Sir,
To put that danger by. First, as to a father,
Then as a friend, she was committed to you,
And all the care she now has: By which privilege
She cannot do herself this violence,
But you may break it, and the law allows you.

Val. Oh, but I forc'd her to it.

Mich. Leave disputing
Against yourself: If you will needs be miserable,
Spite of her goodness, and your friend's persuasions,
Think on, and thrive thereafter.

Val. I will home then,
And follow your advice; and, good, good Michael—

Mich. No more; I know your soul's divided,
Valentine:

Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage,
Ere my return; for then those thoughts that vex'd her,
While there ran any stream for loose affections,
Will be stopt up, and chaste-ey'd honour guide her.
Away, and hope the best still! I'll work for you,
And pray too, heartily. Away; no more words! [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hylas. I care not for my broken head.
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,
A lousy, lazy wench prepar'd to do it!

Sam. Thou hadst as good be quiet; for o' my
conscience
He'll put another on thee else.

Hylas. I am resolv'd
To call him to account. Was it not manifest
He meant a mischief to me, and laugh'd at me,
When he lay roaring out, his leg was broken,
And no such matter? Had he broke his neck,
Indeed'twould ne'er have griev'd me. Gallows gall him!
Why should he chuse out me?

Sam. Thou'rt ever ready

To

To thrust thyself into these she-occasions,
And he as full of knavery to accept it.

Hylas. Well, if I live, I'll have a new trick for him.

Sam. That will not be amiss, but to fight with him
Is to no purpose : Besides, he's truly valiant,
And a most deadly hand ; thou never fought'st yet,
Nor, o' my conscience, hast no faith in fighting.

Hylas. No, no, I will not fight.

Sam. Besides, the quarrel,
Which has a woman in't, to make it scurvy,
Who would lie stinking in a surgeon's hands,
A month or two this weather ? for, believe it,
He never hurts under a quarter's healing.

Hylas. No ; upon better thought, I will not fight,
Sam,
But watch my time.

Sam. To pay him with a project ;
Watch him too, I would wish you. Prithee tell me,
Dost thou affect these women still ?

Hylas. Yes, 'faith, Sam,
I love 'em ev'n as well as e'er I did ;
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I must to 'em.

Sam. Dost thou love any woman ?

Hylas. Any woman,
Of what degree or calling.

Sam. Of any age too ?

Hylas. Of any age, from fourscore to fourteen, boy ;
Of any fashion.

Sam. And defect too ?

Hylas. Right ;
For those I love to lead me to repentance.
A woman with no nose, after my surquedry ⁵²,

⁵² *A woman with no nose, after my surquedry.] Surquedry is pride or presumption ; the original French word signifies over-thinking, and in that sense it is here used, — After my surquedry, or according to my profound judgment.* Seward.

In the First Part of Marston's Antonio and Mellida, act iii. this word occurs ;

‘ ————— I will confesse plaine troth,
‘ I envy nothing but the Travenſe light.

‘ Oh,

Shews like king Philip's moral, *Memento mori*;
And she that has a wooden leg demonstrates,
Like hypocrites, we halt before the gallows;
An old one, with one tooth, seems to say to us,
Sweet meats have four sauce; she that's full of aches,
Crumb not your bread before you taste your porridge;
And many morals we may find.

Sam. 'Tis well, Sir,
You make so worthy uses. But, *quid igitur*?
What shall we now determine?

Hylas. Let's consider
An hour or two how I may fit this fellow.

Sam. Let's find him first; he'll quickly give occasion:
But take heed to yourself, and say I warn'd you;
He has a plaguy pate.

Hylas. That at my danger. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Sailors singing; to them, Michael and Francis.

Sail. Aboard, aboard! the wind stands fair.

Mich. These call for passengers; I'll stay and see
What men they take aboard.

Fran. A boat, a boat, a boat!

Sail. Away then.

Fran. Whither are ye bound, friends?

Sail. Down to the Streights.

Mich. Ha! 'tis not much unlike him.

Fran. May I have passage for my money?

Sail. And welcome too.

Mich. 'Tis he; I know 'tis he now.

Fran. Then, merrily aboard. And, noble friend,
Heav'n's goodness keep thee ever, and all virtue

- * O, had it eyes, and eares, and tongues it might
- * See sport, heare speech of most strange *surquedries*.
- * O, if that candle light were made a poet,
- * He would prove a rare sirking satyrist,
- * And draw the core forth of imposthum'd sinne.

The word is also used by Spenser, and the Glossary to that Writer explains it in the same manner as Mr. Seward.

R.

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Dwell in thy bosom! Cellide, my last tears
I leave behind me thus, a sacrifice!
For I dare stay no longer to betray you.

Mich. Be not so quick, Sir. Sailors, I here charge ye,
By virtue of this warrant, as you'll answer it,
(For both your ship and merchant I know perfectly)
Lay hold upon this fellow!

Fran. Fellow?

Mich. Ay, Sir.

Sail. No hand to sword, Sir; we shall master you.
Fetch out the manacles!

Fran. I do obey ye.
But, I beseech you, Sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.

Mich. You have robb'd a gentleman,
One that you're bound to for your life and being;
Money and horse unjustly you took from him,
And something of more note; but—for you're a gentleman——

Fran. It shall be so; and here I'll end all miseries,
Since friendship is so cruel!—I confess it,
And, which is more, a hundred of these robberies:
This ring I stole too from him, and this jewel,
The first and last of all my wealth.—Forgive me,
My innocence and truth, for saying I stole 'em,
And may they prove of value but to recompense
The thousandth part of his love, and bread I've eaten!—
'Pray see 'em render'd, noble Sir; and so
I yield me to your power.

Mich. Guard him to th' water,
I charge you, sailors; there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a justice.

Sail. Come, Sir;
Look to your neck; you're like to sail i'th' air now.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Maid.

Tho. Come, quickly, quickly, quickly; paint me
handsomely;

Take

Take heed my nose be not in grain too.

Come, Doll, Doll, disen me.

Dor. If you should play now
Your devil's parts again——

Tho. 'Yea and nay,' Dorothy ⁵³.

Dor. If ye do any thing, but that ye have sworn to,
Which only is access——

Tho. As I'm a gentleman!
Out with this hair, Doll, handsomely.

Dor. You have your breeches?

Tho. I prithee away; thou know'st I'm monstrous
ticklish:

What, dost thou think I love to blast my buttocks?

Dor. I'll plague you for this roguery; for I know
well

What you intend, Sir.

[*Aside.*

Tho. On with my muffler!

Dor. You're a sweet lady! Come, let's see you
court'sy:

What, broke i' th' bum? Hold up your head.

Tho. Plague on't,

I shall bepiss my breeches if I cower thus ⁵⁴!

Come, am I ready?

Maid. At all points as like, Sir,

As if you were my mistress.

⁵³ Yea and nay, Dorothy] The humour of this seems lost in the
former editions. Tom seems to use the expression *yea and nay* as an
adjective, *yea-and-nay* Dorothy: i. e. *Puritanical* Dorothy.

Seward.

Mr. Seward is wrong, though the comma after *yea and nay*, might
have kept him right. Tom does not call her *puritanical*, but, by a droll
imitation of the fanatics of our Authors' time, intimates that his de-
signs are as chaste as those of the religionists, whose conversation was
Yea, yea, and nay, nay. He makes use of the same expression, at his
first meeting with Hylas and Sam:

*Do not you see me alter'd? 'Yea and nay,' gentlemen;
A much converted man.*

⁵⁴ *If I cower thus.*] i. e. Bend, stoop, or shrink.

² As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold

'Approaching two and two, these cower'd low

'With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.'

Paradise Lost, b. viii. l. 349.

F f 2

R.

Dor.

Dor. Who goes with you?

Tho. None but my fortune, and myself. [*Exit.*

Dor. Bless you!—

Now run thou for thy life, and get before him,
(Take the bye-way) and tell my cousin Mary
In what shape he intends to come to cozen her;
I'll follow at thy heels myself. Fly, wench!

Maid. I'll do it. [*Exit.*

Enter Sebastian and Thomas.

Dor. My father has met him; this goes excellent!
And I'll away in time. Look to your skin, Thomas!
[*Exit.*

Seb. What, are you grown so corn-fed, goody Gillian,
You will not know your father? What vagaries
Have you in hand? what out-leaps, dirty heels,
That at these hours of night you must be gadding,
And thro' the orchard take your private passage?
What, is the breeze in your breech? Or has your brother
Appointed you an hour of meditation
How to demean himself? Get you to bed, drab,
Or I'll so crab your shoulders—You demure slut,
You civil dish of slic'd beef, get you in!

Tho. I wi' not, that I wi' not.

Seb. Is it even so, dame?

Have at you with a night-spell then!

Tho. 'Pray hold, Sir!

Seb. ' St. George, St. George, our lady's knight,
' He walks by day, so does he by night;
' And when he had her found,
' He her beat and her bound,
' Until to him her troth she plight,
' She would not stir from him that night.

Tho. Nay then, have at you with a counter spell:
' From elves, hobs, and fairies,
' That trouble our dairies,
' From fire-drakes and fiends,
' And such as the de'il sends,
' Defend us, good Heaven!

[*Knocks down Seb. and exit.*
Enter

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Bless me, master! Look up, Sir, I beseech you!
Up with your eyes to Heav'n!

Seb. Up with your nose, Sir!
I do not bleed. 'Twas a sound knock she gave me;
A plaguy mankind girl⁵⁵! How my brains totter!
Well, go thy ways; th' hast got one thousand pound
more

With this dog trick. Mine own true spirit in her too.

Laun. In her? Alas, Sir,
Alas, poor gentlewoman, she a hand so heavy,
To knock you like a calf down, or so brave a courage
To beat her father? If you could believe, Sir——

Seb. Who wouldst thou make me believe it was? the
devil?

Laun. One that spits fire as fast as he sometimes, Sir,
And changes shapes as often; your son Thomas.
Ne'er wonder; if it be not he, straight hang me.

Seb. He? If it be so,
I'll put thee in my will; and there's an end on'r.

Laun. I saw his legs; h' has boots on like a player,
Under his wench's cloaths; 'tis he, 'tis Thomas,
In his own sister's cloaths, Sir, and I can watch him⁵⁶.

Seb. No more words then; we'll watch him. Thou'lt
not believe, Launce,
How heartily glad I am.

Laun. May you be gladder!
But not this way, Sir.

Seb. No more words, but watch him. [Exeunt.

⁵⁵ *A plaguy mankind girl.*] Dr. Johnson says, that a *mankind woman* is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. R.

'Oh, *mankind* generation!' occurs in the *Silent Woman*.

⁵⁶ *In his own sister's cloaths, Sir, and I can watch him.*] The variation is Mr. Seward's, who says he at first proposed reading *canvast*; i. e. search'd or enquired into him; but that by Sebastian's answer, *We'll watch him*, the word *watch* seems the more probable reading.

SCENE VII.

Enter Mary, Dorothy, and Maid.

Mary. When comes he?

Dor. Presently.

Mary. Then get you up, Doll;
Away; I'll straight come to you. Is all ready?

Maid. All.

Mary. Let the light stand far enough.

Maid. 'Tis plac'd so.

Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his chamber:
But keep close, wench; he flies at all.

Maid. I warrant you.

Mary. You need no more instruction?

Maid. I am perfect.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Valentine and Thomas.

Tho. More stops yet? Sure the fiend's my ghostly
father.

Old Valentine! what wind's in his poop?

Val. Lady,

You're met most happily. Oh, gentle Doll,
You must now do me an especial favour.

Tho. What is it, master Valentine?—I'm sorely
troubled

With a salt rheum fall'n i' my gums.

Val. I'll tell you,

And let it move you equally: My blest mistress,
Upon a slight occasion taking anger,

Took also (to undo me) your aunt's nunnery,
From whence by my persuasion to redeem her

Will be impossible; nor have I liberty

To come and visit her. My good, good Dorothy,

You are most powerful with her, and your aunt too,
And have access at all hours liberally;

Speak

Speak now or never for me?

Tho. In a nunnery?

That course must not be suffer'd, master Valentine;
Her mother never knew it.—Rare sport for me;
Sport upon sport!—By th' break of day I'll meet ye;
And fear not, man; we'll have her out, I warrant ye.
I cannot stay now.

Val. You'll not break?

Tho. By no means.

Good night.

Val. Good night, kind mistress Doll. [Exit.

Tho. This thrives well;

Every one takes me for my sister; excellent!
This nunnery's fall'n so pat too, to my figure,
Where there be handsome wenches, and they shall
know it,
If once I creep in, ere they get me out again.
Stay, here's the house, and one of her maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

Oh, mistress Dorothy! You are a stranger.

Tho. Still mistress Dorothy? This geer will cotton⁵⁷.

Maid. Will you walk in, forsooth?

Tho. Where is your mistress?

Maid. Not very well; she's gone to bed: I'm glad
You're come so fit to comfort her.

Tho. Yes, I'll comfort her.

Maid. 'Pray make not much noise, for she's sure
asleep.

You know your side; creep softly in; your company

⁵⁷ *This geer will cotton.*] This seems to have been a cant expression, understood at the time. In Lily's *Campaspe*, an old play in Dodsley's Collection, vol. ii. Alexander says, 'Now, Hephestion, doth not this matter cotton as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly, liberty will encrease her beautie, and my love shall advance her honour.' By which it appears, that the matter is said to cotton from the concurrence of all these circumstances: So here, from the number of successful tokens, Thomas says, 'This geer will cotton.' In the same sense we still say, that 'things cotton together.'

Will warm her well.

Tho. I warrant thee, I'll warm her.

Maid. Your brother has been here; the strangest fellow!

Tho. A very rogue, a rank rogue!

Maid. I'll conduct you

Ev'n to her chamber-door, and there commit you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Enter Michael, Francis, and Officers.

Mich. Come, Sir, for this night I shall entertain ye,
And like a gentleman, howe'er your fortune
Hath cast you on the worst part.

Fran. How you please, Sir:

I am resolv'd; nor can a joy or misery
Much move me now.

Mich. I'm angry with myself now
For putting this forc'd way upon his patience;
Yet any other course had been too slender.
Yet what to think I know not; for most liberally
He hath confess'd strange wrongs, which, if they
prove so,
Howe'er the other's long love may forget all,
Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and this way.
Drink that; and now to my care leave your prisoner;
I'll be his guard for this night.

Offi. Good night to your worship. [*Exeunt.*]

Mich. Good night, my honest friends. Come, Sir,
I hope

There shall be no such cause of such a sadness
As you put on.

Fran. 'Faith, Sir, my rest is up,
And what I now pull shall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at span-counter; nor is my face
The map of any thing I seem to suffer;
Lighter affections seldom dwell in me, Sir,

Mich.

Mich. A constant gentleman.—'Would I had taken
A fever, when I took this harsh way to disturb him!
Come, walk with me, Sir; ere tomorrow-night
I doubt not but to see all this blown over. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Hylas.

Hylas. I HAVE dog'd his sister, (sure 'twas she)
And I hope she will come back again this
night too;

Sam I have lost of purpose: Now if I can,
With all the art I have, as she comes back,
But win a parley for my broken pate,
Off goes her maidenhead, and there's *vindicta*!
They stir about the house; I'll stand at distance. [*Exit.*

Enter Mary and Dorothy, and then Thomas and Maid.

Dor. Is he come in?

Mary. Speak softly;

He is, and there he goes.

Tho. Good night, good night, wench!

[*A bed discovered, with a Blackmoor in it.*

Maid. As softly as you can.

[*Exit.*

Tho. I'll play the mouse, Nan.

How close the little thief lies!

Mary. How he itches!

Dor. What would you give now to be there, and I
At home, Mall?

Mary. Peace; for shame!

Tho. In what a figure

The little fool has pull'd itself together!

Anon you will lie straighter; ha! there's rare circumstance

Belongs to such a treatise. Do you tumble?

I'll tumble with you straight, wench. She sleeps
soundly.

Full

Full little think'st thou of thy joy that's coming,
 The sweet, sweet joy! full little of the kisses;
 But those unthought-of things come ever happiest.
 How soft the rogue feels! Oh, you little villain,
 You delicate coy thief, how I shall thrum you!
 Your, 'fy! away, good servant! as you are a gentleman!'—

Mary. Prithee leave laughing.

Tho. 'Out upon you, Thomas!

'What do you mean to do? I'll call the house up!

'Oh, God, I'm sure you will not!' shall not serve you,
 For up you go now, an you were my father.

Mary. Your courage will be cool'd anon.

Tho. If I do hang for't,

Yet I'll be quarter'd here first.

Dor. Oh, fierce villain!

Mary. What would he do indeed, Doll?

Dor. You had best try him.

Tho. I'll kiss thee ere I come to bed, sweet Mary—

Mary. Prithee, leave laughing.

Dor. Oh, for gentle Nicholas!

Tho. And view that stormy face that has so thunder'd me.

A coldness crept over't now? By your leave, candle,
 And next, door, by yours too! So; a pretty, pretty—
 Shall I now look upon ye? By this light it moves me.

Mary. Much good may it do you, Sir!

Tho. Holy saints defend me!

The devil, devil, devil, devil! oh, the devil!

Mary.Dor. Ha, ha, ha, ha! The devil! oh, the devil!

Tho. I am abus'd most damnedly, most beastly!

Yet, if it be a she-devil—but the house is up,
 And here's no staying longer in this cassock.

Woman, I here disclaim thee! and, in vengeance,
 I'll marry with that devil, but I'll vex thee!

Mary. By'r lady, but you shall not, Sir; I'll watch ye.

Tho. Plague o' your Spanish leather hide! I'll waken you.

Devil, good night! Good night, good devil!

Moor.

Moor. Oh!

Tho. Roar again, devil, roar again. [*Exit.*

Moor. Oh, oh, Sir!

Mary. Open the doors before him; let him vanish:
Now, let him come again, I'll use him kinder.
How now, wench?

Moor. 'Pray lie here yourself next, mistress,
And entertain your sweetheart.

Mary. What said he to thee?

Moor. I had a soft bed, and I slept out all
But his kind farewell: You may bake me now,
For o' my conscience, he has made me venison.

Mary. Alas, poor Kate! I'll give thee a new petticoat.

Dor. And I a waistcoat, wench.

Mary. Draw in the bed, maids,
And see it made again; put fresh sheets on too,
For Doll and I. Come, wench, let's laugh an hour now.
Tomorrow, early, will we see young Cellide;
They say she has taken sanctuary: Love and hay⁵⁸
Are thick sown, but come up so full of thistles!

Dor. They must needs, Mall, for 'tis a pricking
age grown.
Prithee to bed, for I am monstrous sleepy.

Mary. A match; but art not thou thy brother?

Dor. 'Would I were, wench!
You should hear further.

Mary. Come; no more of that, Doll! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Hylas and Thomas.

Hylas. I heard the doors clap; now, an't be thy will,
wench——

By th' mass, she comes. You're fairly met⁵⁹, fair
gentlewoman!

⁵⁸ *Love and they — are thick sown, &c.]* That this is corrupt
needs no proof: I read *love and hay*, i. e. *Hay seeds are thick sown, &c.*
Seaward.

⁵⁹ *You're surely met.]* Former editions all read thus.

I take

460 MONSIEUR THOMAS.

I take it mistress Doll, Sebastian's daughter.

Tho. You take it right⁶⁰, Sir.—Hylas, are you ferreting?

I'll fit you with a penny-worth presently.

Hylas. How dare you walk so late, sweet, so weak guarded?

Tho. 'Faith, Sir, I do no harm, nor none I look for; Yet I am glad I've met so good a gentleman, Against all chances; for tho' I never knew you, Yet I have heard much good spoke of you.

Hylas. Hark you; What if a man should kiss you?

Tho. That's no harm, Sir.—

'Pray God he 'scapes my beard! therelies the mischief.

Hylas. Her lips are monstrous rugged; but that surely

Is but the sharpness of the weather.—Hark ye, once more,

And in your ear, sweet mistress, (for you are so, And ever shall be from this hour, I've vow'd it)——

Enter Sebastian and Launcelot.

Seb. Why, that's my daughter, rogue; dost thou not see her

Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner?

Laun. Kissing?

Seb. Now, now; now they agree o'th' match too.

Tho. Nay then, you love me not.

Hylas. By this white hand, Doll!

Tho. I must confess, I've long desir'd your sight, Sir.

Laun. Why, there's the boots still, Sir.

Seb. Hang boots, Sir!

Why, they'll wear breeches too.

Tho. Dishonest me?

Not for the world.

Seb. Why, now they kiss again; there!

I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing

⁶⁰ *Tho.* I take right, Sir.] The sense and measure both are improv'd by the change made in this reading.

Seward.

Out

Out the back way must needs have such a meaning.

Laun. I'm at my small wits' end.

Tho. If you mean honourably——

Laun. Did she ne'er beat you before, Sir?

Seb. Why dost thou follow me?

Thou rascal, slave, hast thou not twice abus'd me?
Hast thou not spoil'd the boy? By thine own covenant,
Wouldst thou not now be hang'd?

Laun. I think I would, Sir;

But you are so impatient! Does not this shew, Sir,
(I do beseech you speak, and speak with judgment,
And let the case be equally consider'd)

Far braver in your daughter? In a son now,
'Tis nothing, of no mark, every man does it;
But to beget a daughter, a man-maiden,
That reaches at these high exploits, is admirable!
Nay, she goes far beyond him; for when durst he,
But when he was drunk, do any thing to speak of?
This is Sebastian truly.

Seb. Thou say'st right, Launce;

And there's my hand once more.

Tho. Not without marriage.

Seb. Didst thou hear that?

Laun. I think she spoke of marriage.

Seb. And he shall marry her (for it seems she likes
him)

And their first boy shall be my heir.

Laun. Ay, marry,

Now you go right to work.

Tho. Fy, fy, Sir!

Now I have promis'd you this night to marry,
Would you be so intemperate? are you a gentleman?

Hylas. I have no maw to marriage, yet this rascal
Tempt me extremely.—Will you marry presently?

Tho. Get you afore, and stay me at the chapel,
Close by the nunnery; there you shall find a night-
priest,

Little Sir Hugh, and he can say the matrimony
Over without book; for we must have no company,
Nor

Nor light, for fear my father know, which must not yet be:

And then tomorrow-night——

Hylas. Nothing to-night, sweet?

Tho. No, not a bit. I'm sent of business, About my dowry, sweet; do not you spoil all now; 'Tis of much haste.—I can scarce stay the marriage! Now, if you love me, get you gone!

Hylas. You'll follow?

Tho. Within this hour, my sweet chick.

Hylas. Kifs.

Tho. A rope kifs you!—

Come, come; I stand o' thorns.

Hylas. Methinks her mouth still

Is monstrous rough; but they have ways to mend it.— Farewell!

Tho. Farewell!—I'll fit you with a wife, Sir.

Seb. Come, follow close; I'll see the end she aims at, And if he be a handsome fellow, Launcelot, Fiat! 'tis done, and all my 'state is settled. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Abbess, Cellide, and Nuns.

Abbess. Come, to your matins, maids! These early hours,

My gentle daughter, will disturb a while
Your fair eyes, nurtur'd in ease.

Cel. No, virtuous mother,

'Tis for my holy health, to purchase which
They shall forget the child of ease, soft slumber⁶¹.

Oh, my afflicted heart, how thou art tortur'd!
And, Love, how like a tyrant thou reign'st in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one instant!

Why came I hither, that desire to have
Only all liberty to make me happy?

Why didst thou bring that young man home, oh,
Valentine,

⁶¹ *The child of ease, soft slumbers.*] Former editions. *Seaward.*

That

That virtuous youth? Why didst thou speak his
goodness,

In such a phrase as if all tongues, all praises,
Were made for him? Oh, fond and ignorant!

Why didst thou foster my affection

'Till it grew up to know no other father,

And then betray it?

Abbeſs. Can you sing?

Cel. Yes, mother,

My sorrows only.

Abbeſs. Be gone, and to the choir then.

[*Exeunt. Muſick, ſinging.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Michael and Servant, and Francis.

Mich. Haſt thou enquir'd him out?

Serv. He's not at home, Sir;

His iuter thinks he's gone to th' nunnery.

Mich. Moſt likely; I'll away. An hour hence, firrah,
Come you along with this young gentleman;

Do him all ſervice, and fair office.

Serv. Yes, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Sam. Where haſt thou been, man?

Hylas. Is there ne'er a ſhop open?

I'll give thee a pair of gloves, Sam.

Sam. What's the matter?

Hylas. What doſt thou think?

Sam. Thou art not married?

Hylas. By th' maſs but I am, all to being married *;
I am i'th' order now, Sam.

Sam. To whom, prithee?

* *All to be married.*] We ſhould either read, *All but to be married*;
or, *All to being married.*

I thought

464 MONSIEUR THOMAS.

I thought there was some such trick in't, you stole from me.

But who, for Heav'n's sake?

Hylas. Ev'n the sweetest woman,
The rarest woman, Samuel, and the lustiest,
But wondrous honest, honest as the ice, boy,
Not a bit beforehand, for my life, firrah;
And of a lusty kindred!

Sam. But who, Hylas?

Hylas. The young gentleman and I are like to be friends again;

The fates will have it so.

Sam. Who, Monsieur Thomas?

Hylas. All wrongs forgot.

Sam. Oh, now I smell you, Hylas;
Does he know of it?

Hylas. No, there's the trick I owe him;
'Tis done, boy; we are fast, 'faith! My youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities.

Sam. Is there no trick in't?

Hylas. None, but up and ride, boy.
I have made her no jointure neither; there I have paid him.

Sam. She's a brave wench.

Hylas. She shall be, as I'll use her;
And, if she anger me, all his abuses
I'll clap upon her cassock.

Sam. Take heed, Hylas!

Hylas. 'Tis past that, Sam. Come, I must meet her presently,
And thou⁶² shalt see me a most glorious husband. [*Exe.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Dorothy, Mary, and Valentine.

Dor. In troth, Sir, you ne'er spoke to me.

Val. Can you forget me?

⁶² *And now shalt.*] Former editions.

Seward.

Did

MONSIEUR THOMAS. 465

Did not you promise all your help and cunning
In my behalf, but for one hour to see her?
Did you not swear it? By this hand, no strictness
Nor rule this house holds, shall by me be broken.

Dor. I saw you not these two days.

Val. Do not wrong me!

I met you, by my life, just as you enter'd,
This gentle lady's lodge, last night, thus suited,
About eleven o'clock.

Dor. 'Tis true, I was there;
But that I saw or spoke to you——

Mary. I've found it;
Your brother Thomas, Doll!

Dor. Pray, Sir, be satisfied,
And wherein I can do you good, command me.—
What a mad fool is this!—Stay here a while, Sir,
Whilst we walk in, and make your peace.

[Exit with Mary.]

Enter Abbess.

Val. I thank you.

[Squeak within.]

Abbess. Why, what's the matter there among these
maids?

Now, *benedicite!* Have ye got the breeze there?
Give me my holy sprinkle!

Enter two Nuns.

1 Nun. Oh, madam,
There is a strange thing like a gentlewoman,
Like mistress Dorothy, (I think the fiend)
Crept into th' nunnery, we know not which way,
Plays revel-rout among us.

Abbess. Give me my holy water-pot!

1 Nun. Here, madam.

Abbess. Spirit of earth or air, I do conjure thee,
Of water, or of fire——

[Squeak within.]

1 Nun. Hark, madam, hark!

Abbess. Be thou ghost that cannot rest,
Or a shadow of the blest'd,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be seen——

VOL. IV.

G g

Enter

Enter Thomas and Cellide.

2 Nun. It comes, it comes!

Cel. What are you? speak, speak gently;
And next, what would you with me?

Tho. Any thing you'll let me.

Cel. You are no woman certain.

Tho. Nor you no nun,
Nor shall not be.

Cel. What make you here?

Tho. I am a holy friar.

Abbeſs. Is this the spirit?

Tho. Nothing but spirit, aunt.

Abbeſs. Now out upon thee!

Tho. Peace, or I'll conjure too, aunt.

Abbeſs. Why come you thus?

Tho. That's all one; here's my purpose⁶²:
Out with this nun; she is too handsome for ye.
I'll tell thee, aunt, and I speak it with tears to thee,
If thou keep'st her here, as yet I hope thou art wiser,
Mark but the mischief follows!

Abbeſs. She's a votress.

Tho. Let her be what she will, she will undo thee.
Let her but one hour out, as I direct you,
Or have among your nuns again!

Abbeſs. You have no project
But fair and honest?

Tho. As thine eyes, sweet Abbeſs.

Abbeſs. I will be rul'd then.

Tho. Thus then, and persuade her—
But do not juggle with me; if you do, aunt——

Abbeſs. I must be there myself.

Tho. Away, and fit her.

Abbeſs. Come, daughter, you must now be rul'd, or
never.

Cel. I must obey your will.

Abbeſs. That's my good daughter. [*Exeunt.*

⁶² Here's *my purpose*.] The old quarto reads, HER'S *my purpose*.

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

Enter Dorothy and Mary.

Mary. What a coil has this fellow kept i'th' nunnery!
Sure he has run the Abbess out of her wits.

Dor. Out of the nunnery, I think; for we can neither
see her,
Nor the young Cellide.

Mary. Pray Heav'ns, he be not teasing!

Dor. Nay, you may thank yourself; 'twas your
own structures.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Sam. Why, there's the gentlewoman.

Hylas. Mafs, 'tis she indeed.

How smart the pretty thief looks! 'Morrow, mistress!

Dor. Good morrow to you, Sir!

Sam. How strange she bears it!

Hylas. Maids must do so, at first.

Dor. Would ye aught with us, gentlemen?

Hylas. Yes, marry, would I,

A little with your ladyship.

Dor. Your will, Sir?

Hylas. Doll, I would have you presently prepare
Yourself and those things you would have with you;
For my house is ready.

Dor. How, Sir?

Hylas. And this night

Not to fail; you must come to me; my friends
Will all be there too. For trunks, and those things,
And household-stuff, and cloaths, you would have
carried,

Tomorrow, or the next day, I'll take order:
Only what money you have, bring away with you,
And jewels.

Dor. Jewels, Sir?

Hylas. Ay, for adornment.

There's a bed up to play the game in, Dorothy;

And now, come kifs me heartily !

Dor. Who are you ?

Hylas. This lady shall be welcome too.

Mary. To what, Sir ?

Hylas. Your neighbour can resolve you.

Dor. The man's foolish !

Sir, you look soberly : Who is this fellow,
And where's his business ?

Sam. By Heav'n, thou art abus'd still.

Hylas. It may be so. Come, ye may speak now boldly ;
There's none but friends, wench.

Dor. Came you out of Bedlam ?

Alas, 'tis ill, Sir, that you suffer him
To walk i' th' open air thus ; 'twil' undo him.
A pretty handsome Gentleman : Great pity !

Sam. Let me not live more if thou be'st not cozen'd.

Hylas. Are not you my wife ? Did not I marry
you last night,

At St. Michael's Chapel ?

Dor. Did not I say he was mad ?

Hylas. Are not you mistress Dorothy, Thomas's sister ?

Mary. There he speaks sense ; but I'll assure you,
gentleman,

I think no wife of yours. At what hour was it ?

Hylas. 'Spacious, you'll make me mad ! Did not
the priest,

Sir Hugh, that you appointed, about twelve o'clock
Tie our hands fast ? Did not you swear you lov'd me ?
Did not I court ye, coming from this gentlewoman's ?

Mary. Good Sir, go sleep ; for, if I credit have,
She was in my arms then a-bed.

Sam. I told you.

Hylas. Be not so confident !

Dor. By th' mas, she must, Sir ;
For I'll no husband here, before I know him :
And so good morrow to ye ! Come, let's go seek 'em.

Sam. I told you what you had done.

Hylas. Is the devil stirring ?

Well, go with me ; for now I will be married. [*Exa.*
S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

Enter Michael, Valentine, and Alice.

Mich. I've brought him back again.

Val. You have done a friendship,
Worthy the love you bear me.

Mich. 'Would he had so too!

Val. Oh, he's a worthy young man.

Mich. When all's tried,
I fear you'll change your faith. Bring in the gentleman.

Enter Francis and Servant, Abbess and Cellide, severally.

Val. My happy mistress too? Now, Fortune, help me!
And, all you stars that govern chaste desires,
Shine fair, and lovely!

Abbess. But one hour, dear daughter,
To hear your guardian, what he can deliver
In love's defence, and his; and then your pleasure.

Cel. Tho' much unwilling, you have made me yield,
More for his sake I see: How full of sorrow,
Sweet catching sorrow, he appears! Oh, Love,
That thou but knew'st to heal, as well as hurt us.

Mich. Be rul'd by me: I see her eye fast on him;
And what you heard, believe; for 'tis so certain
He neither dar'd, nor must oppose my evidence;
And be you wise, young lady, and believe too.
This man you love, Sir?

Val. As I love my soul, Sir.

Mich. This man you put into a free possession
Of what his wants could ask, or yourself render?

Val. And shall do still.

Mich. Nothing was barr'd his liberty
But this fair maid: That friendship first was broken,
And you and she abus'd; next, (to my sorrow
So fair a form should hide so dark intentions)
He hath himself confess'd (my purpose being

Only

470 MONSIEUR THOMAS.

Only to stop his journey, by that policy
Of laying felony to his charge, to fright the sailors)
Divers abuses done, thefts often practis'd,
Monies and jewels too, and those no trifles.

Cel. Oh, where have I bestow'd my faith ? in neither
(Let's in for ever now) there is virtue⁶³ !

Mich. Nay, do not wonder at it ; he shall say it :
Are you not guilty thus ?

Fran. Yes.—Oh, my fortune !

Mich. To give a proof I speak not enviously,
Look here : D'you know these jewels ?

Cel. In, good mother !

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Mary ; then Sebastian and Launcelot.

Val. These jewels I have known.

Dor. You've made brave sport !

Tbo. I'll make more, if I live, wench.

Nay, do not look on me ; I care not for you.

Laun. Do you see now plain ? That's mistress Dorothy,
And that's his mistress.

Seb. Peace ; let my joy work easily.

Ha, boy ! art there, my boy ? mine own boy, Tom, boy !
Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine ; the
town's ours !

Val. Sure, I have known these jewels.

Alice. They are they, certain.

Val. Good Heav'n, that they were !

Alice. I'll pawn my life on't ;

And this is he. Come hither, mistress Dorothy,

⁶³ ——— in neither !

Let's in for ever now, there is virtue.] I read,

—— in neither ——— there is no virtue.

I fear that I shall be thought to put a nonsensical expletive into the text for the sake of measure only ; but the use of two negatives in this manner is so very common to all old English writers, and to our Authors in particular, that I cannot doubt of its being the true reading. *Seward.*

We see no necessity for this alteration ; though two negatives are not uncommon, they are not necessary.—Besides, Mr. Seward is wrong in his assertion, ' that two negatives are particularly common to our Authors.'

And mistress Mary : Who does that face look like,
And view my brother well ?

Dor. In truth, like him.

Mary. Upon my troth, exceeding like.

Mich. Beshrew me,

But much, and main resemblance, both of face
And lineaments of body : Now Heav'n grant it !

Alice. My brother's full of passion. I'll speak to him.
Now, as you are a gentleman, resolve me,
Where did you get these jewels ?

Fran. Now I'll tell you,
Because blind Fortune yet may make me happy.
Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet,
But from my infancy upon this arm
I ever wore 'em.

Alice. 'Tis Francisco, brother ;
By Heav'n, I tied 'em on ! A little more, Sir,
A little, little more ; what parents have you ?

Fran. None,
That I know yet, the more my stubborn fortune ;
But, as I heard a merchant say that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, died a poor man,
When I reach'd eighteen years——

Alice. What said that merchant ?

Fran. He said, an infant in the Genoa gallies,
(But from what place he never could direct me)
I was ta'en in a sea-fight, and from a mariner,
Out of his manly pity, he redeem'd me.
He told me of a nurse that waited on me,
But she, poor soul, he said, was kill'd :
A letter too I had enclos'd within me,
To one Castruccio, a Venetian merchant,
To bring me up : The man, when years allow'd me,
And want of friends compell'd, I sought ; but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The wars was my retreat then, and my travel,
In which I found this gentleman's free bounty,
For which Heav'n recompence him⁶⁴ ! Now ye've all.

⁶⁴ For which Heav'n recompenc'd him.] Former edit. *Seward.*

Val. And all the worldly blifs that Heav'n can fend me,

And all my prayers and thanks !

Alice. Down o' your knees, Sir !

For now you've found a father, and that father
That will not venture you again in gallies.

Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, Sir ; and we all joy with you.

Val. My best friend still, my dearest ! Now Heav'n
blefs thee,

And make me worthy of this benefit !

Now, my best mistress.

Cel. Now, Sir, I come to you——

Abbe's. No, no ; let's in, wench.

Cel. Not for the world, now, mother.—

And thus, Sir, all my service I pay to you,
And all my love to him.

Val. And may it prosper !

Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon⁶⁵,
And love her dearly ; for thy father does so.

Fran. May all hate seek me else ! and thus I seal it.

Val. Nothing but mirth now, friends.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hylas. Nay, I will find him.

Sam. What do all these here ?

Tho. You're a trusty husband,
And a hot lover too.

Hylas. Nay then, good morrow !

⁶⁵ *Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon.*] There is an inaccuracy in this play, *Frank* had been never call'd *Callidon* before, but by his own name. Thus in the second act Thomas says,

What young Frank ?

The only temper'd spirit, &c.

But it is very probable, that this was the actor's or printer's mistake, who seeing him call'd *Frank* in the *Persons of the Drama*, might call him so here without attending to the sequel, without which the name *Callidon* in that place would not have been intelligible. *Seward.*

We see no way of clearing the Author of this inaccuracy ; probably the effect of hasty composition.

Now I perceive the knavery.

Sam. I still told you!

Tho. Stay, or I'll make you stay. Come hither, sister.

Val. Why, how now, mistress Thomas?

Tho. Peace a little!

Thou wouldst fain have a wife.

Hylas. Not I; by no means.

Tho. Thou shalt have a wife,
And a fruitful wife; for I find, Hylas,
That I shall never be able to bring thee children.

Seb. A notable brave boy! nown son again⁶⁶!

Hylas. I am very well, Sir.

Tho. Thou shalt be better.

Hylas, thou hast seven hundred pounds a-year,
And thou shalt make her three hundred jointure.

Hylas. No.

Tho. Thou shalt, boy, and shalt bestow
Two hundred pounds in cloaths. Look on her;
A delicate lusty wench; she has fifteen hundred,
And feasible: Strike hands, or I'll strike first.

Dor. You'll let me like?

Mary. He's a good handsome fellow;
Play not the fool.

Tho. Strike, brother Hylas, quickly.

Hylas. If you can love me, well.

Dor. If you can please me.

Tho. Try that out soon: I say, my brother Hylas.

Sam. Take her, and use her well; she's a brave
gentlewoman.

Hylas. You must allow me another mistress.

Dor. Then you must allow me another servant.

Hylas. Well, let's together then. A lusty kindred!

Seb. I'll give thee five hundred pounds more for
that word.

⁶⁶ *A notable brave boy.*

KNOWN son again.] So old quarto.

The later editions leave out the three last words; which, however, we do not doubt, were genuine, (except the orthographical mistake) and spoken by the actor.

Mary. Now, Sir, for you and I to make the feast full.

Tho. No, not a bit; you are a virtuous lady,
And love to live in contemplation.

Mary. Come, fool; I'm friends now.

Tho. The fool shall not ride you.

There lie, my woman! now my man again!
And now for travel once more!

Seb. I'll bar that first.

Mary. And I next.

Tho. Hold yourself contented; for I say I will
travel:

And so long I will travel, 'till I find a father
That I never knew, and a wife that I never look'd for,
And a state without expectation:
So rest you merry, gentlemen!

Mary. You shall not!

Upon my faith, I love you now extremely,
And now I'll kiss you.

Tho. This will not do it, mistress.

Mary. Why, when we're married, we'll do more.

Seb. There's all, boy,

The keys of all I have. Come, let's be merry!
For now I see thou'rt right.

Tho. Shall we to church straight?

Val. Now presently; and there with nuptial

The holy priest shall make ye happy all.

Tho. Away then, fair, afore! [*Exeunt omnes.*]



END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

